The Outlook

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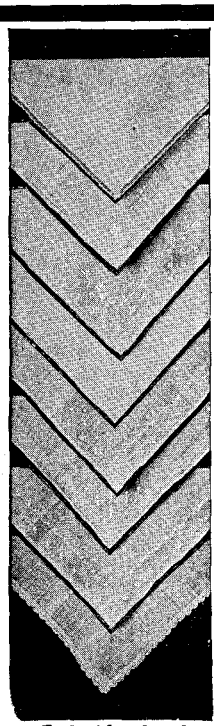

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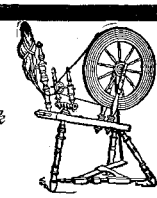

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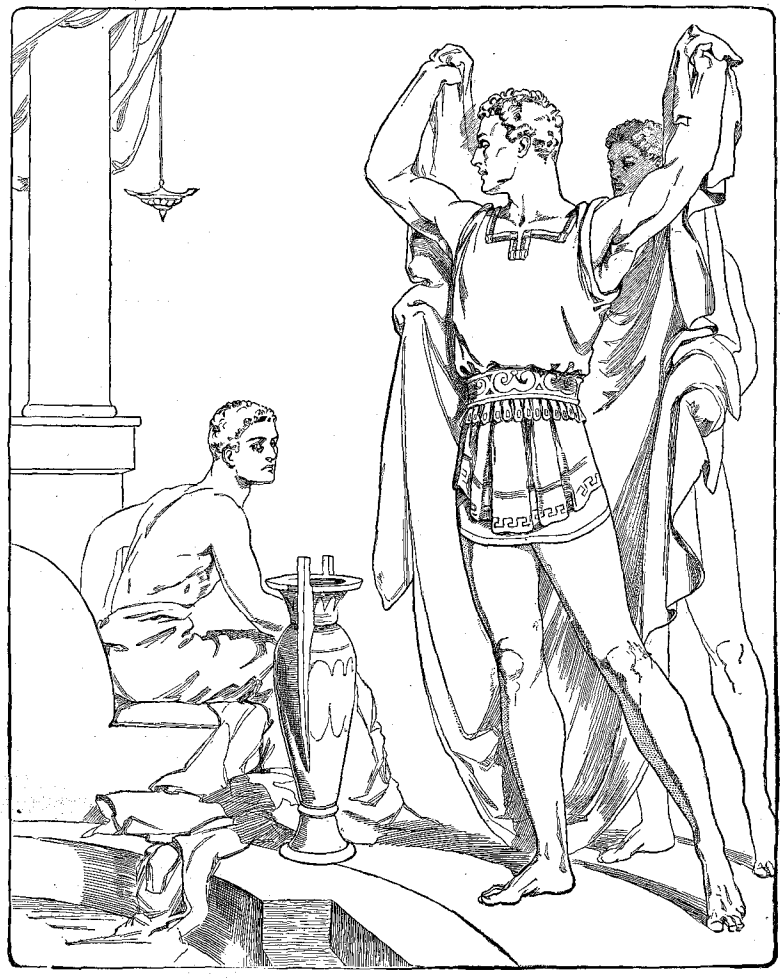

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The Outlook

28 NOVEMBER, 1908

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MR. ROOT FOR SENATOR

The movement to elect Secretary Root to succeed Mr. Platt as the representative of the State of New York in the United States Senate has already attained the force and significance of a popular demand. It is time that the Empire State should begin to be adequately represented in the highest legislative body in the country. Nobody takes Mr. Depew seriously; and Mr. Platt is a synonym for many things which a statesman ought not to be. The State of New York ought to be represented by a man of the highest character, ability, experience, and personal distinction. It has a number of citizens who meet these qualifications; but no one meets them more satisfactorily than does Secretary Root. He is still in the prime of life. He is one of the leaders of the Bar, with a very wide experience. He has a thoroughly trained and powerful mind. His experience in President McKinley's Cabinet as Secretary of War and in President Roosevelt's Cabinet as Secretary of State has made him intimate with the affairs of the Nation as well as with those of the State of New York. If he is sent to the Senate, he will not only represent the State, but he will stand for the best things in public life: independence of opinion, energy of character, breadth of view, and the training of a statesman. It is understood that he is willing to serve if elected. To send some such man as Mr. Root to the Senate is the next logical step, after the election of Governor Hughes, in the redemption of New York from the old régime of machine rule. The Outlook regards the candidacy of a man of Mr. Root's caliber as so important to the State that it advises every Republican voter in the State of New York to write to his representatives in the State Senate and the Assembly urging them to vote for Mr. Root. Legislative representatives welcome such correspondence, as it helps them to acquaint themselves with the currents of public opinion.

AN OPEN SECRET

Mr. Bryan has become an unconscious humorist. He finds the result of the election on the first Tuesday in November a "mystery." To all the rest of the country its meaning is perfectly obvious; but he is making a scientific investigation of its significance, and when he arrives at a conclusion he promises to share his knowledge with the country. The country will await the result of the action of his mind with intense curiosity; its own mind is already quite clear on the subject. Mr. Bryan has been three times before the people of the United States and has three times been rejected. The last time the only States that voted for him were those in the Southern section and four States in the far West. The significance of the Southern vote is unfortunately nullified by the fact that the South continues to vote in a block. It is like a meeting committed in advance to a ticket of officers and instructing its secretary to cast the ballot of the meeting. But the sentiment of the South is strongly anti-Bryan; or, where it is not anti-Bryan, it is distinctly indifferent. It is not too much to say that the South voted for Mr. Bryan under protest. As a warm friend of the South and a great believer in the possibilities of its future influence, The Outlook deplores its solidarity; a solidarity that deprives its vote of significance as an expression of National opinion. With the exception of Nebraska, the four Northern States which voted for Mr. Bryan at the recent election are new and thinly populated States. Mr. Bryan was not beaten by any section. He was beaten by the West as certainly as by the East, and

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even more thoroughly; for several of the most important States in the Central West, while rejecting him for the Presidency, elected Democratic Governors. For twelve years he has been constantly before the people. No man has ever spoken, probably, to so many Americans as he. He has had every possible chance to present himself and his case, and he has been definitely rejected. Nobody questions the integrity of his motives nor the purity of his character; but the people of the United States do not believe in his type of mind for the Presidency, nor do they believe in his method of dealing with existing conditions. The masterly analysis of his policies made by Secretary Root on the Saturday evening preceding the election showed that the political principles for which Mr. Bryan stands have not been the outgrowth of a central conception of government, but a group of unrelated remedies picked up from time to time. His political convictions have not grown within; they have been acquired. He has voiced the unrest of the country, but he has not led it in constructive measures. No election was ever more distinct in its results or more definite in its notification to a candidate than the last election. Neither Mr. Bryan's type of mind nor his policies are wanted by the people of the country. Three times they have definitely rejected both; they like to hear him speak, but they do not want him in the White House.

TARIFF REFORM

The Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives is now holding in Washington tariff hearings preparatory to legislation during the coming winter. So far the testimony given before the Committee is largely from individuals and special interests who want their particular protection increased rather than diminished. Some hop-growers, for example, want the duty on hops doubled. Dealers in drugs, chemicals, and colors have protested against reductions and in some instances have asked for increased duty. The general impression of the hearings as so far held confirms the wisdom of Mr. Taft's advice to the consumers of the country that they should appear before the Committee to urge their claims for at least a reduction of certain schedules if not a horizontal decrease of the taxes which the tariff imposes on them. It is difficult to say just how the consumers of the country can take concerted action. You can hardly have an Association of Shoe Wearers, or of Flour Eaters, or of Shingle Buyers, or of Watch Owners. But the country can and does have compact organizations of the manufacturers of these articles, and we are very much afraid that they are to some extent influenced by the motives to which Mr. Charles Francis Adams, of Boston, alludes in a recently published letter to Representative McCall, of Massachusetts. Mr. Adams, in a characteristically frank fashion, says in this letter of the men who are directly and pecuniarily interested in a protective tariff that they "naturally divide into two classes:"

> Speaking after the fashion of men, they are either thieves or hogs. I myself belong to the former class. I am a tariff thief, and I have a license to steal. It bears the broad seal of the United States and is what is known as the "Dingley Tariff." I stole under it yesterday; I am stealing under it to-day; I propose to steal under it to-morrow. The Government has forced me into this position, and I both do and shall take full advantage of it. I am therefore a tariff thief with a license to steal. And—what are you going to do about it? The other class come under the hog category; that is, they rush, squealing and struggling, to the great Washington protection trough, and with all four feet in it they proceed to gobble the swill. . . . To this class I do not belong. I am simply a tariff thief. . . . But, on the other hand, I am also a tariff reformer. I would like to see every protective schedule swept out of existence, my own included. Meanwhile, what inducement have I to go to Washington on a public mission of this sort? A mere citizen, I represent no one. . . . Meanwhile, have it well understood that my position is exactly the position of tens of thousands of others scattered throughout the country; to ask us to put aside our business affairs and at our own expense to go to Washington on a desperate mission is asking a little too much.

The entertaining tone of satire which Mr. Adams assumes in this letter ought not to conceal from the Committee or the country the serious truth which it conveys. There is a very widespread if unorganized sentiment throughout the

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country in favor of genuine and thorough tariff reform. Mr. Taft, the President-elect, has declared himself to be in favor of legislative recognition of this sentiment. If the Republican party in Congress ignores it, or endeavors to obscure it by published evidence drawn from special interests, it will make a serious blunder. Men like Mr. Spreckels, of San Francisco, Mr. J. J. Hill, and Mr. Charles Francis Adams, have a right, both by their attainments and by their achievements, to speak for the real commercial interests of the country; and they are outspokenly in favor of tariff reform, by which they mean lower duties.

THE CHINESE SOVEREIGNS: KUANG-HSÜ

Last week the Emperor of China, Kuang-hsü, and his aunt, the Empress Dowager, Tsi-hsi, died at Peking, the Chinese capital. Various reports as to the manner of their deaths are current, but there is, unfortunately, no means of getting at the facts. Before the announcement of these deaths, and in recognition of the mortal illnesses of the Emperor and the Empress Dowager, two imperial edicts, one closely following the other, were issued from the palace at Peking. The first makes Prince Chun regent of the Empire, and the second appoints his son, Pu-yi, heir presumptive. The edicts bear the name Kuang-hsü. Prince Chun is said by some to be the Emperor's brother; by others to be his cousin. He is about thirty years of age, and after the Boxer uprising was sent to Berlin as Imperial Envoy to apologize for the murder of Baron von Ketteler, German Minister at Peking. Pu-yi is three years old, and the edict orders that he be trained in the palace for succession to the throne. Kuang-hsü, ninth Emperor of China, of the Manchu dynasty of Ts'ing, which overthrew the native Chinese dynasty of Ming in 1644, was born in 1872, and succeeded to the throne on the death of his cousin, the Emperor T'ung-chi, in 1875. Kuang-hsü was thus just the age of the present heir presumptive. In 1887 he came of age, according to the Chinese custom, and assumed nominal control of the Government. He was the first Emperor of China to adopt and proclaim reforms in government due to American and European influences. This was in 1898. The reforms included decrees for the introduction of schools and colleges after foreign models, the abolition of the traditional "literary essay" as a test of fitness for office, the establishment of a bureau of agriculture, the levying of house and opium taxes, the enactment of copyright and patent laws, and the negotiation of a national loan. These decrees came in such quick succession as to give to the reactionaries a pretext for the rumor that the Emperor's mind was giving way! Hence, his maternal aunt, the Empress Dowager, who had already been regent, seized the control, executed six of the Emperor's reformer-friends, and forced that weak young man to abdicate. She had been the potential ruler of China ever since; and as the Emperor, though married, was childless, doubtless forced her choice of successor upon him. There exists no law of hereditary succession to the Chinese throne. Each sovereign appoints his successors from among the members of his family of a younger generation than his own.

THE CHINESE SOVEREIGNS: TSI-HSI

When, in 1875, the Emperor T'ung-chi died suddenly without designating his successor, the new ruler was chosen by the Empress of T'ung-chi's predecessor, Hsien-Feng, and by Tsi-hsi, his favorite concubine, the actual mother of T'ung-chi. Because of this relationship Tsi-hsi was then elevated to the rank of Empress. T'ung-chi's government had, indeed, been practically in the hands of the two women, who now found themselves able to control the new government. Hence they chose the frail Kuang-hsü, T'ung-chi's cousin. This was a remarkable choice, for two reasons. The late Emperor had left a widow who expected before long to become a mother. Following the ordinary practice of Imperial succession, the natural course would have been to wait for the birth of the deceased Emperor's posthumous child. But, as Lord Curzon, in his "Problems of the Far East," says of that unhappy young Empress, "Chinese opin-

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ion can have been little surprised when the early announcement of her death was made, the catastrophe being generally explained by the popular Chinese practice of suicide, though whispers were not lacking of a more sinister doom." Furthermore, Kuang-hsü belonged to the same generation as the Emperor T'ung-chi, and, as Lord Curzon points out, could not perform "the sacrifices that are due from a descendant to his Imperial predecessor, whose legal successor, therefore, he cannot be." Tsi-hsi finally ousted her co-Empress rival from power. Tsi-hsi, who died at the age of seventy-four, was a woman of such remarkable powers and achievements as frequently to be compared to Catharine of Russia and Elizabeth of England. She had really been the ruling force in China since 1861. A reactionary during most of her life, of late years she had shown a distinct leaning toward reform, and her power had been latterly exerted for the Empire's upbuilding in modern methods. The great difficulty in the way of the succession is the fact that the Chinese Imperial family is of Manchu and not of Chinese origin. It thus represents a minority of population. The Chinese are racially offended at the large proportion of Manchus among the officials of the central government. Moreover, the relations have been exceedingly strained between the Manchus and the Chinese in the central government itself, whenever the Chinese have tried to establish popular rights. The Manchus oppose progress simply because they are in a minority and would conserve their power at all hazards.

THE GERMAN CRISIS

When the report of the now famous interview of the German Emperor and an Englishman was published, the frankness, not to say indiscretion, of the Emperor called forth loud protest from Germany; but that indiscretion would not alone have created the situation which followed; it was the sudden illustration of the personal direction of the foreign policies of the Empire by the Emperor which evoked the most impressive outburst of public feeling that has been seen for a generation—a feeling which had the dignity of a national emotion, in which all parties shared. After the debates reported in The Outlook last week, and the statement of the Chancellor, the interview between the latter and the Emperor was awaited with the keenest anxiety. It was understood that the situation would be frankly laid before the Emperor, with a clear and unequivocal statement of the feeling of the Empire. That was done in an interview at Berlin. No trustworthy statement of the details of that interview has been made public; it is believed, however, that it was a cordial one on both sides, although the Emperor expressed indignation at the tone of some of the criticisms and attacks made on him. During the conversation, which lasted nearly two hours, the Chancellor is believed to have stated with the utmost frankness the feeling of the people, and to have made the Emperor comprehend its extent and its seriousness; his statement covering the origin of the crisis, the cause of the national discontent, and enumerating the various manifestations of opposition to the Emperor's personal policy. These statements were reinforced by the further and very important declaration that the Bundesrath, namely, the Federal Council, which represents the Federated States, was practically unanimous in its feeling that the Emperor ought not to act in foreign affairs without the knowledge of the Foreign Office, and that even the Prussian Cabinet was agreed in asking for some guaranty that this course would be pursued by the Emperor in the future. The Imperial Gazette publishes an official report of the words used by the Emperor at the termination of the interview: "Undeterred by the exaggerations which he felt to be unjust, he regarded it as his foremost duty to secure the consistency of the policy of the Empire, while safeguarding constitutional responsibilities. The Emperor approved the declarations made by the Imperial Chancellor in Parliament, and assured him of his continued confidence." This statement is not as definite a recognition of the determination of the German people that the Emperor shall abandon his entirely

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personal direction of foreign affairs as had been hoped for in some quarters; but, taking into consideration the view which the Emperor has always held of his prerogatives, and under which he has acted since he came to the throne, it is a distinct concession to popular demand; and it probably marks the first step toward Ministerial responsibility to Parliament. For the significance of the crisis lies in the fact that the whole German people have demanded official recognition in the shaping of the foreign policy of the Empire, and that the Emperor's indiscretion has furnished the occasion for a rapid crystallization of public sentiment and for what promises to be the first step towards important changes in the direction of parliamentary government.

THE GERMAN CONSTITUTION

The German Emperor is a man of ability, patriotism, and devotion. Under his statesmanlike leadership, German commerce and German prestige have made wonderful advances. All this the German people have not forgotten. The great outbreak of feeling was in no sense revolutionary; but it was deeply significant of the growing consciousness of the nation, its realization of its own power, and its assertion of that power. It ought to be borne in mind that the Emperor has not violated the Constitution of the Empire. That Constitution invests the King of Prussia, as head of the Confederation of German States which make up the Empire, and as Kaiser, with the exclusive right of representing the Empire among nations, of declaring war, if defensive (offensive warfare can be declared only with the approval of the Bundesrath), of concluding peace in the name of the Empire, of entering into alliances and certain other conventions with foreign countries, and of accrediting and receiving ambassadors. By the provision of the Constitution, decrees and ordinances made by the Emperor in the name of the Empire are not valid until the signature of the Chancellor has been placed upon them, and he is held responsible for their execution. The Constitution does not provide for the responsibility of the Chancellor to Parliament; his responsibility is confined to the carrying out of the Emperor's decrees, and therefore to the Emperor alone. Bismarck consistently held the position that he owed no responsibility whatever to Parliament; that his sole responsibility was to the Emperor. The other Ministers of the Empire hold their positions at the will of the Emperor. There is, therefore, no such thing under the present German system as constitutional responsibility. What has happened, therefore, has not been a violation of the Constitution by the Emperor, but a step forward by the German people in claiming a share in the government. It remains to be seen in what spirit the Emperor will interpret the statement of his position. That he has accepted what was, in effect, a rebuke, and has made what is, in effect, an apology, will confirm the judgment of those who regard him as a man of high ability and largeness of vision, though a thorough believer in the divine right of the monarch.

THE CUBAN ELECTION

The first national election in Cuba since American intervention two years ago was held on November 14. The Liberal party, whose candidate for President was General José Miguel Gomez, and for Vice-President Dr. Alfredo Zayas, was overwhelmingly successful, carrying every province in the island. The vote was large, and the plurality of General Gomez was at least 70,000. The result of the election was a victory for the party which was in revolution in 1906. The first President of Cuba, Tomas Estrada Palma, who has recently died, was elected in 1902. In 1905 he ran for re-election as the candidate of the Moderate party. His opponent was General Gomez, and a short time before the election Gomez retired from the contest, assigning as a reason that it was "useless to oppose the methods of the Government, which are those of South America, in opposing to peaceful citizens the rifles of the public forces." He asserted that hundreds of Liberals were in jail, and that the Moderate Govern-

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ment was using police and soldiers to continue itself in power by preventing fair elections. President Palma was, under the circumstances, naturally re-elected, and within a year a revolution had arisen, and the United States had intervened and established a Provisional Government. After two years under American control our Government has decided that the Cubans are ready to undertake once more the task of self-government. If tranquillity and good order continue to reign during the next three months, the administration of the island will then be turned over to the Cubans in accordance with the pledge given in Mr. Taft's proclamation establishing the Provisional Government. In that document he said: "The Provisional Government . . . will be maintained only long enough to restore order and peace and public confidence, and then to hold such elections as may be necessary to determine the persons upon whom the permanent government of the Republic should be devolved." On another page a first-hand account of the election is given by the Spectator, who happens to be in Havana at this interesting time.

TWO CHRISTMAS REFORMS

The very joyousness and generosity of the Christmas season brings with it some peculiarly hard burdens to the men, women, girls, and boys employed in the retail trade as salespeople, cash girls, and delivery boys. The crowds which throng the great city department stores in pursuit of the laudable purpose of purchasing Christmas gifts to increase the happiness of their friends, in this very endeavor unconsciously, although inevitably, add a little to the unhappiness of those who serve them. Christmas shopping means to the employees of the shops longer hours, increased nervous tension, the regret and sometimes the financial loss of making blunders under great pressure, the further restriction of air and light, and the irritability that comes from their unjust or sharp-tongued treatment by customers and purchasers, who are themselves made irritable by jostling crowds and pressure of time. Everybody really wants Christmas to be a joyous and merry season, and much annoyance and real suffering can be avoided by early Christmas shopping—early in the month and early in the day. For the third successive year "Charities," the weekly journal published by the New York Charity Organization Society, is sending out a "shop early" appeal signed by a group of distinguished citizens in various parts of the country. Last year this "shop early" movement had a marked effect, and the managers of department stores in various parts of the country have expressed their appreciation of it. Shop early, and resolve to be especially patient, considerate, and courteous in making your Christmas purchases. Try to remember that the saleswoman with whom you are dealing has her patience tried twenty times a day, and you will then be able to bear your one trial with more equanimity. A second reform is suggested by the following postal card which we have received from a reader of The Outlook:

> Would it perhaps be timely to ask your readers if, after the terrible forest fires of this summer and autumn, it might not be considerate to refrain from using trees for Christmas decorations? Thousands of evergreens must be sacrificed annually to meet the demands of the Christmas trade. Is it a custom worthy of being perpetuated?

We present this suggestion without having a definite opinion to express regarding it. Christmas green is one of the most beautiful colors of the year. The wreaths and festoons and garlands of evergreen and holly are symbols that we should very much regret to have abolished. But there must be some way by which the evergreen tree may be made to yield some of its beauty for the Christmas season without yielding its life. If there is or can be any practical reform in the cutting of Christmas greens, so that we may still take the crop and not destroy the source, we should be glad to hear of it from our readers.

THE FALLIBLE FLAGMAN AND HIS FALLIBLE LANTERN

Last week at Farmingdale, New Jersey, an express train on the Jersey Central collided with a freight which was about to back into the siding at that

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place. The freight train was late; the express was on time. A curve in the road just north of the siding makes it impossible for the engineer of the express train to determine whether the freight train is on its proper position on the siding. If the freight is late, a flagman is sent to meet and stop the express. On this particular night, it is claimed, the flagman started northward along the track, but was unable to flag the express *because the bottom suddenly dropped out of his lantern* at the critical moment, extinguishing the light. Fortunately, the express was running slowly, as is necessary in rounding the curve, and there was not the loss of life and limb which otherwise would have resulted. But the injured passengers, together with all the traveling public, have a right to demand that managers and directors of railway companies supplement their practice of depending upon this fallible flagman with his fallible lantern. It is not fair to demand too much of the operating managers, who, in general, are doing as well as can be expected with the money at their command. But it is fair to demand greater attention to human life from those who hold the purse-strings—the directors of the company. The system of automatic block signals is no longer new or of prohibitive cost. It is both well tried and comparatively inexpensive. In the above instance, a cautionary signal a few hundred yards north of the point where the engines collided would have warned the passenger train's engineer that his track was occupied and would have enabled him to avoid the collision. The cost of such a signal is trifling. The reason for its absence is the reason for its absence on many another branch line. The Jersey Central, like many other railway companies, has demonstrated its approval of block signals by adopting them on its main line. If it does not adopt them on branch lines, it is doubtless due, as is the case with other companies, either to the fact that the branch line does not pay anyway or that there is not money enough in the treasury. If the companies plead poverty, they may listen to the experts who claim that two per cent of the gross earnings of our railways this year would equip them throughout with block signals. Even were it necessary temporarily to increase rates slightly, the increase, we believe, would doubtless be cheerfully borne by the public in view of the indubitable benefits to be obtained.

PROTECTIVE LEGISLATION NEEDED

If railway company directors will not appropriate funds for an ample supply of block signals because "it won't pay"—that is, in dollars—then they should be made to see that the commercial argument does not cover the whole situation. When the people grant a franchise, they demand in return, not only fairness of freight and passenger rates, but also protection of human life. In receiving a franchise a railway company also accepts responsibility to transport its passengers safely. The power which gives franchises also enforces its will by law. The people have already made life safer on all inter-State railways by enacting a Safety Appliances Act, which, indeed, has received the cordial support of the railway companies themselves. But as those companies have given no indication of extending its provisions, the people should do so. And when a railway lies wholly within a particular State, then that State's Legislature should pass a stringent Safety Appliances Act. If an enlargement of legislation in this direction is needed, the executive branch of the Federal Government needs greater power in railway regulation. In the Farmingdale accident the company acted with admirable promptness, and after its rigid investigation the culpable members of the freight train crew were instantly dismissed, while remuneration was offered to the injured passengers. Not all investigations, however, are thus satisfactory. In any event, they lack the desirable publicity and are conducted by a prejudiced party, the railway company. What we need is to empower the Inter-State Commerce Commission to investigate any railway accident, precisely as the Board of Trade in the British Government investigates any railway disaster in England and the Public Service Commissions in New York State investigate accidents there.

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President Roosevelt and many members of Congress favor the enactment of this plan into law. We hope that it will be so enacted, as well as a new Safety Appliances Law, during the approaching legislative session at Washington.

THE LAKES-TO-THE-GULF WATERWAY

Illinois on November 3 voted to authorize the issue of bonds to the amount of twenty million dollars for the purpose of carrying one step nearer to completion the Lakes-to-the-Gulf waterway project. Incidentally Illinois intends to recoup herself for the outlay, and more too, from the water power that will be developed along the section of the canal in question. The Sanitary District Channel, popularly known as the Chicago Drainage Canal, extending from Chicago to Joliet, built to carry away Chicago's sewage, is twenty-two feet deep and two hundred feet wide. The distance covered by this channel, which has cost in excess of fifty million dollars, is thirty-six miles. Although the immediate object of this venture was sewage disposal, the Sanitary District Canal probably never would have been undertaken except for the idea that it was ultimately to become part of a great waterway connecting Lake Michigan with the Gulf of Mexico. Now the State is planning to carry the project a step further, with water power development as the immediate justification, though the great idea in the background is that of waterway development. The plan is to dig a waterway fourteen feet deep and two hundred feet wide, except in short rock stretches where the depth is to be made twenty-four feet, from Joliet, the present terminus of the Sanitary District Canal, to Utica. The distance covered by this route is sixty-one miles, with a fall of one hundred and seven feet. It is estimated that the water power to be created by this fall will easily repay the twenty million dollars within twenty years and leave the State thereafter with property producing a revenue yearly of $2,500,000 or more. The Federal Government will be asked to build the necessary locks and to undertake the completion of the Lakes-to-the-Gulf waterway, of which the proposed channel will form a part. The movement for comprehensive waterway development is strong in the West. Demand is likely to be made upon Congress in the near future to promote the improvement of rivers and the development of all waterway possibilities, including the principal project, that of a navigable channel connecting the Lakes and the Gulf by way of the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers.

AN INLAND WATERWAY ALONG THE ATLANTIC COAST

While the project of a deep waterway from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico is making progress in the Middle West, a movement is under way for a similar waterway along the Atlantic coast. The second annual Convention of the Atlantic Deeper Waterways Association was held at Baltimore last week. Over five hundred delegates attended, representing almost every important commercial organization of the seaboard cities. The States bordering upon the Atlantic were officially represented by commissioners appointed by the Governors. The objects of the Association are to unite the bays, sounds, and navigable rivers along the Atlantic coast by canals, thus affording safe deep-water communication from Boston on the east to Florida at the far south. A glance at the map will show how far nature has gone towards providing a coastwise channel; Buzzards Bay, Narragansett Bay, Long Island Sound, the East River, New York harbor, the Kill von Kull, and Staten Island Sound already afford navigation to vessels of considerable tonnage. From the mouth of the Raritan River to the Delaware a canal now exists; the Delaware River has a channel of thirty feet to Philadelphia, and a short cut, not to exceed twenty miles, would afford communication with deep water in Chesapeake Bay. Further southward, between Hampton Roads and Albemarle Sound, another artificial channel would be required, and beyond that—through the sounds of North Carolina and back of the Sea Islands—others still, cutting short connections, or enlarging or straightening channels already existing. There are two considerations that render such a

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deep-water highway parallel to the Atlantic seaboard of very great value. Commercially it would be made profitable by the safe and cheap transportation of products, chiefly cotton, lumber, and more especially coal, both bituminous and anthracite, and in a military sense it would afford in time of war security of communication and ability for naval vessels to concentrate swiftly for the defense of any threatened point. In one of the addresses made before the Convention it was stated (by Representative Bruhm, of Pennsylvania) that the effect of opening such a deep-water channel would be to cheapen the one item of anthracite coal alone by one dollar and a half a ton throughout New England. The military and naval advantages of such a water highway were ably discussed by Admiral George W. Melville, the Arctic explorer and formerly Chief of the Bureau of Steam Engineering. Among the more able, forceful, and valuable of the addresses was one by Mr. John F. Stevens, formerly Chief Engineer of the Panama Canal, on "The Relations of Railways to Canals," wherein it was clearly shown that the railways would not be injured by cheap canal transportation, but that they would be actually benefited by gaining relief from the congestion due to the pressure upon their lines from bulky and less profitable freight. The general movement for the improvement of the waterways of the United States is an important one. It does not spring, as some people mistakenly suppose, from a mere desire to curb the power of the railways. On the contrary, many of the ablest and most sagacious of the railway managers recognize that it will promote and enlarge the prosperity of the business of transportation in every form.

THE STATE AND THE PRISONER

The terrible conditions which until recently existed in Georgia under the convict lease system, and in other Southern States under the system of peonage, disclose the need for reform in prison administration in the South. The steps which Georgia has taken to eliminate the evils of the convict lease system illustrate the growing interest which is being taken in the South in the solution of the great problems presented by the relation of the State and the prisoner. This interest was also displayed in an encouraging degree at the annual Congress of the American Prison Association which was held in Richmond last week. It was attended by six hundred and thirty men and women, from thirty-seven States, Canada, and Cuba. Between forty and fifty wardens and heads of reformatories were present, and the papers and discussions were on a high level. The subjects treated showed that the Association keeps abreast of the times. A score of years ago it would have been amusing to think that playgrounds could be considered a legitimate subject for a prison congress, or that outdoor employment for convicts was of much importance, or that it was debatable whether life-prisoners should have a chance for parole. These all had their advocates; but it was felt that so long as only twelve States have reformatories, the main effort must be to proclaim the advantages of that method of caring for young men and women who are first offenders—a method which includes the indeterminate sentence and probation or parole. The great State of Virginia, for instance, has no reformatory for women. In many of the jails female prisoners are under the guardianship of male keepers, a thing which should never be allowed; and no effort is made for the reform of the imprisoned women. There is, however, an earnest desire on the part of intelligent people to have such an institution. At a meeting to discuss this subject a large group of representative Virginia women heard the women who are at the head of the Massachusetts, Indiana, Illinois, and Toronto institutions for the reform of young women and girls advocate this way of treating offenders, and it is quite certain that the impulse to establish some such work in Virginia must have been quickened. That there is a great current toward reform in various directions in the South was evident not alone from the large number in attendance from Southern States, but from the papers read by Southern men, and the feeling

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of satisfaction expressed over the abolition of the lease system in Georgia. When a State makes a voluntary sacrifice of a million dollars a year to correct such an abuse, it shows an earnestness of conviction which will sooner or later bring about the highest and best reforms in other directions.

LAND FRAUDS IN AMERICA

The Public Domain, also known as "Public Lands," comprises certain territory acquired by the Federal Government by treaty, conquest, cession, and purchase, and is under the Federal Government's authority for disposition. The lands originally aggregated nearly two billion acres. The acreage has now been reduced to about a third of its original extent. In the endeavor to populate the great West the Government has disposed of a quarter-section (a hundred and sixty acres) of land from the public domain to any citizen or intending citizen, not already the possessor of more than one hundred and sixty acres elsewhere, who declares that he will in good faith actually settle thereon and cultivate the land, and that he is not acting for the benefit of any other person or persons. Millions of acres have been thus settled. But the Government has been defrauded of millions, either by individuals or by those acting for some large corporation. For instance, a man goes out to the land in question, inspects it, stays there for a night or two, perhaps erects a shanty not fit for a pig-pen, and then, by the aid of some clever lawyer, gives the right answers when he goes to the local land office, and by "commuting" turns the so-called "homestead" over to a speculator. All these land offices have their headquarters in the General Land Office in Washington, in the Department of the Interior. Under the Homestead Law applicants make entries at the various land offices and secure patents entitling them to the desired property. Fraud has, of course, been specially evident whenever the tracts contained fine timber—and one hundred and sixty acres can contain a million feet. Some such homestead tracts are claimed by men who have never even been on the land!

LAND REFORM IN AMERICA

The advance copy of the General Land Commissioner's report brings the welcome information that during the past fiscal year a total of nearly four hundred thousand acres have been recovered from fraudulent entry. This is exclusive of the many relinquishments filed incident to investigation by special agents, of which an accurate account cannot yet be made. No less than 234 indictments for fraud were secured, resulting in 63 convictions and 60 acquittals, the remaining cases not yet having been tried. As the new Commissioner, Mr. Dennett, says, with the decrease in the area of the public domain there should indeed be an increase in vigilance. With the great demand for homes, Mr. Dennett, like his predecessor, Judge Ballinger, recognizes the importance of seeing that no one through unlawful methods obtains a right to lands still remaining in our public domain. These officials have been actuated by the conviction that every man who thus acquires title to a tract robs a law-abiding applicant of an opportunity to exercise his statutory right, and, if the land be capable of producing crops, deprives a seeker of his opportunity to gain a homestead, thus injuring the prosperity of the country. For the homesteader has built the West. The difficulty in securing proper judicial action is due, of course, to our faulty land laws. As long as they remain on the statute-books many a rogue will escape from justice. But, for the purpose of better enforcing laws already on the statute-books, the enactment of certain legislation should be earnestly recommended, and we are glad to find such recommendation included in Mr. Dennett's report. The principal object of this legislation is, of course, to punish those who fraudulently obtain, or so attempt to obtain, title to public lands. The lack of any statute specifically providing for the punishment of such persons embarasses the proper administration of the public-land laws. Heretofore such offenses have been prosecuted under the statute punishing conspiracy to defraud the Government, and under the laws prescribing penalties for perjury and subornation of perjury. It is

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often difficult, if not impossible, as the Commissioner complains, to prove either a conspiracy or subornation. Many cases are now pending and others will doubtless arise showing the urgent need for a more comprehensive statute.

AN AMERICAN SCULPTOR

The exhibition of George Gray Barnard's sculptures now on view in Boston is an event of National as well as artistic importance. As truly as any artist our new country has produced, Mr. Barnard is the expression of its spirit. His art developed spontaneously, unaided by any outside suggestion save that of nature itself, in the wide spaces of the Middle West where life was strong within men and art was an unknown thing. And so the keen sense of life is in his work—its struggle, its aspiration, its failure, its vision. No doubt that is the reason why, above and beyond the art quality of his sculptures—in the technical sense in which artists use the term—they have that human and spiritual significance that, added to complete technical mastery, marks the highest achievement of genius. George Barnard grew up unacquainted with the world's art; his first introduction to its past came through the casts in the Chicago Art Institute, where he studied a year. There he discovered Michelangelo. From Chicago he went to the Beaux-Arts, and afterwards he remained in Paris to work, dream, despair, achieve, and nearly starve. Fortunately, a patron of art and artists found him out there, and bought his first completed statue, "The Boy" (also included in this exhibition)—fortunately for the world, for the young sculptor had almost starved himself to meet the expense of completing the figure in the marble. Some of the work included in the exhibition has been shown before, but the groups for the Harrisburg Capitol and the inexpressibly beautiful "Urn of Life" have not been previously exhibited. This Harrisburg commission was one of the most important ever given to an American sculptor. The groups when finished will stand on either side of the flight of steps at the entrance. Literally they typify the history of the State of Pennsylvania, but in reality they have the deeper and wider symbolism of the development of the life of a nation and of humanity itself. Only certain figures —details from the group—are in the exhibition, and one's ability to judge of them adequately is somewhat hampered by that fact. But a photograph of one of the groups in its entirety gives an idea of the power and vitality of the whole effect and of the interesting rhythmic construction of the composition. "The Prodigal Son" is a moving conception of that great allegory of humanity, and the exquisite kneeling figure of the boy (Youth) stretching out his hand toward the beckoning vision of life holds all the ineffable meaning and potential tragedy of youth. A herculean figure of a man carrying another—relaxed, disabled—symbolizes that most fundamental truth of the brotherhood of man, the obligation of the strong to bear the burden of the weak. "The Urn of Life" was the first design for the Seidl memorial, but the order was withdrawn by the committee after the sculptor had conceived it in clay, because of a necessity that arose for using the greater part of the fund collected for a more practical purpose, with the result that the memorial eventually placed in Pittsburgh was smaller and less ambitious. The decoration of this original Urn, which has only just been completed in the marble, consists of a succession of groups of figures, symbolic presentments of life. It is, indeed, a record of the whole of human experience, from the simplest facts of life common to all to the mystery glimpsed by the prophetic and poetic vision of genius. It is life in its closest relations, its deepest intimacies; life with its separations and mysteries. One group symbolizes the spiritual mystery of birth, another of death; another reveals man and woman standing together yet alone, separated, although not parted, by the essential isolation of the human soul. So the figures stand in a circle, symbol of the unending nature of life. Considered from the æsthetic standpoint, these figures have exquisite ethereal effects of light and shade—luminosities, transparencies, re-

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liefs of dark against light—that strike one as something new in the technical use of marble. Three earlier works—the design called "Brotherly Love," for the tomb of a Scandinavian philanthropist, and the two reliefs, "Man Struggling with Chaos" (designs for a Norwegian clock)—were done in the sculptor's twenty-third year. It is difficult to realize this fact standing before these strange and compelling works of genius. "Brotherly Love" shows two figures imbedded in a rough block of marble reaching toward each other, their hands touching incompletely—a wider expression of the idea of solitude in the "Urn of Life." The two primitive-man reliefs—man struggling with and conquering cosmic forces, more primitive forms of life—may well stand as the evolution of the genius of the New World, and the record of the struggle of the sculptor's own spirit for expression. "Brotherly Love" shows that young spirit's divination of the riddle of life. The "Urn of Life" is the man's vision of the whole pageant of the mystery. The exhibition will be held also in Pittsburgh and Chicago, and probably in New York.

THE NEW YORK STATE CONFERENCE OF RELIGION

The ninth annual meeting of the New York State Conference of Religion, the most inclusive religious association in the State, in which Jews unite with Christians of many denominations on terms of fraternal fellowship, was held at Troy, November 9 and 10. The strikingly characteristic opening address by Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, dealt incisively with a subject of vital importance, "The Responsibility of the Church for the Conditions of the State"—saying that only as an optimist he had courage to point to remediable evils. He sketched both the ludicrous and the lamentable aspects of these, contrasting the timidity and lack of staying power in the moral efforts of good people with the audacity and persistency of the thoroughbred bad, and concluding with reference to Governor Hughes as "administering a revival of religion of the very best kind." Illustrating the responsibility of the Church for reaching "the submerged conscience of the general public," the Governor, said he, "is doing more than all the pulpits from Troy to Chautauqua have been doing for a decade." At the closing session Professor Ladd, of Yale, speaking on "The Moral Need of Religious Solidarity," largely agreed with Dr. Parkhurst's estimate of present conditions. Moral stirrings were apparent, but moral revival had not dried the sources of corrosive evils—the "avarice, insolence, cowardice, and pleasure-loving" which he had named in 1902 as conspicuous inside as well as outside of the churches. The moral situation in his view called for "a league offensive and defensive with every soldier of religion for a righteous God." Between these two came other notable addresses, "The Ethics of the Average Man," by Rabbi Meyer, of Brooklyn; "Race Prejudice and Religious Duty," by Mr. Talcott Williams, of the Philadelphia Press, statesmanlike in breadth, insight, and discrimination. The Rev. Thomas R. Slicer keenly noted certain evils latent in the "Religious Tendencies of Psychotherapy." That wealth of every kind and degree is to be held in trust was attractively set forth by Mr. J. Cleveland Cady, speaking on "Religious Duty in the Use of Wealth." Dr. S. J. Barrows, recently President of the International Prison Congress, spoke on the subject "Our Churches and Our County Jails," and depicted with burning indignation the reproachful apathy of public sentiment toward inhuman conditions found in no other civilized country. Finally, Mr. John Martin, of the American Economic Association, speaking on "Social Wrong and Individual Responsibility," delineated practical measures to "make poverty as rare as leprosy." These addresses and the discussions following will be published in serial issues, to be had from the General Secretary, Dr. W. M. Hess, Tremont, New York City. The aim of the Conference is to promote a strenuous spiritual morality, a renaissance of social righteousness, in a union of religious forces throughout the State. This is the practical end contemplated in its cardinal affirmation of the unity of the religious spirit underlying the diversity

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of religious forms, "Religions are many, Religion is one."

UNION SEMINARY AND ITS NEW PRESIDENT

The inauguration of Dr. Francis Brown as President of Union Theological Seminary took place November 17 before a great assembly, including many representatives of universities and colleges, in the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church. His inaugural address, in view of the Seminary's freedom from former bonds and prospect of widening opportunities, was devoted to a declaration of its working principles. It stands, he said, "for trained leadership in religion," for "theology as the servant of religion," promoting its development in thought and character. The popular disparagement of theology he attributed to feebleness in religion. Shallowness in the Christian ministry results from limiting theology to elementary religious needs. This Seminary stands for "a conservatively progressive theology" in expectation of its further contributions to religious thought and life. There are two antagonistic types of life, the self-assertive and the self-devoting. Religion sees the latter to be divine, emphasizes the revelation of God in his self-devoting Christ more in its ethical than its metaphysical character, and feels that "in reverencing Jesus Christ we are worshiping God." Confessing ourselves historically Protestant Christians, "we desire all the fellowship with churches of the Greek and Roman communions that they will permit." In delivering the charge customarily given to each new President, Dr. Parkhurst affirmed the work of the Seminary to be inspirational more than educational: "Learning *per se* is unregenerate; it needs conversion and sanctification." Confronted by two special hindrances, the sensuous materialism of their environment and the unsettled state of theological opinions, the students of a seminary "not mortgaged to any denominational fraternity of faith" especially need development in "sanctified vitality." With President Brown he made touching reference to President Hall, whose "spirit of reconciliation transmuted antagonism into sympathy" (when the Seminary withdrew from control by the General Assembly), and "attracted the attention of the Christian world in a crisis which tested its nerve and multiplied its power." President Brown's address referred to the laying of the corner-stone of the new Seminary quadrangle on Morningside Heights, adjacent to Columbia University, as the overshadowing event of his inauguration day. Here two city blocks from One Hundred and Twentieth to One Hundred and Twenty-second Street, the gift of the late D. Willis James, are to be occupied by buildings already rising, one of which will be an apartment-house for the Seminary professors. When removing in 1884 from its original site in 1836, it was thought to have reached a permanent abode; but it has outgrown its housing on Park Avenue. Mr. John Crosby Brown, President of the Board of Directors, in his address at the laying of the corner-stone, emphasized, as did the subsequent evening addresses, the Seminary's undenominationalism, comprehensiveness, and freedom.

CHINA AND AMERICA

It is impossible to foretell, difficult even to imagine, the effect which the development of China during the next five years will have upon the commercial and political welfare of the United States. Sagacious statesmen have prophesied that within a generation the Pacific Ocean may become the great channel of the world's commerce, as the Atlantic Ocean became that channel on the planting of the Spanish, French, and English colonies on the North American continent more than three centuries ago. Commercial prudence alone demands that the people of the United States should inform themselves concerning the awakening of China. But something far deeper and more moving than commercial ambition, desirable as such ambition is, fixes the eye of the thoughtful man upon China and its current history. This great mass of human beings, physically powerful but inert for a thousand years, not yet really a nation but with all the capacity for national life, is waiting for some great spirit to breathe into it the breath of

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life. The Russian, the German, the Frenchman, the Englishman, are products of evolution. In the history of the nations which they form can be seen a sort of biological progress from the embryo to the full-grown man of modern times. China, on the other hand, is coming to manhood like Adam in the Garden of Eden—formed from the dust of ages, but springing into mature life under contact with a great spirit—the spirit of Western civilization. The articles by President Roosevelt and by Mr. George Marvin, elsewhere in this issue, and the account published in these pages two weeks ago of the remission of the Boxer indemnity by the Government of the United States, indicate the vitalizing influence of this spirit. No man who believes in human progress, and who wishes to play as well as he can his little part in the drama of civilization, can afford to disregard China, that member of the company of nations which now occupies the center of the world's stage.

It would be not altogether unnatural if it should be said that the reports of plots, counter-plots, and violence in the imperial palace at Peking, connected with the sudden announcement of the death of the late Emperor of China, indicate a state of barbarism in China very discouraging to those who hope for its immediate awakening. Still again, those who either consciously or unconsciously define the term awakening to mean the selfish and brutal assertion of great material and military power will point to the disturbances in Peking as another proof of "the yellow peril." Interpreters of this school will say that the civilized Powers must dread the awakening of China which will bring into actual conflict with the West the despotic and savage methods of imperial rule that appear to prevail at Peking. The reply is that the plots and counter-plots of the imperial Manchu family have as little to do with the awakening of national life in China as the family murders and conspiracies of the Plantagenets had to do with the development of English literature, the English universities, English commerce, and the English Constitution. The only real "yellow peril" is that Europe and America may fail to recognize the necessity of treating China with the same commercial and political justice with which the Western nations either desire or are compelled by international public opinion to treat one another. There can hardly be anything that will accrue so much to the advantage of the United States in international affairs as to cultivate and strengthen the educational alliance between China and this country. That alliance has been initiated by the remission of the Boxer indemnity; it may be best maintained by the sending to China of American educators of the highest attainment and the finest altruistic spirit, and the reception in our own schools and colleges of the Chinese students, who are now here and are coming in larger numbers, with the utmost cordiality and sympathy. If the people and the Government of the United States honestly and heartily endeavor in this way to aid China in her awakening, they will not only be doing a fine thing in human service, but they will incidentally share in the commercial reward which, in the immediate future, is sure to come to those who establish friendly relations with the commercially richest of Oriental nations.

WHO ARE CHRISTIANS?

Several weeks ago more than eleven hundred clergymen of the Episcopal Church, representing nearly every diocese in the country, united in a memorial to the House of Bishops in which they describe themselves as "Ministers of Apostolic descent, receiving our authority from you who are the successors of the Apostles, and whose assistants, and in some sense representatives, we are; and jealous with a godly jealousy for the faith once for all delivered to the Saints;" and then characterize as "unwarrantable acts, contrary to the fundamental and divine Constitution of Christ's Holy Catholic Church . . . the intrusion into our churches and pulpits in divers places of *so-called Christian men.* . . . All the piety and learning possessed by so-called Christian men who are separated from the Unity of the Church is not worth the surrender of the principle that

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the Church, and the Church only, possesses the divine mission for man's salvation, not by human agency, but by divine grace." They therefore petition the Bishops to take measures at the next General Convention to expunge from Canon XIX the words, "Or to prevent the Bishop of any Diocese or Missionary District from giving permission to Christian men, who are not ministers of this Church, to make addresses in the Church on special occasions," and to substitute the following words:

"No person who is not in communion with this Church shall at any time be permitted or licensed to make an address or deliver a sermon in the Church."

The Outlook does not propose to enter into a discussion of the implications of the ecclesiastical claims of the signers of this declaration, though it believes that position to be contrary not only to the spirit but to the practice of the Church in Apostolic and later times. It does wish to call attention to the extraordinary lack of religious feeling, of the Catholic idea, and of the sense of reality revealed in the use of the phrase "so-called Christian men." It is, however, for Christians, even if they belong to the great army of "so-called Christians," who are largely carrying on the civilization of the Western world, a matter, not for ridicule, but for profound grief and discouragement, that a phalanx of a thousand clergymen at the beginning of the twentieth century, when the Church is confronted with tremendous problems on all sides, should so wantonly misrepresent the spirit of Christ and so blindly pass judgment on a vast number of those who are trying to bring in the kingdom of Christ. The early Christian fathers were more intelligent; they went to such lengths of charity and vision that they recognized the spirit of God working in the heathen writers, and called the minds of such men "naturally Christian."

It is to deliver the Church from this kind of blinding narrowness, this corroding lack of charity, this misinterpretation of the divine idea of the kingdom of God which Christ came to establish, that the Prophet must appear from time to time. Let Phillips Brooks bear his testimony to that great central idea which the Infinite Father, with infinite patience, is endeavoring to clarify in the minds of his children:

> After all, the fault, the fatal fault, that makes one glow most earnestly into hatred of the narrowness of sectarianism, the making that essential which is only accidental, the confining of Christianity to this or that form of Christian life, is that it throws off thousands of earnest men and women who cannot be Christians after that accepted type, and makes them straightway conclude that for them there is no Christianity at all.
>
> The Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints! Wherever men are praying, loving, trusting, seeking and finding God, it is a true body with all its ministries of part to part. . . . The true Church, the only Church worth living in or fighting for, is this Communion of Saints. It is the answer to the Saviour's prayer, "I in them and Thou in Me, that they all may be one in us." Oh, when I think of what the Church really is meaning all this time—the fellowship of faith and goodness everywhere—it does make me indignant to hear how some men talk of it in little, narrow, mechanical phrases, and think that they alone do it worthy honor.

Let a "so-called Christian," whose beautiful interpretation of the religion of Jesus promises to make a new day in the history of missions in India, Charles Cuthbert Hall, a martyr for Christ's sake, give his view of the Church: "As we begin to realize how complacently and confidently we have assumed that the world can only be Christianized by adopting our theologies and our sectarian forms, solemn questions suggest themselves: Who ever gave credentials of universality to Western clerical orders, or to Western ecclesiastical institutions, or to Western denominational confessions? Has God ever pledged himself to complete the Christianizing of the world through these means? Has God ever limited himself to the Anglo-Saxon interpretations of the Christian faith, and set aside as unusable those extraordinary gifts of religious discernment that are peculiar to the temperament of the East? Has God ever disowned those mighty religious aspirations that fill the old ethnic faiths, surviving in pathetic vestiges of their former majesty amidst the modern degenerations of those faiths? Is he not, by the might of his Spirit, able to subdue and purge and transform and recreate those gifts and those aspirations, dedicating them to the knowledge and worship of the Son of

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God? St. Paul, amidst the decay of Israel, could cry, 'Hath God cast away his people? God forbid—God hath not cast away his people which he foreknew!'"

There is but one supreme authority on the credentials of the Christian man. What is his test?

When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory:

And before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats:

And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

For I was hungry, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:

Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

PLEASANT BOOKS

The old-time reader found in books a garden of peace in the tumult of the world. There have always been disturbing books, for the appearance of a thinker always means a shaking of the old order; but there were many books in those days which a man might read in slippered ease before his fire, with a great sense of comfort and a keen sense of pleasure. There was a quiet music in the times before Wagner and Richard Strauss which a man might enjoy without the fear of being pushed aside as an old fogy; there were plays before Ibsen in which the men were not all hypocrites and the women restless sisters whose virtue succumbed to their curiosity; there was wit before Mr. Shaw which did not dissolve the finer tissues of life; there were novels before Zola and d'Annunzio which furnished entertainment for man but not for beast, to recall Mr. Lowell's *mot*. The tired man did not feel, when he opened a book, that he must put to sea again and be beaten upon by tempests; he embarked on his little voyage with the sure hope of bits of blue sky, the shining of a few stars, and the harbor lights at the end.

There were pleasant books in the old days; books full of flavor, of a leisure as fruitful as the quiet of a May morning when the hush of a thousand noiseless growths is on the earth; of a rest born not of idleness but of meditation; of the good manners of well-bred writers who knew the world and the English language. They were not fiery missionaries of a new order, those witty, thoughtful, companionable writers of the earlier days; but it is a question whether they were not more helpful to those who longed for the harmonious life than many of the sincere and ardent souls who are in such haste to lighten the world that they have neglected to fill their torches and their glow dies down into a most disagreeable smudge. The papers in the "Spectator" which bore the stamp of Addison and Steele, the comedies of Goldsmith, the discursive talk of Walton, the noble music of Sir Thomas Browne, the stories of Miss Austen, as quiet as the lanes about an old English village—to select a few from the great company of writers of the quiet temper—were very pleasant reading and not without virtue in a wicked world.

These are very pleasant writers to-day, when the moment one opens the windows of his mind in the morning the air is full of bugles and of the march of many battalions under many banners, each bent on destroying the world, the flesh, and the devil in a different way but before the end of the year. The wise man, who loves his kind, will call down good fortune on some of these warriors who have wisdom as well as zeal in their hearts, and will march with them; but he will not be always on the bloody field, heavily accoutered for the destructive fray. He will keep some time for himself in order to preserve his sanity and be the fine intelligence which his various faculties seem to prophesy. And in these times of seclusion he will find comfort and delight in pleasant books. If he is a brave man and not afraid of the highly sophisticated who dwell in the perpetual shadow of Mr. Pater and Mr. James, he will find sweetness and light in Irving's Essays, in Warner's charming out-of-doors papers, and in Mr. Mitchell's old-fashioned reports of the days when men were as frank in

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expressing their affections as they are to-day in making a parade of their passions. In Colonel Higginson's "Atlantic Essays" he will hear rumblings of reform, but subdued to the uses of good writing; in Lowell's essays he will find the charm of a society which was learned without pedantry and witty without a touch of malice. He will have a shelf of more recent pleasant books at hand; books of various kinds from Miss Repplier, Mr. Bliss Perry, Dr. van Dyke; Dr. Crothers, whose "By the Christmas Fire" (Houghton Mifflin Company) is quite good enough to take its place in the Standard Library of Pleasant Books which some wise publisher will some day bring out; Mr. Martin's short essays, which have a happy way of striking the true note without any cumbersome apparatus of belfry and rope.

The careless reader of these words—and there are careless as well as "gentle readers"—will please note that this list is not inclusive, and does not touch a multitude of books which are not only rich in the substance of thought, but beautiful or winning in form; its modest purpose is to lay emphasis on the predominance of the special quality of pleasantness and to emphasize the rank of that quality in the scale of spiritual values. In a book of such power as "The House of Mirth" the reader sighs in vain for the presence of one pleasant person; it seems incredible that so many people of different degrees of disagreeability should have come together in one place at one time.

And it may be suspected that some good people whose religion has gotten entirely into the region of conscious, self-directed moral action do not appreciate the natural piety of those pleasant people whose religion seems to be dissolved into an all-pervasive charm of sweetness and light, and who make goodness as winning as sunshine rather than as terrible as an army with banners. It is the special moral function of those who are pleasant to make goodness as natural as flowers and as unconscious as the charm of childhood.

The pleasant book has the quality of clearing the way by making the burden lighter. Those who believe that the discipline of life involves "piling on the load" will regard lightening as immoral, as some of our earnest but one-sided fathers regarded play as so much time stolen from work; not discerning the great truth that work is the means and play the final condition of life—that free, spontaneous joy of activity which is rid of self-consciousness and is the natural outflow of a harmonized nature. A pleasant book is often of far greater service to a tired man or woman than the most ardent plea for moral action, as a song often unlocks the emotions which a carefully phrased resolution would leave cold.

Mr. Lucas is one of those writers who make life agreeable and set the teeth of the pessimists on edge by his quiet assumption of the right to have a good time in this tumultuous modern world. He has a genius for discovering and bringing together bits of prose and verse that ripple in the sun or sing in the shade. If he had written no word of his own, his light-hearted editorial industry ought to secure him a pension as one who has served his kind. The titles of the choice little collections he has edited form a series of sentences fragrant with the happiest associations: "The Open Road," "The Friendly Town," "The Gentlest Art," "Fireside and Sunshine," "The Ladies Pageant." From the standpoint of Ibsen and d'Annunzio these titles sound as frivolous as the shouts of children carried into hospital windows; but it may be suspected that while surgery has a great and necessary work to perform, the experiences of those who need no physician are as authoritative and far more normal than the experiences of those whose salvation lies with the knife.

Mr. Lucas's latest book is not a compilation, but a series of chapters loosely strung together; he calls it, in his subtitle, "An Easy-going Chronicle." The gentleman who lives "Over Bemerton's" (Macmillan) is a book-lover somewhat gone to seed in his emotions, but for whom the day of grace is not entirely spent. His life has no excitements, but it has tastes and incidents of the kind which a cultivated writer with the gift of humor can turn into very pleasant

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talk; happenings by the way full of human feeling, touches of wit, and a little color of romance gathering brightness as the day ends. American readers may skip the chapter on cricket; readers who want charcoal work on a big blackboard and those who are interested only in the final inextricable tangle of motives too subtle for the psychologist will do well to leave "Over Bemerton's" severely alone.

Readers who are quiet enough in spirit to enjoy its leisurely way of telling a rambling, impossible, but delightfully human tale of animals will find pleasure also in "The Wind Among the Willows" (Scribner). What they remember of "The Golden Age" will prompt them to send for Mr. Kenneth Grahame's latest book. But unless they are of the true faith let them beware; to the sophisticated, who have shed all their illusions and stand naked in the streets of Coketown, this tale of the Mole, the Rat, the Toad, and the Badger will be as great a piece of nonsense as "Alice in Wonderland" and as incomprehensible as Mr. Kipling's "They." It is frankly impossible from any rational standpoint; that is its great charm, plus the imagination that runs through it like veins of gold; little ripples of description that shimmer and play in the light as if they had overflowed from some spring in the woods. "By the side of the river he trotted as one trots, when very small, by the side of a man who holds one spellbound by exciting stories; and when tired out at last, he sat on the bank, while the river still chattered on to him a babbling procession of the best stories in the world, sent from the heart of the earth to be told at last to the insatiable sea." From broad farce and the most grotesque combinations of animals and things and speech this book now and again touches poetry as one touches it in life, incidentally and by the way.

Those readers—and there were many of them—who lost their hearts to Pelleas and Ettarre, and awoke with dismay to the fact that they had ceased to be lovers because they had ceased to be young, and straightway recalled the departed ways of gallantry, will find quiet sentiment, genuine feeling, and a broader humor in Miss Zona Gale's "Friendship Village" (Macmillan), an intimate picture of a little Central Western town, with its fundamental democracy of neighborly kindness, homely independence, and a shrewd sense of fun. Miss Gale is a newcomer who has quietly taken her place with those who can bring a smile on the face of life.

There are many wholesome and painful books; many great and heartbreaking tragedies; and there are stories and plays almost without number whose heroes and heroines walk precipitately down to the gates of Death and Hell under the impression that all the sane people are commonplace Philistines. In such a time of strain and pain and strife and uproar a pleasant writer is a moral force of high importance, and his quiet book is a kind of rest cure for those who hold themselves prophets and apostles because they are restless, dissatisfied, and ceaselessly stirring the waters of life, when, as a matter of fact, many of them are nervous semi-invalids.

THE SPECTATOR

For a few minutes on election night in Havana the Spectator thought that Cuba was in revolution. He had been admiring the orderly good nature of the crowds in the Central Park, had listened to a fiery speech from a vehement orator in a café window—a speech which, for some reason unknown to the American who "no hablo Español," seemed not to anger but amuse the hearers—when, just as the Spectator was turning into his own hotel door, "crack, crack" went two revolver shots, and "crash, crash" went great plate-glass windows. Then came the unmistakably angry howl of a mob, and a wild-faced Cuban, both arms extended, rushed by, screaming, "Bar the doors!" "Get up stairs!" "Clear the dining-rooms!" or words to that effect. Police whistles blew, reserve wagons rolled up, the guests of the hotel took refuge upstairs, the servants were "rattled," women cried, outside a surging mob screamed. But the police did splendid work—stopped the row, cleared the street and kept it clear—and the thin blue

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line of cavalry which presently filed past the hotel and formed across the end of the square was not needed. It was nothing! A tipsy politician in the hotel café had seen fit to discharge his revolver twice; a little negro procession outside thought it was being fired on, and proceeded to try to wreck the hotel. "*Mucho malo, mucho malo,*" said Tomaso, the faithful gentleman chambermaid, whenever he saw one of these processions of screaming, brutal negroes passing by, as they did every half-hour or so. By and by everything was as before. The pretty little cabs with jingling bells were taking beautiful hatless señoras and señoritas to the theater; the balconies were filled with interested onlookers; the crowd was remarkably quiet, almost apathetic, applauding the returns with hand-clapping, as at a play. Probably no New York paper would give the incident five lines. But when, hours later, there was a vast glare of red lights from a high roof to announce the election of Gomez and Zayas, the Spectator looked down the other way also, and was not sorry to see the thin blue line still there. The little commotion of the early evening had come and gone like a tropical shower—but who knew when another might burst!

And the next morning's papers said that the elections had been perfectly peaceful and quiet, the island over. What does the sweeping Liberal victory mean? It means numerically that the two Liberal factions, when they can bring themselves to work together, far outnumber the Conservatives, and that the Miguelistas (followers of José Miguel Gomez) and the Zayistas (followers of Alfredo Zayas) had made a deal by which Gomez is to be President, Zayas Vice-President, and next time the rôles are to be reversed. "If this bargain is not carried out, look out for revolutions," say the Conservatives. "Look out for them anyway," they add; "the Liberal politicians are too hot-blooded to live in amity long." As to the argument that the Liberals, who include the radical, excitable element, are now in power and hence will not make trouble, the Conservatives reply that if you set a wolf to guard the sheep he will not bother the shepherd—but! The Liberal programme is, "Cuba for the Cubans," "The people shall rule," "Prosperity, no matter what it costs—the other fellow." The Conservatives are all for property rights, peace and order, moderate taxes; they fear the excitable, vacillating, unstable common people, and especially they distrust the negro element. Many merchants, many large property-owners, all Americans resident in Cuba, most of the Spaniards, would rejoice in American annexation, but no party or section of a party would dare think of proposing such a thing, and a plebiscitum on that question would be so one-sided as to be an absurdity.

What Cuba is suffering from, if a casual Spectator may dare to judge, is too much universal suffrage. The evils of our reconstruction days are here. If our Government had imposed an educational or a light property restriction for, say, ten years, the prospect for representative government would have been far better. What is good enough for Massachusetts or Virginia ought to have been good enough for a people who had absolutely no experience in self-government. At present they are erratic, to say the least. Thus, one negro leader, supposed to be a Liberal, made an eloquent speech ending, "I shall vote the Conservative ticket. If you ask me why, I reply, Because I so wish." Which reminded some one of an Indian mother carrying a naked baby covered with flies. When the suggestion was made that the baby should be covered over, the mother said, "My son wishes it so!"

It is hard to doubt that there is something fine and noble in the patriotic spirit of the Cuban people when one sees on the base of the beautiful white marble statue of Marti, the animating spirit of the revolution of 1895, the nineteen figures described by the Cuban sculptor, Saavedra, as showing the nation "moving forward, men, young and old, armed and unarmed; women and children, all eager, straining toward the goal ahead—Independence." And then, if

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we ask, "Are things better than they were?" we can go and look at that pathetic students' memorial—a bit of the old wall, against which eight boys of sixteen or less were shot to death. They had, it was alleged, desecrated the grave (pigeonhole would be the better word, for in the old Espada bodies are sealed up in niches) of an officer of Volunteers, who had insulted all Cuban women publicly, and had been killed in a duel. The boys were acquitted; but the Spanish Governor-General ordered a new trial, and hounded these young lads to death. Now the word "Innocentes" stands above their names, and the memorial-sculpture will be a reminder for all times. Better a dozen revolutions than this!

The Spectator was much interested in campaign methods in Havana. A great Conservative night parade was a decided contrast to the big Taft procession in New York. Here were hundreds upon hundreds of horsemen, fine riders on spirited caballos; many, many scores of carriages; great wagons and floats crowded with beautiful women; waving torches; "Vivas" continual. The Spectator will not easily forget one tall girl, upright in an open cab, waving an enormous Cuban banner and calling "Viva la patria!" with a dramatic intensity that moved one like the great moment of a tragic actress. And the vast, quiet crowd in the Central Park watched as if at a theater, applauding with decorous hand-clapping not so much the impassioned patriots as the pretty women—and that, too, with nice discrimination and apportionment. The Liberals in Havana could not possibly put into line such an impressive array of men and women. But they had their own little novelty! They hired electric cars, filled them to repletion with heelers, banners, tom-toms, and squeaking fifes, and ran them back and forth (all night, the Spectator verily believes) through the principal streets, but chiefly around the great square in front of the Spectator's hotel!

The Liberal view of the matter at stake in the recent election was that the question was, to quote El Triunto, "whether the next Government of the country will be Liberal or Conservative; that is, whether the Republic will be consolidated upon the indispensable foundation of independence or whether the country will fall for the second time under an oligarchy." The Conservative view was that "Cuba is going to speak for the first time, and it will speak in circumstances truly exceptional in its history and determinative in its destiny. Those conditions determine the value and the quality of the vote which will be polled. Seldom do people approach the polls in acts of this nature and to determine questions of that kind. It is not a question of parties, neither is it a balloting for a list of candidates. Beyond all those external aspects of the suffrage which the country will exercise lies a principle which is all-important, embracing the past, present, and future."

And so the election is over, and once more the Spectator may watch with keen enjoyment the street life of this most foreign of North American cities; the charm of the gorgeous sunsets from the great sea-wall (the Malecon) looking over the grim fortifications of the Morro and the Cabaña; the bustling open cabs on the Prado; the white summer clothes, the Panama hats, the ladies' lace coats in November. The open-air dining-rooms and cafés are full; inside he may have the pleasure of meeting that prince of shrimps the *langustino*, or may quaff a *piña fria* (crushed pineapple) or other *refresco*, or eat the delightful *guañabana* or some other of the many pleasing ices. All is bustle, movement, subdued gayety. "Paris," says some one. Yes, but a Spanish-American Paris, and with a thousand differences.

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THE AWAKENING OF CHINA

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

RECENTLY on two different Sundays I have listened to sermons, one by Mr. Howard Richards, Jr., an Episcopal missionary, of Boone College in Wuchang, China, and one by the Rev. Dr. John Fox, a Presbyterian clergyman, who, on behalf of the Bible Society, has just made a tour of the world, devoting his time especially to China. Dr. Fox urged in the strongest way the need of our giving substantial backing to the Bible Society—and it is not very creditable to us as a people that the British Bible Society should have three times the funds of the American Bible Society. But what concerned me most at the moment was the very strong appeal made by both speakers for aid in awakening and directing the interest of the American people in the cause of Christian education for China. The appeal was made by both men in the broadest possible spirit, not especially on behalf of any institution, any church or denomination, but in advocacy of the fulfillment of our human, philanthropic, Christian obligations to this great awakening people across the sea. Mr. Richards described his experience during the famine, when on the famine relief committee at Hsuchou, six days' journey from Shanghai. Not only he and other Episcopalians, but Presbyterians and Roman Catholics, all served together on the committee in charge of the handling and distribution of the large amount of foodstuffs and money given to the starving people. He dwelt on the way he was impressed while thus serving on the committee, by seeing Chinese students from schools carried on by each of these three churches represented on the committee. He spoke of the great amount of educational work being carried on in China, not only by the Protestant denominations, but by the different Roman Catholic orders, many of which are backed by men and money from Roman Catholics of the United States; and he mentioned particularly the successful school for Chinese boys at Wuchang carried on by Father Espelage, and his own special friendship for one of the men who at Hsuchou was carrying on a Roman Catholic school for farmers' boys, who were supported at the remarkably low cost of less than six cents a day. The appeals of both Mr. Richards and Dr. Fox were made in the largest sense for Christian and humanitarian work. Dr. Fox mentioned several very striking facts to show the awakening of interest in Occidental thought and work among the people of China; how one prominent Viceroy, a very able and high-minded man, though not a professed Christian, has translated into Chinese not only certain scientific works such as the writings of Huxley, but also many chapters from the four Gospels; and how a search in the book-stalls of one Chinese city showed no less than ninety books recently published dealing with phases of Occidental thought, or giving advice by Chinese writers to their own countrymen based on Occidental experiences of all kinds, from kindergartens to Christianity.

China is awakening. There is increasing contact with foreigners, increasing foreign trade, and a growing adoption of modern methods of communication and transportation, while some progress is being made in the introduction of labor-saving devices, with consequent industrial evolution. In over a hundred cities there is now a more or less successful effort to introduce a Western police system, and what this means for the preservation of order it is hardly necessary to point out. Much admirable evangelistic, educational, and medical missionary work is being done by the missionaries; and a part of this consists in the intro-

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duction and broadcast circulation of translations of the Bible and of Western literature. The attitude of the Chinese towards learning from the West has been utterly changed ever since August, 1901, when, by an Imperial edict, the old-style literary examinations were abolished, and it was directed that future candidates, for degrees as well as for office, should write their essays on such modern topics as Western science, government, and laws. In August last over a hundred Chinese students who are studying in this country met in conference at Ashburnham, Massachusetts. Such a movement as this means a shaking loose from the old superstitions which have fettered the Chinese to a degree it is hard for us to realize; and it also means the growth of a real and intelligent spirit of patriotism in all parts of China.

Americans are doing much for securing Christian education among the Chinese. They are training many of the future leaders and thousands of the rank and file. In 1907 there were nearly thirty thousand Chinese students among the eleven hundred and fifty-three American educational institutions in China, which embraced kindergartens, primary schools, high schools, colleges, universities, normal, divinity, and trade schools. Many men who have received their early training at some one of the American schools or colleges in China are now mightily influencing the industrial, political, and moral life of their land. One of the most important functions of these schools has been to supply good native teachers for China, and their graduates are in constantly increasing demand. But recently, in making such a demand, the Chinese Director-General of Education at Nanking, who is not himself a Christian, stated in explanation that the old moral maxims of Chinese education, though they expressed abstract truths, had no spiritual motives behind them, and that the old and formalized religion had been divorced from morality, and concluded with these striking words: "The only religion that teaches both the spiritual wants of mankind and the principles of morality also is the Christian religion. That is why we wish you to teach it in our leading schools." The American schools stimulate and aid the best Chinese in an earnest fight against opium and kindred vices, and against political corruption, and encourage them bravely to strive for a high standard of domestic morality.

Surely when so much is being done by brave, sincere, disinterested countrymen of ours over in China, we at home should help them with men and with money. I believe that such help would benefit us commercially, but I do not advocate it chiefly for this reason; indeed, I think the chief good to the United States would be the good always derived by a nation, as by an individual, when noble and unselfish work is done. The work of the missionaries tends to avert revolutionary disturbances in China, and to lead her into a position of power for peace and righteousness. She cannot herself at present carry on an effective educational work; in addition to the lack of teachers, the Chinese debt is too great—and incidentally Americans must feel a genuine sense of pleasure in this Nation's having returned the major part of the indemnity fund to China. The Christian educational schools in China must for the present take the leading part in the work for the uplifting of the whole Chinese character, for that depends primarily, as the character of every nation must depend, on the lives of the individual men and women.

The awakening of China is one of the great events of our age, and the remedy for the "yellow peril," whatever that may be, is not the repression of life but the cultivation and direction of life. Here at home we believe that the remedy for popular discontent is not repression but justice and education. Similarly, the best way to avert possible peril, commercial or military, from the great Chinese people, is by behaving righteously toward them and by striving to inspire a righteous life among them. Our Christian missions have for their object not only the saving of souls, but the imparting of a life that makes possible the kingdom of God on the earth. It seems to me that there is no place where there is better opportunity to-day to do this work than in China, and I earnestly hope that

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we can attract the attention of the great public outside of the so-called missionary circles to the possibility and practicability, no less than to the importance, of the work. As Bishop Brent has said, *now* is the time for the West to implant its ideals in the Orient, in such fashion as to minimize the chance of a dreadful future clash between two radically different and hostile civilizations; if we wait until to-morrow, we may find that we have waited too long.

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT IN CHINESE EDUCATION

BY GEORGE MARVIN

ONE night last summer we slept on top of the Great Wall of China, a hundred yards or so to the west of the arched gate where Nankou Pass, after toiling up through southern valleys, pitches down and on into Mongolia. Through the gate poured all day long caravans from Kalgan and the northern mountains, ramming or sifting through the southern trade from Peking—forty miles of circus forever coming to town. All day long the tinkling bells of hundreds of mincing donkeys chimed in with the tolling of camel trains benignly pacing by. Unoiled Chinese carts, with all the domestic animals straining together in their rope-traces, squeaked and ground their way over the big stones in the sill of the ancient gate, while ecstatic drivers cracked their whips and exhorted in shrill Pekingese or throaty Mongol. Mixed all together the sounds came up to us in our tower a discordant symphony of Oriental trade, the age-long music of the caravans; for exactly thus went the trade of China one thousand years ago.

After nightfall all this jargon of the Pass stopped, and we became aware of noises before unnoticed. A quarter of a mile away on the road toward Kalgan stood a long black shed of a building, topped by two high, black chimneys. In the glare of a big arc light we could mark piles of broken stone and see small tram-cars push out from the black shed. And now, in the still night air, on the Great Wall, we could hear at regular intervals the ringing of electric bells, the jar and slide of a steam hoist, and the smooth rumble of dump-cars. Two hundred feet beneath the mountain and the wall Mr. Yen, a graduate of Lehigh University, Pennsylvania, was cutting his tunnel on the Kalgan Railway. The black shed and the chimneys crowned the central shaft sunk to meet the cuttings driven through from north and south. That morning we had walked, with a foreman to guide us, through a mile and a quarter of as perfect tunneling as you will see anywhere in Europe, pierced in the solid rock, drained, ballasted, graded, peopled with hundreds of coolies working like ants. Afterwards we had tiffined with Mr. Yen, the engineer in charge, in his temple at the Nankou end of the tunnel. He had welcomed us in perfect English. We had had caviar and sherry before a well-served tiffin, and we had talked (remember this was in the Nankou Pass, on the trail of Marco Polo)—we had talked with Mr. Yen, of Lehigh University, about Mr. Taft's chances of election, and Burnham's plan for making more beautiful the city of Washington, of which latter subject it was evident that Mr. Yen knew far more than we.

And so that night, from the top of the barrier which old Che-Whang-te, the "first universal emperor," had built in 214 B.C. to keep out the Tartar barbarians, we wondered down at these things: on the surface the Wall serpentining away over rusty hills, a mute and picturesquely impotent protest against

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the outside world, through its gates tinkling, tolling, slowly plodding the Arabian Nights; and down there, underneath the mountain, with their electric bells and arc lights and steam hoists, Mr. Yen's night shift pushing their railway out into the world. We hear often in America the phrase "Awakening of China;" to define the phrase thoroughly many books are not equal; but the whole matter is epitomized there in the Nankou Pass.

Mr. Yen learned how to make tunnels at Lehigh and in his practical summer work on American railways. He is only one among many of his countrymen, educated in America or in American institutions in China, who, with students from other foreign countries, are actively bringing their Western training and new ideas to the Renaissance of China.

In order to understand properly the standards introduced by foreign education in China, it is necessary to appreciate what the established order was, and therefore what prejudices and traditions the new forces have had to encounter and overcome. To a degree not true of any other nation in the world, a respect for learning permeates the mass of the Chinese people. In China, for many centuries, the ideal man has been the scholar. From time almost immemorial society has been divided into four classes—Shih, Nung, Kung, and Shang—the scholar, the laborer, the farmer, and the merchant. Of these classes, the literati, or scholars, occupy the first rank; the gravitation of all Chinese ambition is upward to that rank. It must be remembered that the securing of a literary degree has been always in theory, and, until comparatively modern times, also in practice, the only means by which to reach official rank and the many lucrative positions thus opened. The degree is also in itself a sure mark of honorable distinction, and therefore the prize sought by all the scholars of China. But the system under which this literary class has been educated has consisted almost entirely in the memorizing of the Chinese classics and in the writing of essays on texts supplied by the Literary Chancellors therefrom. Hundreds of thousands of these literati can repeat verbatim from memory every sentence in their classical books, pages of the maxims of Confucius; and the Chinese have regarded this type of training and mental culture as fitting them for the highest positions in the gift of the State.

The basis of this ancient system of education is, of course, Confucianism, and in it the deepest sentiments of the Chinese are bound up with their highest material ambitions. Through his writings and commentators, Confucius has molded and controlled the intellectual life of China for twenty centuries.

But in all of this educational hypothesis, of course, no modern efficiency is possible; *i. e.*, there has been no provision for applied science, modern languages, history, industrial or commercial training. Although for many years new standards have been creeping into China, they were not officially recognized until, by a succession of educationally revolutionary edicts issued by the Empress Dowager in 1901, constituting one of the most sweeping changes ever made by any government, the old examinations were finally abolished, and modern standards of Western education established in their stead. A Chinese Board of Education has now been appointed, and Government schools are being rapidly organized all over the Empire. Thousands of such schools, of all grades, have been already established, and in one province alone of the eighteen provinces of China proper over one hundred thousand students are in daily attendance. Unquestionably, in the introduction of these reforms, the American, with other foreign missionary schools, have been largely instrumental. His Excellency Viceroy Tuan-Fang, in an address at a banquet given in his honor in New York City, said:

"We take pleasure in bearing testimony to the part taken by American missionaries in promoting the progress of the Chinese people. They have rendered inestimable service to China by the laborious task of translating into the Chinese language the religious and scientific works of the West. They have brought the light of Western civilization into every nook and corner of the Empire."

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In the historical volume presented in 1907 at the Shanghai Conference, Dr. Arthur H. Smith makes the following interesting comparison of the statistics presented at the three Protestant Missionary Conferences held in China in 1887, 1890, and 1907:

	1876.	1889.	1907.
Number of societies....	29	41	82
Foreign teachers....	473	1,296	3,833
Stations and substations	602		5,734
Pupils in schools.....	4,909	16,836	57,683

The above statistics, although incomplete, do serve as an indication of the vigorous growth of Protestant missionary educational activity in China. In this work the various missionary foundations have made their most notable advance in interdenominational co-operation. In many instances several denominations have combined in union schools or colleges, and the missionaries have in this way done much to emphasize the essential unity of the educational side of missionary work. One of the chief agencies in reaching this unity and effective co-operation has been the "Educational Association of China," founded as early as 1887. Through its committees and publications it has greatly increased the efficiency and broadened the field of missionary education. In the complete list of the institutions tabulated above are included theological seminaries, training-schools for preachers and Bible readers, medical schools, industrial schools, and institutions for the blind and the deaf; recently, at several mission stations, well-equipped kindergartens have been established.

Among these institutions a few of the most prominent deserve special mention. The Canton Christian College, for example, has plans for development that will cost one million dollars, and it has already begun to play an important part in Western education in South China and the Straits Settlement.

Peking University, which is the outgrowth of a small boys' school, was started thirty-five years ago. It now comprises a College of Liberal Arts, a College of Medicine, a preparatory and an industrial school. In 1907 401 students were enrolled on its registers, including men and boys from the official and merchant classes down to the sons of coolie parents in distant provincial stations. St. John's College, which is perhaps the best known of Western institutions of learning in China, is situated in the country, a few miles out of Shanghai. It is equipped with an unusually efficient force of sixteen foreign teachers, assisted by twenty-four Chinese. All of the foreign and part of the Chinese staff teach in English. The number of students is limited to 330. At Changsha, in the province of Hunan, has been started the "Ya-Li" College, founded by Yale University, at the cordial invitation of the Missionary Association of that province. It is maintained by the alumni and students of the New Haven university.

No survey of missionary education in China would be complete without mention of the widespread, well-organized Roman Catholic activities. Of the eleven different Catholic orders having representatives in China, the Jesuits are carrying on the largest educational work. In 1907, in their five colleges and seventy-two schools, a total of 25,335 students were enrolled. All the Catholic orders together supervise the instruction of over 75,000 Chinese students; this total, it will be seen, being somewhat higher than that of Protestant missions.

What may perhaps be a peculiarly American contribution in this wide field of missionary education in China is indicated in the following extract from a local Chinese paper. The writer, a native Chinese, was present at an informal meeting of the alumni, invited guests, teachers and students of Boone College, an American institution founded at Wuchang, on the Yangtse, in 1871.

"I was especially impressed," he writes, "by the friendly relationship existing between students and teachers. This is altogether unlike the state of things in Government schools, where there is a great gulf between teachers and pupils; yet, in the midst of freedom, discipline was apparent. As I looked at this jollification I could hardly believe my eyes; and it seemed as if I must be in some far-away country."

The American share in Chinese education has already begun to bear fruit in

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several conspicuous instances. In 1872 the Chinese Government sent its first batch of students to America. They were young boys, entered in private schools and quartered in American families, chiefly in New England. These boys spent from ten to twelve years in America, but were recalled by China before they had received their degrees at the universities. In 1872 American education was a tentative experiment. Yet out of this Chinese advance guard nearly all the members are now in influential positions of responsibility. Most notable of them, perhaps, is Tang-Shao-yi, the first Ambassador to Washington, who has just arrived in this country. Since his return as a student from America he has held many official positions in Korea and North China, and has on several occasions represented his country in historic negotiations with the plenipotentiaries of Great Britain, Japan, and Russia. As the right-hand man of Yuan-Shih-Kai, Tang is the brains of the new progressive movement in Chinese official life. In selecting him as its representative to return thanks to this Government for the remission of a portion of the Boxer indemnity, the Chinese Government has given a marked recognition of his character and ability.

Another American student in high place in his country's councils is Liang-Tun-Yen, a graduate of Yale, who is now Junior Vice-President of the Wai-Wu-Pu, and who, although appointed as Minister to America, was considered too valuable a man in the Foreign Office to be allowed to leave Peking. Many other names could be chronicled, as, for instance, M. T. Liang, Acting Governor of Central Manchuria, and Cheng-Tung-Liang-Cheng, a graduate of Andover and Amherst, until recently Chinese Representative in this country, and now Director of the Canton-Hankow Railway; but their enumeration would probably awaken few echoes outside of China. Following the footsteps of these pioneeers come the American students of the last generation, who, as magistrates, engineers, teachers, and broad-gauge business men, are, like Mr Yen of Lehigh on the Kalgan Railway, helping to "awaken China."

In addition to the individual attainments of these American students, their combined influence and effectiveness is beginning to make itself felt in Chinese official life. In a note to Mr. Rockhill, the American Minister at Peking, already published in The Outlook,[1] the Prince of Ch'ing writes:

"Convinced by the happy results of past experience of the great value to China of education in American schools, the Imperial Government has the honor to state that it is its intention to send henceforth yearly to the United States a considerable number of students, there to receive their education."

The disposition on the part of the Chinese Government to send picked students to America for their education, although interrupted for many years after the first set of twenty came in 1872, has since 1890 shown a comparatively steady growth. During the past year 155 Chinese students were maintained at various educational institutions in this country on foundations provided either by the Imperial or the Provincial Governments. Out of this number seventy-one are under the charge of the Imperial Chinese Legation at Washington; twenty-seven are under the direction of Chang-Chuan, Commissioner of Education for the Viceroyalties of Hupuh and Kiangnan; fifty-seven others have been during the past year under the direction of Dr. Tenny, at present Chinese Secretary of our Legation at Peking. These last, although coming from various parts of the Empire, all received their elementary education at the Peyang College in Tientsin, of which Dr. Tenny was formerly principal. At the request of Yuan-Shih-Kai, then Viceroy of Chihli, of which province Tientsin is the chief city, Dr. Tenny in 1906 assumed charge at Cambridge of the Peiyang candidates sent to America, including those now at Harvard and the various other colleges where, at his suggestion, they were quartered. Since Dr. Tenny's return in July last to Peking, his position has been filled by the appointment of Mr. H. F. Merrill, for many years Commissioner of Customs at Tientsin.

[1] November 14.

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Quite apart from this official recognition of the advantages of an American education, many Chinese families send their sons at their own expense to schools and colleges in this country. It has been impossible to procure exact statistics of the number of these privately supported students, but, according to the best advices obtainable at the Chinese Legation, there are about two hundred. A list is appended of the various colleges to which those students officially sent from China are now accredited, and an effort has been made to indicate the character of the courses pursued by them:

STUDENTS FINANCED BY THE PROVINCE OF CHIHLI, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. H. F. MERRILL

Harvard University

Juniors	13
Sophomores	6
Specials	5
Scientific School	1

Yale University

Graduate Student of Engineering	1
Civil Engineering	3
Juniors—Law and Civil Government	2

Columbia University

Civil Engineering	1

Chicago University

Law School (Graduate of Harvard)	1

University of Pennsylvania

School of Commerce and Finance	7

Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Mining Engineering	3

Cornell University

Mechanical Engineering	2
Civil Engineering	1
Chemistry	1

Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst

Agricultural Course	3

Troy Polytechnic Institute

Civil Engineering	1

Springfield Technical High School

Scientific Course	1

University of Maine

Law and Political Science	1

Lafayette College, Easton, Pa.

Engineering	1

Pinkerton Academy, Derry, N. H.

Preparatory Course	1

Worcester Polytechnic Institute

Civil Engineering	1

GOVERNMENT STUDENTS UNDER CHARGE OF THE IMPERIAL CHINESE LEGATION

TABLE I

Supporter	Number
Waiwupu	1
Hsiopu	6
Luchunpu	4
Imp. Poly. College	13
Chihli	1
Fengtien	3
Kiangsu	4
Kuangsi	9
Kuangtung	11
Kiangsi	3
Chekiang	9
" (on way)	7
	71

UNDER CHARGE OF COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION FOR HUPEH AND KIANGNAN

Hupeh	14
Kiangnan	9
" (girls)	4
	27
Grand total	98

Note.—Waiwupu, Ministry of Foreign Affairs; Hsiopu, Ministry of Education; Luchunpu, Ministry of War; Imp. Poly. College, Imperial Polytechnic College, Shanghai (under auspices of Ministry of Post and Communications); Chihli, Fengtien, etc., Provincial Governments.

TABLE II

DISTRIBUTION BY INSTITUTION

Institution	Number
Cornell University	22
University of Pennsylvania	12
Columbia University	5
University of California	5
Yale University	5
University of Illinois	5
Lehigh University	4
Mass. Institute of Technology	4
University of Wisconsin	3
New York University	2
Leland Stanford University	2
West Point Academy	2
Michigan University	2
New Bedford Textile School	2
Walnut Hill School for Girls	2
Harvard University	1
Dennison University	1
Wellesley College	1
University of Colorado	1
Ohio University	1
Rochester Business Institute	1
Andover Academy	1
Williston Seminary	1
Georgia School for Girls	1
Private tuition	5
Extras (on way)	7
Total	98

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TABLE III

DISTRIBUTION BY STUDIES

Course	Number
Railway Engineering	19
Political Science	4
Mechanical Engineering	13
Law	6
Commerce	16
Mining Engineering	9
Agriculture	2
Naval Architecture	2
Education	5
Military Science	2
Arts	6
Textile Manufactures	2
Special	2
Miscellaneous	2
Preparatory	8
Total	98

By far the majority of these Chinese students have made creditable records at their various colleges and universities. Of the twenty-six men at Harvard, for example, all have passed their requirements, and several have won honors. Mr. Fen Ch'in has performed what is for a native Chinese in an American university the astonishing feat of achieving a place in the first group of scholars, a group made up of those undergraduates whose work in the preceding college year entitles them to the very highest academic distinction. Mr. T. C. Yeh, a Senior, has been elected Vice-President of the Cosmopolitan Club at Harvard, has served on a number of his class committees, and has become an influential and important member of his class.

More important than anything that has yet taken place in this movement of Chinese education in America is the recent determination on the part of the Imperial Government to devote a sum equal to that placed at their disposal by the remission of the Boxer indemnity to the founding of an Educational Mission in this country. In a previous article in The Outlook the nature of this decision has been indicated. At a time when China has many uses for all available funds at home, this agreement to utilize an income of $500,000 annually for the education of the picked youth of China in this country is an extraordinary recognition of the respect for the work already accomplished, as well as of the cordial regard and trust which within recent years China has come to place in this Nation. The detailed plans of this Educational Mission have not yet been drawn up, although it is highly probable that before the departure of the present Ambassador at Washington the movement will have been set on foot to inaugurate it before the beginning of another school year. According to the terms of the agreement contained in the note of Prince Ch'ing to Mr. Rockhill last July, by the end of the fourth year from the inauguration of the scheme four hundred students, sent by the Imperial Government, will be added to the large and growing number of their young fellow-countrymen already coming to America.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this situation and the tendencies which it suggests. Through these open channels it is within our power to impress what is best in our history and institutions upon that new and awakening China which is destined to play the most important part, whether passively or aggressively, in the unsolved questions of the Far East. Secure in our present domestic markets, and in what amounts to almost a national provincialism or insularity, we do not now properly appreciate the importance of looking forward ten or twenty years. But the times and tides will not wait for us. What we expect to do in the direction of the enormous forces of the New China must be done quickly and emphatically. There must be an awakening in America as well as in China; an awakening to our destinies in the Pacific, and to the extraordinary opportunity presented in this outstretched hand from the East.

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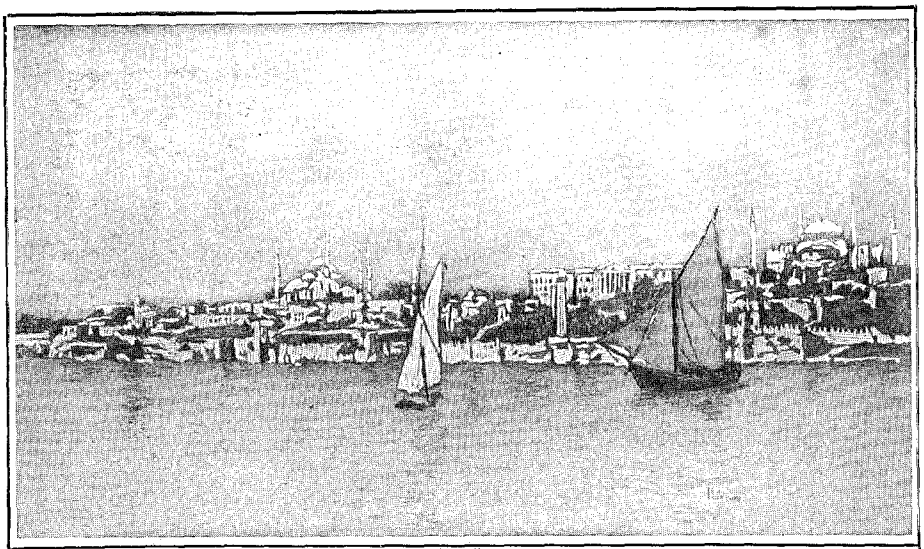

THE MOSQUES OF SULTAN AHMED AND SANCTA SOPHIA

CONSTANTINOPLE

BY EDWIN A. GROSVENOR, LL.D.

AUTHOR OF "CONSTANTINOPLE"

WITH DRAWINGS BY ALDEN PEIRSON

AS Egypt is the gift of the Nile, Constantinople is the gift of the Bosphorus. The Bosphorus is the determining factor in its physical conformation, its appearance, life, and history. Without the Bosphorus there would be no Constantinople. Blot out the Bosphorus, plant a plain or plateau over the space now occupied by its channel, and the Black Sea would be but another Caspian, shut off from the currents of mankind, itself unmarked by any great event and of only insignificant influence and importance to humanity. Had there been no Bosphorus, the world's history of these thousands of years would have been largely modified and perhaps reversed. That slender, sinuous stream is barely a score of miles in length. It is nowhere more than three miles broad. Half-way in its course it narrows to less than seventeen hundred feet in width. In relative space occupied it is trivial. Upon the largest map it appears to be hardly more than a crooked line. And yet it has been the highway of the nations from antiquity. It has united Europe and Asia instead of keeping them apart. In its romance and poetry and in its shaping of destiny, no less than in its natural beauty and variety, it is unrivaled by any stream in the world.

The city which rises upon it is unique. It is partly in Europe and partly in Asia. No other city is built upon two continents. The crescent of the Golden Horn cuts into it sharply like a sickle for the distance of over five miles. No other city is pierced at its very heart by such a bay. Other cities have grown along the banks of rivers, or upon the shore of some sea, and their development and expansion have been largely the result of location. Yet not one other has possessed a main artery for communication and commerce comparable with the Bosphorus.

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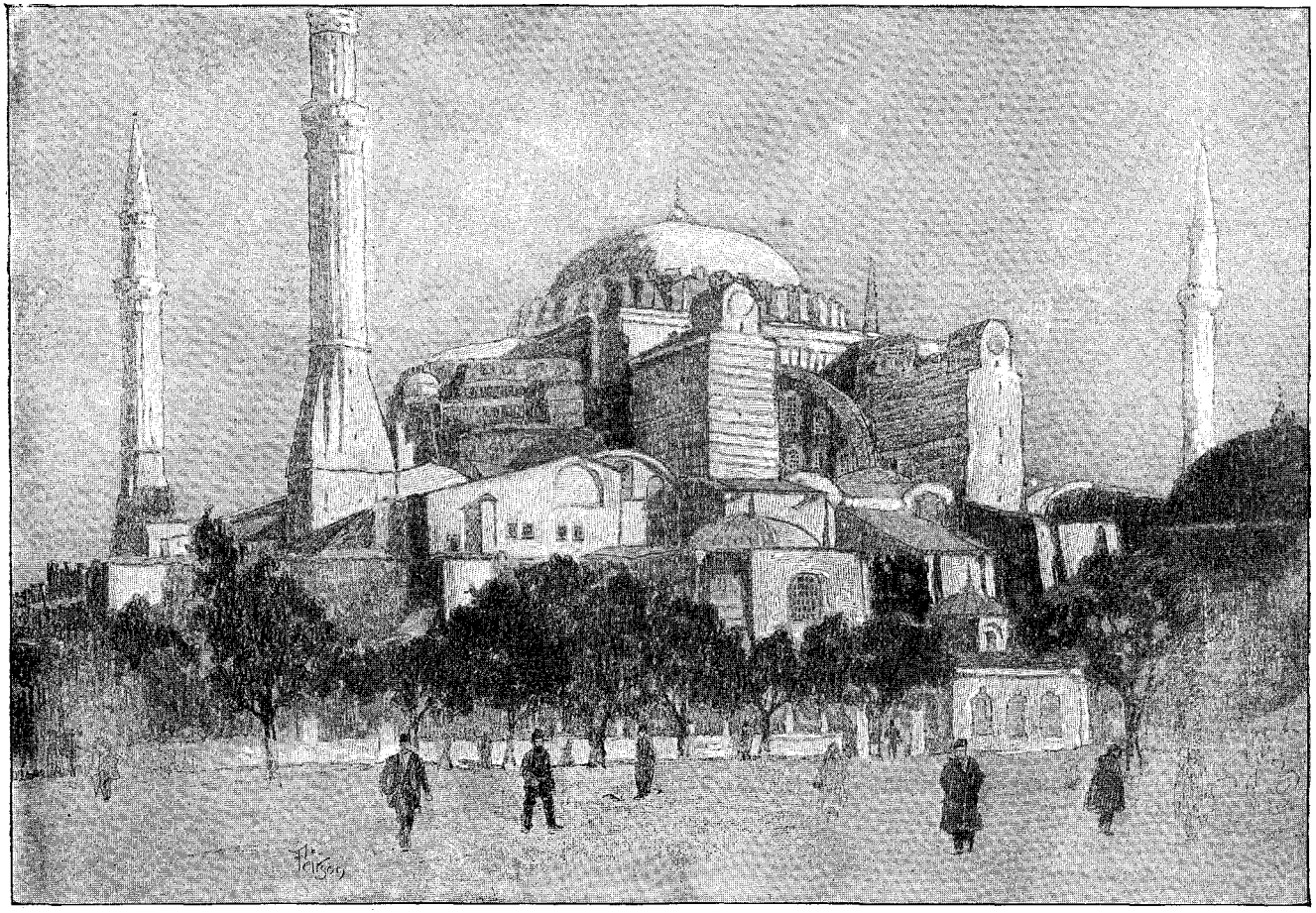

THE MOSQUE OF SANCTA SOPHIA

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Constantinople, the first Christian city erected on the ruins of vanquished paganism, immortalizes the name of the first Christian emperor. But it is not the monument so much of his devotion as of his political sagacity. "No city chosen by the art of man has been so well chosen and so permanent." Constantine well deserves, despite all his crimes and follies, the title of The Great, which history has decreed him. Yet that quality of political sagacity, with which he was endowed as few men have been endowed in any age, constitutes his chief claim to greatness. Not so aspiring and great-souled as Alexander, less cosmopolitan and broad-minded than Julius Cæsar, he, as few sovereigns have ever done, realized the necessities and understood the spirit of the time.

Some of the considerations that determined his choice of a site for a needed new capital were made weighty by the condition of affairs in the fourth century. They were temporal in their nature, and there is no reason to discuss them here. For example, that there are seven hills in the Nova Roma on the Bosphorus, just as there are seven hills in the Vetus Roma on the Tiber, is to the mind of to-day only an interesting coincidence. But to the mind of the fourth-century Roman, as to the mind of Constantine, this topographical fact was not only a palliation, but a reason for the change. Other considerations that justified his choice have lost nothing of their moment with the passing of time. They are permanent in their nature, and as powerful in the twentieth century as they were then.

Among such considerations two are specially prominent—the material and the strategic.

The material has to do with the maintenance and support of the inhabitants. It takes into account the means of livelihood, the supply of food and water, the opportunity of occupation, the certainty that individual and municipality alike should enjoy prosperity and acquire wealth.

This material requirement was and is admirably met in the situation of Constantinople. Water is abundant and pure. Food is easily obtained and cheap. The fertile plains, which reach east and west from the strait, reward a minimum of labor with vegetables and fruits in profusion. But it is the Bosphorus which furnishes the people with their principal and unfailing supply of food. Whatever befalls harvests on land, whether freshets, drought, or hurricane, the inhabitant of Constantinople will not starve. From remote antiquity the strait has been called "the fishy Bosphorus." The epithet *golden* in the name Golden Horn has reference to the wealth which the fishermen derive from the finny treasures in its waters, and not to its golden sunsets or the golden-haired son of Io who, tradition declares, was born upon its banks. In successive shoals, in multitudes which baffle imagination, seventy varieties of edible fish migrate northward through the spring and early summer from the Mediterranean to the Black Sea, and back again to the Mediterranean from the Black Sea at the approach of winter. And other shoals, only less numerous, remain in the Bosphorus and in the neighboring waters of the Marmora and the Black Sea throughout the year. No other city possesses such exhaustless provision against hunger, not merely at its door but within its very boundaries.

Moreover, the material requirement is more than satisfied by the situation of Constantinople, relative to the rest of the world. It is a toll-house upon a world-thoroughfare where the tribute of millions of human beings must swell its coffers. It stands upon one of those infallible routes which nature has indicated, which man is powerless to supersede, and along which the products and exchanges of opulent lands, both near by and remote, must pass in stable and in adventurous commerce. In accordance with the law of gravity, the rivers seek the sea. In accordance with that same law, the Danube, the Dnieper, the Don, the Kizil Irmak, pour upon the bosom of the Black Sea whatever the vast Hungarian and Russian plains and the great plateau of Asia Minor produce. The prolific territory drained by those rivers equals in area nearly a third of Europe. The only outlet is the Bosphorus, itself the main

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roadway in Constantinople. Whatever the lands upon the Mediterranean send back in return must enter by the same path.

Almost always a city has been a gradual growth from some insignificant beginning. Generally it has started as a settlement by pioneers or exiles or colonists, whose choice of location has been determined by the crudest and almost wholly material reasons. Thus did the ancient metropoles of Babylonia and Assyria and Egypt develop on the Euphrates and the Tigris and the Nile. So, too, have come up the great majority of the populous municipalities of Europe and the New World. But when some leader at the head of an army or some ruler at the head of a nation has desired to select a site for settlement, the strategic consideration has usually been no less prominent in his mind than the material. The strategic takes into account positional advantages, on the one hand, for resistance against attack, and, on the other, for the waging of offensive warfare. Alexander, who founded more cities than any other maker of history, always kept this consideration in the foreground. So, too, did Peter the Great. So, too, pre-eminently did Constantine.

From the southeast of Europe a peninsula, eighty miles in length and varying from fifty to twenty miles in breadth, extends eastward between the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora. From the extreme southeastern end of this peninsula a many-ridged plateau in a sharp triangle projects toward the east. At the extremity of this land-triangle stood upon two hills in the time of Constantine the tiny city and acropolis of Byzantium.

This bit of land had resisted with success the prolonged assault of the Macedonian Philip at the summit of his power. In the second century after Christ, during a constant three years' siege, it withstood the forces of the Roman Empire, commanded by the Emperor Severus himself, and the garrison yielded only to starvation. If the city was then so strong with its scanty garrison and few inhabitants, when a mere outpost between two seas, a mere frontier colonial settlement, what might it not become in an Emperor's and an Empire's hands!

Many conditions of warfare have so changed that a stronghold impregnable to assault in the early centuries of the Christian era might be practically helpless against the weapons of to-day. The massive and lofty walls which once surrounded the city of Constantinople and rendered it the best-fortified capital on earth, still awe-inspiring in their majestic ruin, could, even if restored, now provide little resistance against a foreign army. A determined invader would not reckon them in his account.

But the advantages bestowed by nature and manifested in neighboring and distant environment have diminished in no degree. By water there is no approach to the city except down the Bosphorus from the Black Sea or up the Dardanelles from the Ægean and Mediterranean. But the opposite shores of those straits are so close together and the encircling hills are so close upon the shore and so enfilade the channel that the passage of a hostile fleet can be made well-nigh impossible. On the rear or westward side of the city, barrier after barrier interposes against invasion by land. The Danube guards the entire northern frontier of the Balkan Peninsula. South of and almost parallel with the Danube extends from sea to sea the mountain wall of the Balkans, pierced by few passes or gates, each pass capable of being made a new Thermopylæ. South of the Balkans stands the mighty natural fortress where the Emperor Hadrian built the city of Adrianople, which commands the entire plain of Thrace. Suppose the Danube, the Balkans, and the natural fortress are overcome; there still remain nearly a hundred miles of marshes and shallow lakes and mountains, interspersed and difficult of passage.

So it is not strange that in the last well-nigh five hundred years, since the fall of the Byzantine Empire, while Paris and Rome and Vienna and Berlin and Moscow and Madrid have been captured again and again, Constantinople has but once looked out upon a hostile camp fire, and has but once beheld a victorious army of her foes. This record is largely

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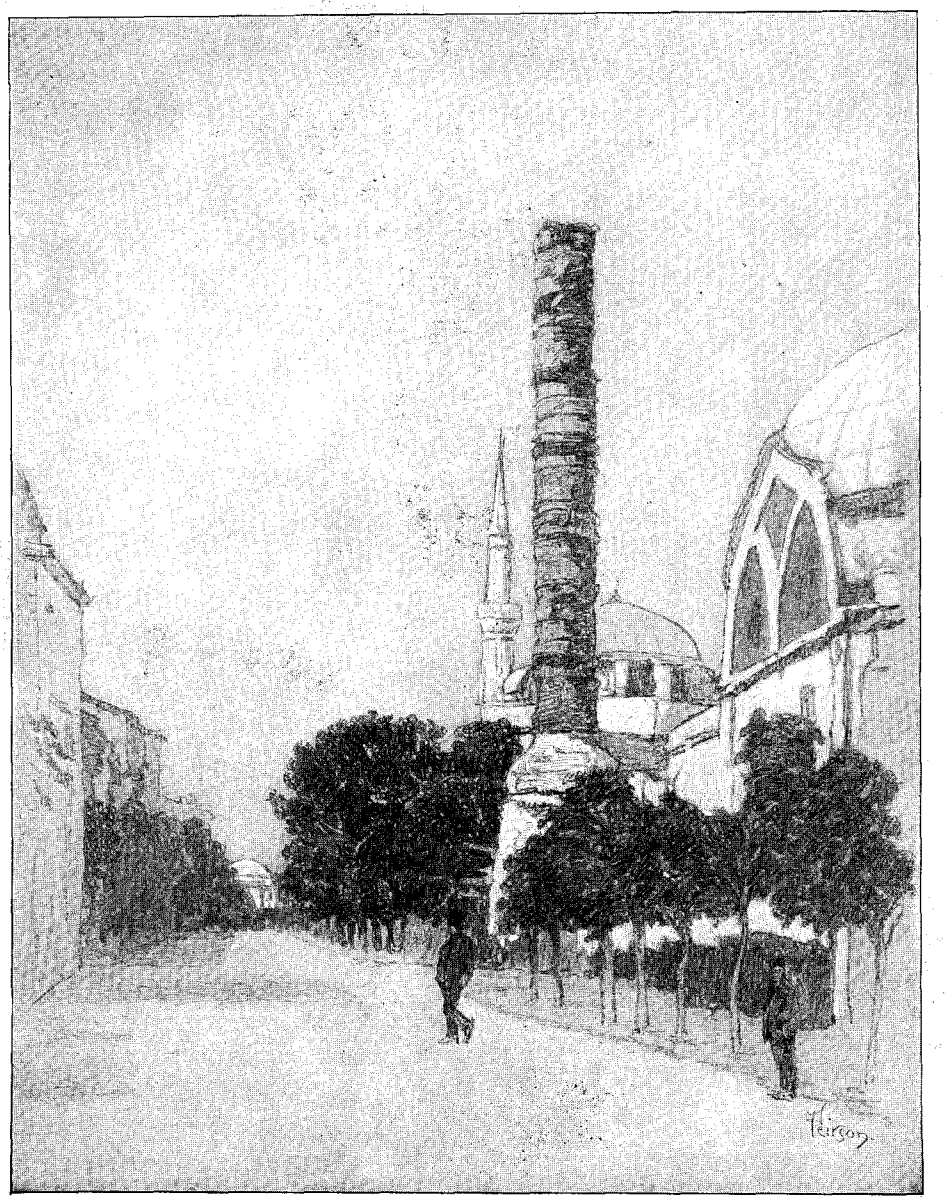
due to the relative impregnability or inaccessibility of her situation.

Yet that situation is no more favorable for successful defense than for action on the offensive. Able to issue from or to withdraw within the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles and to close them as doors, she occupies vantage ground for delivering attack which surpasses that possessed by any other European capital. It is true that the rôle of Constantinople in history has been mainly defensive, but it is not difficult to discover the cause of this fact. Through most of the fifteen hundred and seventy-eight years since the foundation of the city by Constantine, it has been held by an empire in decay. From the close of the sixth century until the overthrow by the Ottomans, or Turks, in the fifteenth century, the Byzantine Empire was in a state of tedious decline, of slow, inevitable dis-



THE BURNT COLUMN OF CONSTANTINE

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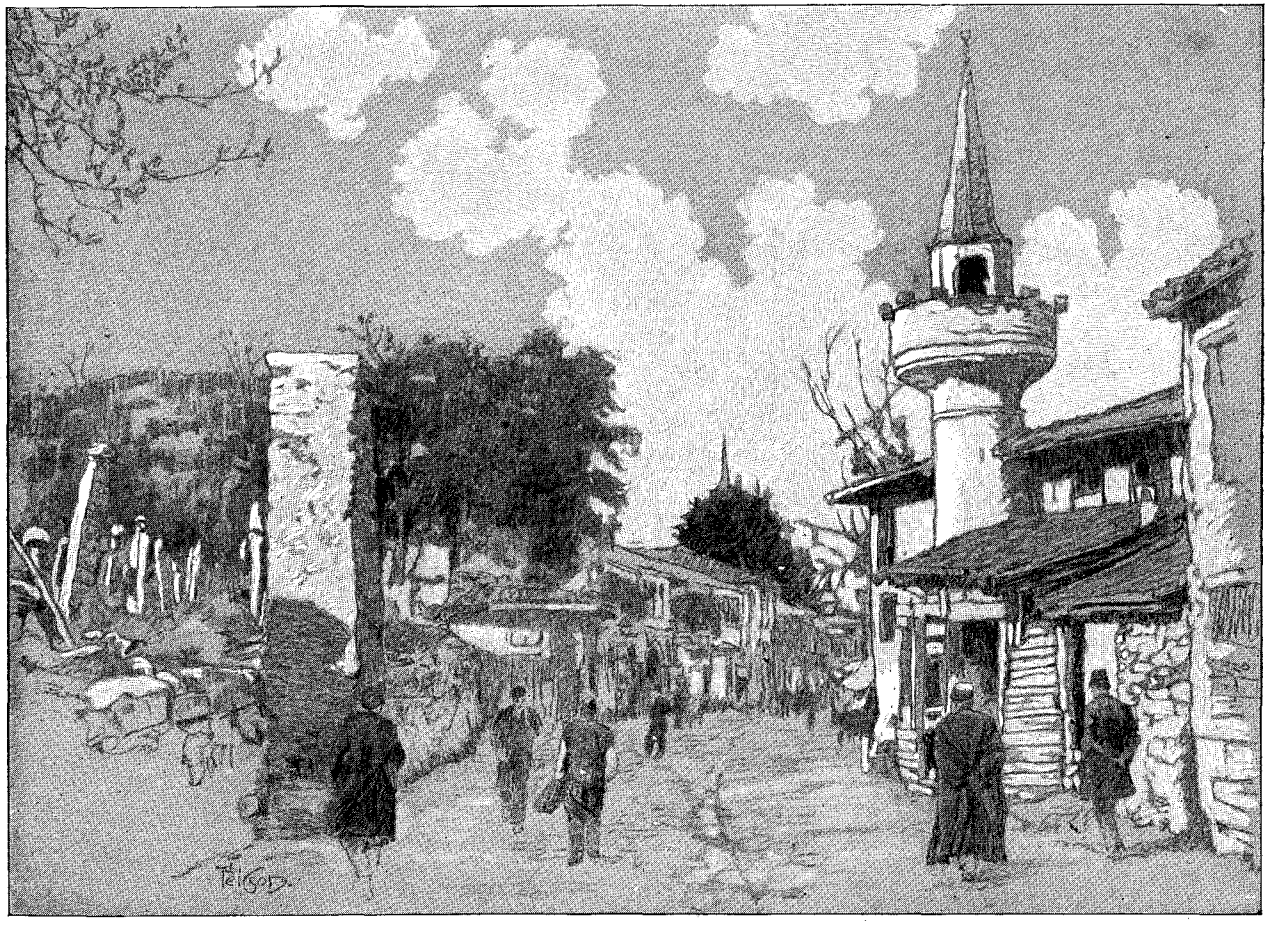

A STREET IN THE ANCIENT QUARTER

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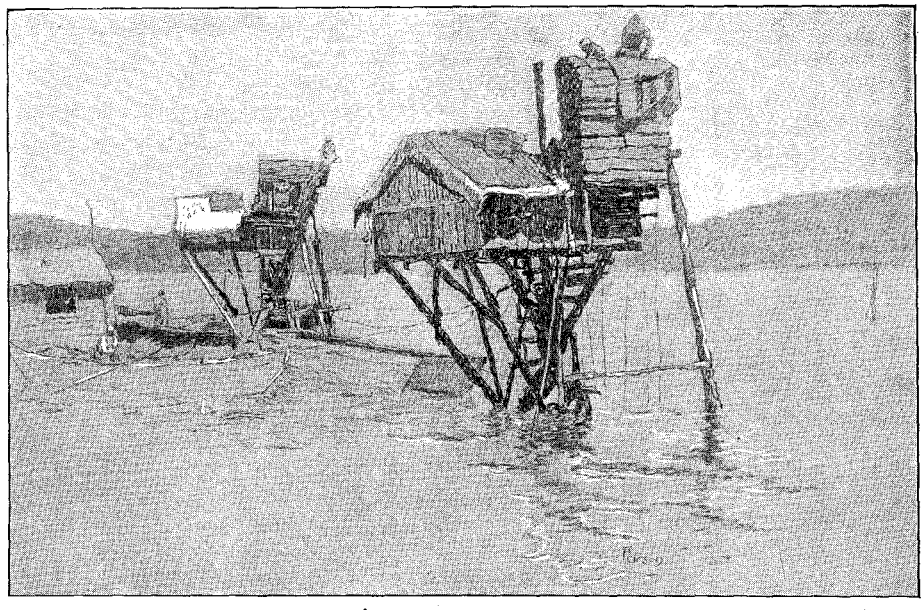
solution. The Ottoman Empire likewise has been passing through the same apparently interminable dissolution ever since the reign of Sultan Selim II, who lost the battle of Lepanto in 1571. In both cases the city resisted the process of decay, and prolonged the existence of the empire of which it was the heart. That is, the continuance of the Byzantine Empire during its last weary centuries, and of the Ottoman Empire in more recent times, was primarily due to the possession of Constantinople. Had neither held Constantinople, each would have disappeared long before. Napoteristics, and its own individual history, there is often no visible line of demarcation, the houses in one press upon the houses in another, and even the old-time resident may be at a loss to distinguish where one district ends and the next begins.

Of these cities or districts, composing the capital, three are of special prominence. They are Stamboul, Galata-Pera, and Scutari.

Of these Stamboul is by far the largest, most populous, interesting, and important. It is to Stamboul that the traveler first turns, and there he lingers



FISHERS' HUTS ON THE BOSPHORUS

leon, poring over the map of M. de Ménéval and realizing the material and strategic advantages of the situation, might well exclaim, "Constantinople! It is the empire of the world!" The empire of the world it would be now in the hands of any of the vitalizing peoples of the West.

The name Constantinople is now applied to a much larger territory than in the Middle Ages. Under it is included in one municipal system the entire group of cities or wards or districts on and immediately adjacent to the Thracian Bosphorus. Though each of these districts has a name to itself, has its nominal boundaries, its special charac- longest. Stamboul includes nearly all the Nova Roma of Constantine, of which it is double the size. It even preserves the name of the founder, the word Stamboul being a Turkish corruption of the word Constantinoupolis. This district exactly corresponds with thirteen of the fourteen Climata or Regions which composed the Constantinople of Theodosius II and the subsequent Byzantine sovereigns. Its topography has been greatly modified in the last fifteen hundred years. In this transformation fire has played the chief part. The fires have been so frequent and so destructive that the city has been built from its foundations on an average twice every century;

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that is, more than thirty times since it became an imperial capital. As the valleys have gradually filled, the seven hills, never more than three hundred feet in height, have become less prominent than they were to the eager eye of Constantine. But they may still be distinctly traced.

Stamboul is a triangular peninsula, more than ten miles in circuit. On the north is the Golden Horn and on the south the Marmora. Its eastern apex, a blunt, low promontory, projects into the Bosphorus. On its long western side it is shut in by the still standing though dismantled Theodosian walls. Close outside those walls stretch the packed graveyards of prodigious extent. Through these graveyards, rudely parallel, its white line distinguishable amid the wilderness of burial stones and cypresses, runs the old Roman and Byzantine Triumphal Way. Turning sharply to the east or left, it ends between two square and lofty marble towers in the Golden Gate.

For a thousand years in what is now Stamboul the Emperor and the Patriarch resided. Here the Byzantine State and Church erected their palaces and sanctuaries. Here the dynasties plotted and counterplotted and rose and fell. Here the creeds were wrought, to be anathematized or accepted as God-inspired at Ecumenical Councils. Meanwhile this was the most cultured and refined, almost the only civilized, city on the globe. Not all the monuments of the past have disappeared. Here stood and still stands Sancta Sophia, the Aghia Sophia of Justinian, the Aya Sofia Djami of the Moslems. And to-day, though more than thirteen centuries have passed since its erection, that venerable pile is, in the audacity of its architectural design, in the impressiveness of its interior and in the accumulated associations of its history, without a peer and almost without a rival among Christian churches.

In Stamboul may still be seen the Imperial Columns, shattered but erect; the enormous Roman cisterns, the vastest ever constructed, which once stored sufficient water to sustain the populace through many months of siege; more than a score of Byzantine churches, long since transformed into mosques but with dimmed mosaics visible and the battered crosses upon their walls; the Atmeïdan on the site of Constantine's Hippodrome, the Built Pillar at one end, the Obelisk of Thotmes III at the other, and, between, the priceless Serpent of Delphi, all rising as from sunken pits from the former surface of the Hippodrome, buried by time a score of feet below.

Since the Conquest Stamboul has been the delight of the Ottomans. On its extreme eastern hill, where once stood classic Byzantium, they planted the Seraglio of the Sultans, the Oriental palace of an Oriental despot, its name significant to the Western mind of every human experience of a paradise and a gehenna. Though deserted as a habitation since early in the last century, it is not allowed to fall into decay, and with its treasure-house and kiosks tempts and rewards the curiosity of the tourist. On the third hill looms the Tower of the Seraskier, from the top of which, the loftiest point obtainable in Stamboul, may be enjoyed the most comprehensive view of the Ottoman metropolis. At its foot lie the mazy, intersecting, interminable lines which indicate the bazaars with their fabled wealth. Beyond is seen, not only to the west but in entire periphery of the city, the continuous wall, summarizing the thirty sieges which have beaten against it in the eleven centuries which separate Constantine I the Great, the Founder, from Constantine XIII Dragoses the Heroic, under whom the Empire fell. Their mosques are the noblest achievements of the Ottomans. To the service of their faith they, like the classic Greeks, have consecrated their best. Of these there are four hundred and ninety-one in Stamboul alone. Those built by the Sultans and styled Imperial are the most stupendous. All these are a partial copy of Sancta Sophia. Four are pre-eminent: the Mosque of Mohammed II the Conqueror, the Mosque of Selim I the Ferocious, the Mosque of Souleïman I the Sublime, and the Mosque of the Shahzadeh. Each seems to incarnate in stone the character of its founder. Each founder with his family lies in a turbeh or chapel close to the sanctuary he built.

Next to Stamboul in importance,

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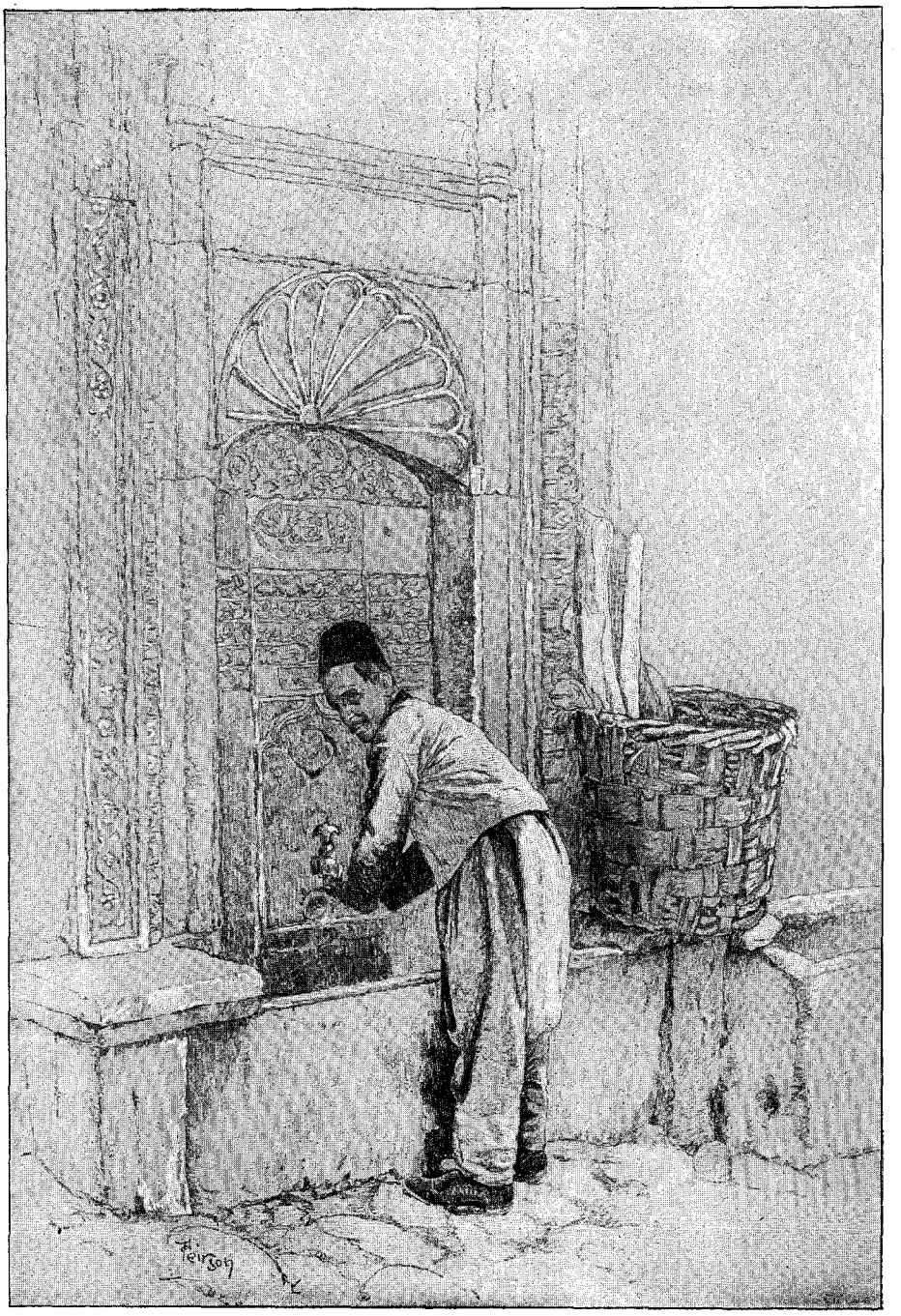

AN ANCIENT FOUNTAIN

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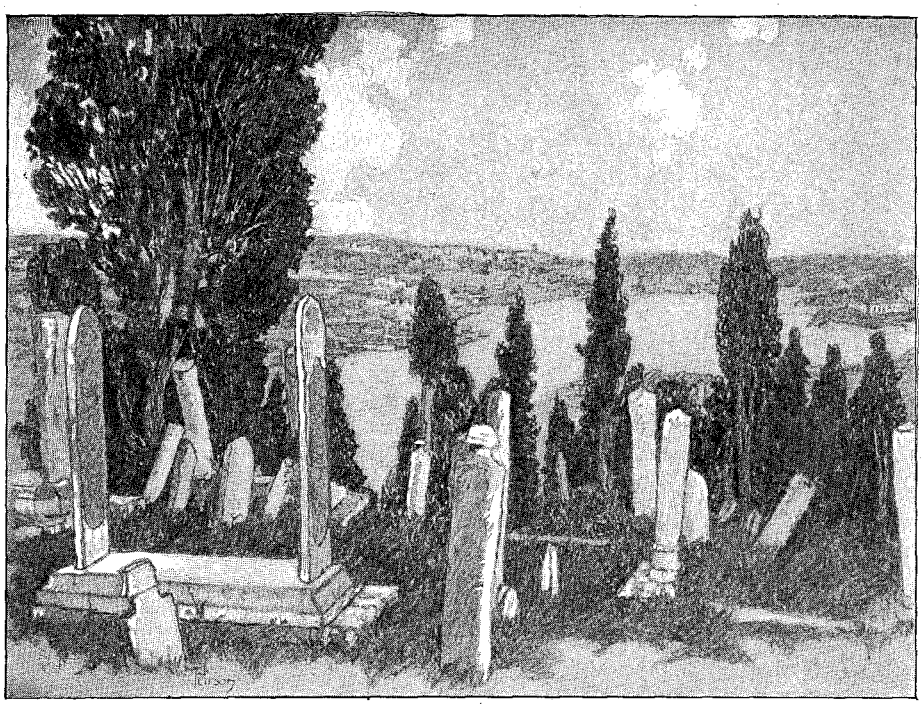

A GLIMPSE OF THE GOLDEN HORN

directly north across the Golden Horn, on the immense plateau which projects between the classic Cydaris and the Bosphorus, are the interwoven cities of Galata and Pera. Two typical Eastern bridges, spanning the Golden Horn, join them to Stamboul. The conglomerate population of the capital, men and women of every clime and language and faith, clad in every possible garb, present a panoramic picture of the city's life, such as can be beheld nowhere else. Galata was a mediæval settlement of the Genoese. It was walled and strongly fortified. Independent of the Byzantine Emperor and Empire, it was a constant menace to both. A few rare portions of the Genoese wall and some of the Genoese houses are still preserved. The most striking feature upon the hill of Galata is the vast white circular tower whose dizzy conical top dominates the landscape. The region outside the limits of Galata was formerly called Pera, or the Beyond. The name Pera has clung to the locality, now densely populated. The Turks often derisively speak of it as Giaour Pera, Infidel Pera, because almost wholly inhabited by Franks. Here are the great hotels and the winter palaces of the ambassadors. The only foreign minister residing in Stamboul is the envoy of the Persian Shah. A frightful fire in 1870 destroyed the British Embassy, the American Consulate, and more than three thousand houses. Over a thousand persons lost their lives. Now, with its broad streets and high buildings, its inhabitants all clad in European attire, Pera shows few traces of the East and resembles a European city. Yet one such feature it does possess. By some strange irony of fate, the *tekieh* or convent of the Mevlevi or Whirling Dervishes is located in the infidel city, on the boundary between Galata and Pera.

Opposite and east of Stamboul, partly on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus and partly on the Sea of Marmora, sloping upward on a steeply ascending triangular promontory, is Scutari, the third of the three principal city factors. It occupies the site of ancient Chrysopolis, and its eastern boundary touches the limits of still more ancient Chalcedon, the "city of the blind." Galata-Pera is European and seeks to imitate the West. Stamboul is in transition, facing in both

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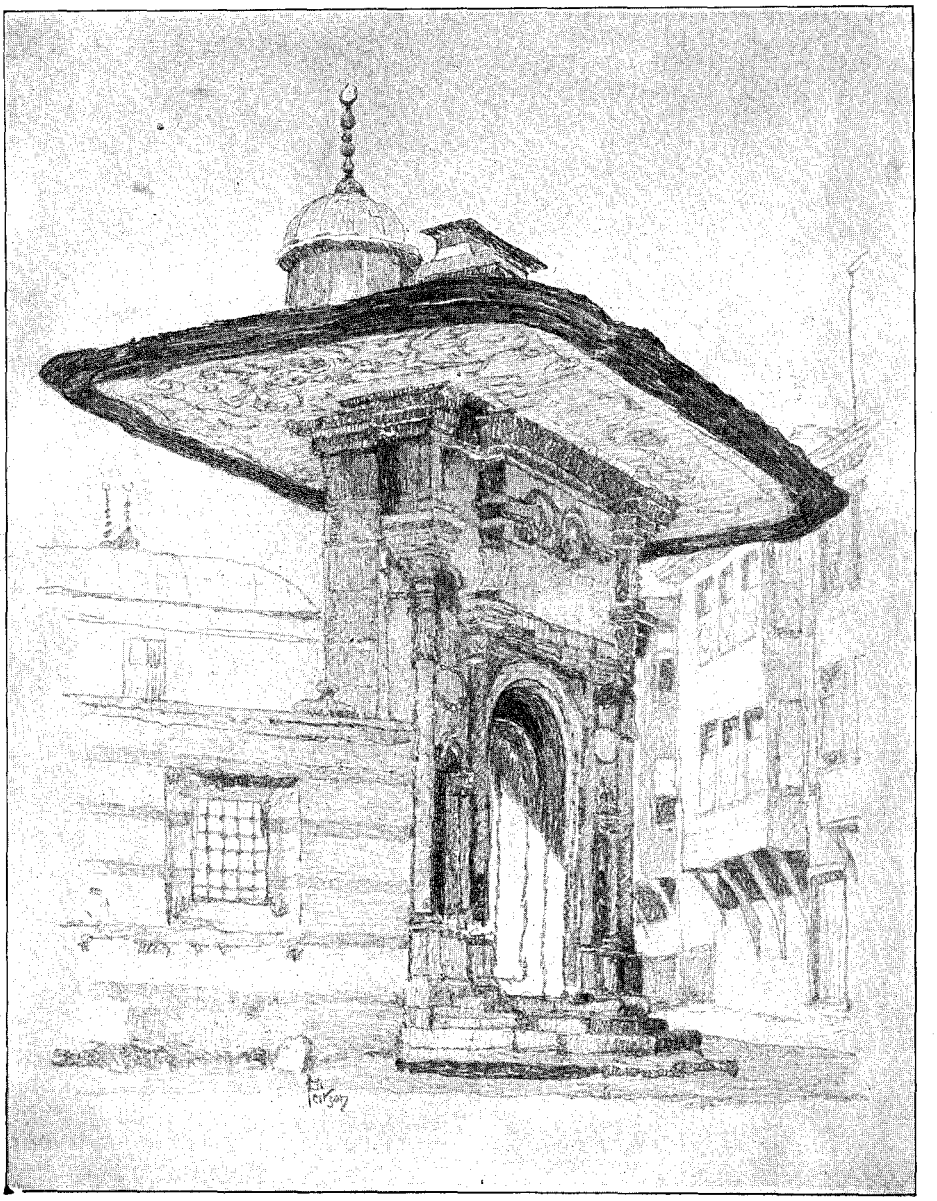
directions, half Oriental, half Occidental. Scutari is wholly Oriental, Asiatic, Mussulman. It is made up of two great cities, each jammed into and encroaching upon the other, a city of the living and a city of the dead. Houses mostly small, generally unpainted, pierced by latticed windows, the dwellings almost piled upon one another, compose the first city. The second covers almost as great an area as the first, and is occupied by a population manyfold more numerous. This is the vastest and most densely crowded Mussulman graveyard on earth. Seen from the Bosphorus it is most impressive and imposing. Its gigantic cypresses stretch onward, an endless, continuous mass of perennial green. In the cemetery outside the walls of Stamboul are housed countless hosts of Armenians, Jews, Greeks, and Mussulmans, each in his own section. In the



ENTRANCE TO SANCTA SOPHIA

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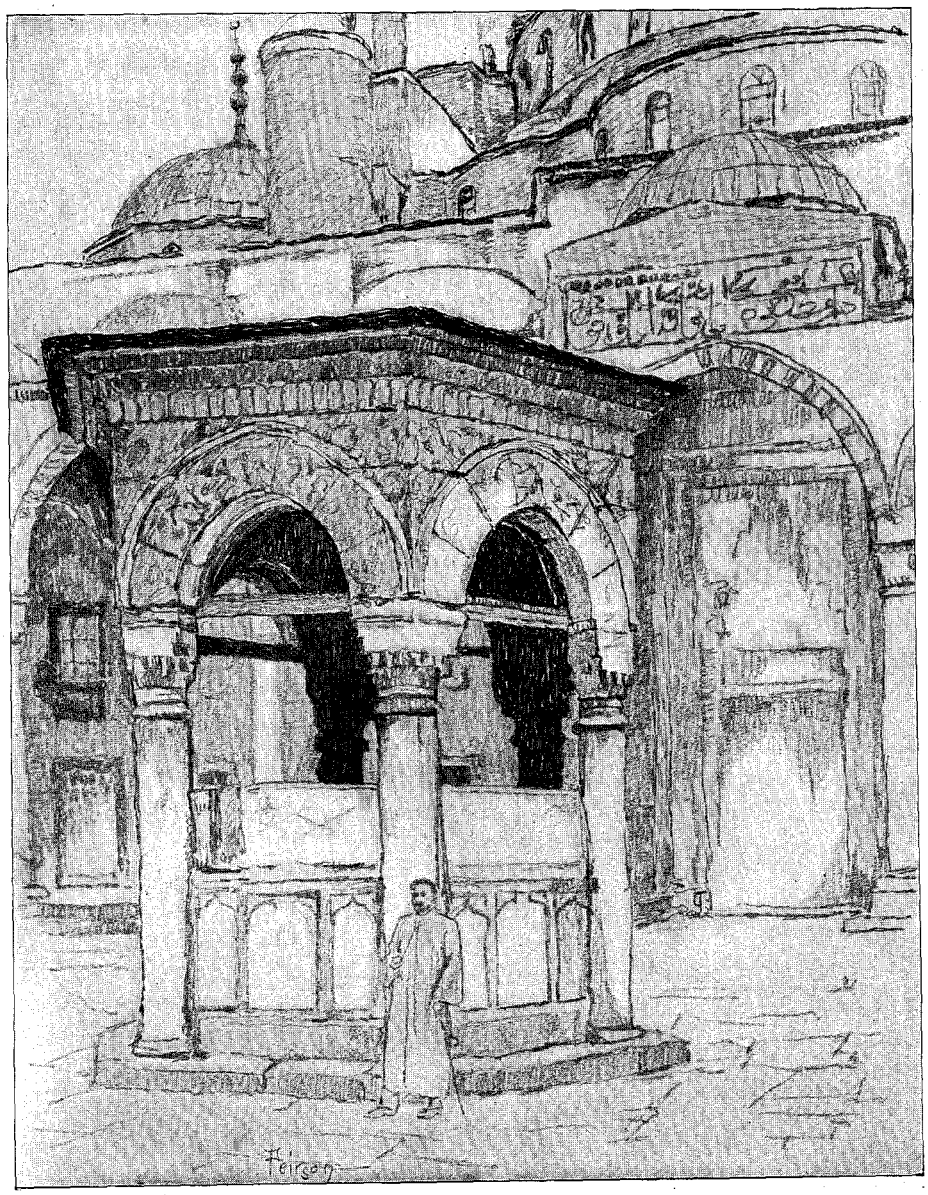
cemetery at Scutari rest none but the followers of the Prophet. Only when one has lost himself in its mazes does he realize its extent. On its main avenue, close to the entrance, is the *tekieh* of the Roufaï or Howling Dervishes!

Toward the north, away from Scutari, Galata-Pera, and Stamboul, stretches the Bosphorus on its erratic course of more than twenty miles. From the hill of Boulgourlou, in the rear of Scutari, is obtained the most panoramic and entrancing view of the strait. The stream does not so much wind as bend, each sharp cape or retiring bay on one side corresponding to bay or cape on the other. Eight promontories altogether on the east and west thrust themselves out as against eight opposite bays. This startling conformity of outline, this rude adjustment of shore to shore, carries imagination backward to the time when



FOUNTAIN IN COURT OF THE MOSQUE OF AHMED

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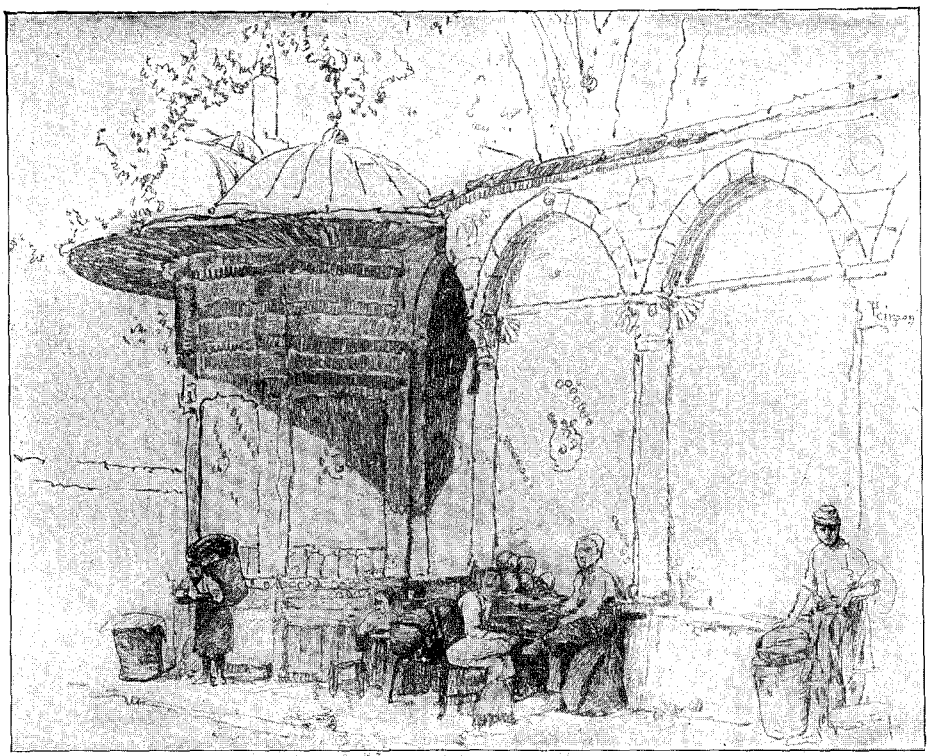

TURBEH OF THE MOSQUE OF THE SHAZADEH

resistless natural forces wrenched Europe and Asia asunder. The entire upper Bosphorus and the Cyanean Islands, "the winged Symplegades," at the mouth of the Black Sea, reveal volcanic origin. At places the banks are precipitous and at others they gently recede in gradual slopes. Sometimes a bay is hemmed in between two abrupt, rocky cliffs. Sometimes at right and left are spread broad, verdant, and flower-studded meadows. But the houses, palaces, churches, mosques, edifices of every form and color and purpose, are without a break. They constitute a ceaseless fringe of picturesque variety. In gaunt relief stand out castles of the Genoese dating from the Crusades, crenelated Ottoman fortresses contemporaneous with the Wars of the Roses, and earthworks equipped with the most modern artillery. The Bosphorus is the stream of charms, but in two is it pre-eminent. The one is natural beauty, which intoxicates the eye and in which the senses revel. The other is an exhaustless wealth of association, legendary, mythologic, poetic, historic, at which the mind is confounded, a medley of all that the races and the ages have dreamed and imagined and believed and practiced and taught.

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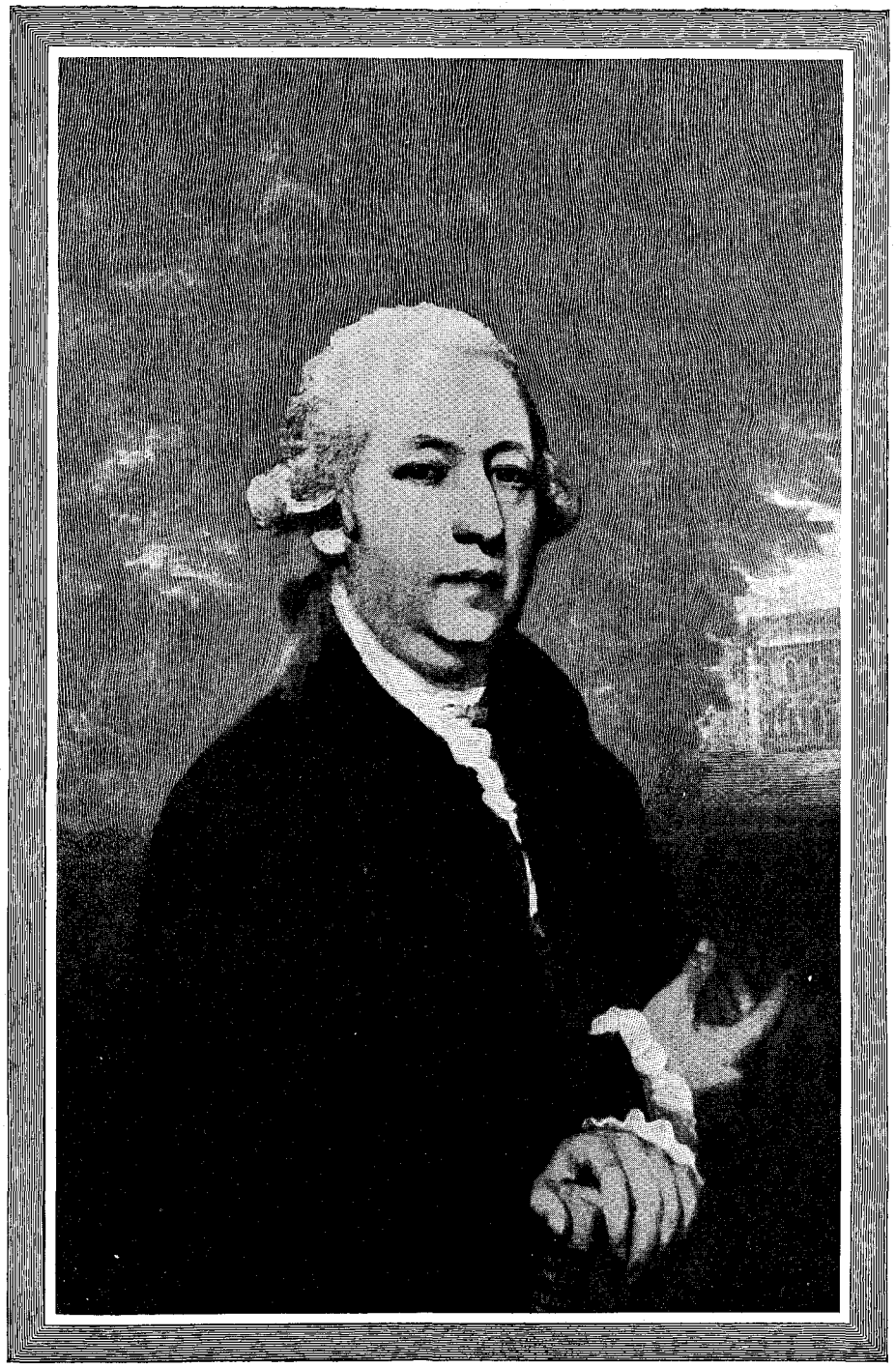

JOHN WALTER
The founder of the Times

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THE GREATEST NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

BY A LONDON EDITOR

ABRAHAM LINCOLN once described the London Times as the most powerful thing in the world—except the Mississippi. Making allowances for picturesque simile, the great President was nearly right, for even to-day, after all its vicissitudes and the long-drawn-out contest for its mastery in the law courts, the Times remains unquestionably the greatest newspaper in the world. It has become a tradition, a national institution. Even more, for no national institution ever stopped a war or deplaced Cabinet Ministers; and the Times has done both. The very name of the Times appears to strike awe in the minds of people who have been brought up on this tradition. "I'll write to the Times!" This used to be a favorite threat of Britons traveling abroad when any incident occurred that disturbed their equanimity or was contrary to their insular experience. It was deemed to be sufficiently efficacious to overawe the most truculent Continental official, and was typical of what the average Briton thought of the Times. Nor has this habit of "writing to the Times" died out. There are more important news items every day hidden away in the correspondence columns of the Times than in any other department of that great journal. In America, if a great man has anything to say for publication, he has himself interviewed, or at least contrives to convey his news to all the papers at once. In England he writes to the Times. Even if all its other departments were closed, the letters to the Editor which appear day by day would make it the most valuable news sheet in existence.

Many things have contrived to make the Times what it is to-day.

In the first place, it has always been conducted on a high plane, independent and courageous. There is in the minds of the public a certain amount of mystery concerning this newspaper which embodies at once the dignity, the secrecy, and the omniscience of the Press. The Times has "played up" to this feeling for a hundred years or more, with the result that it is now supposed to wield power second only to the throne. Therefore, when the recent disclosures of internal dissension reached the public, the sensation assumed national importance. It was the subject of dinner-table talk for months. Gossip enlarged on the situation; this man had secured it, that man had secured it, an American syndicate had obtained control, a German syndicate had captured it, a group of City magnates had taken charge, and so on. It is impossible to describe the sensations which must have overcome people who had looked on the Times from infancy as one of the bulwarks of the British Empire.

The rumors of trouble among the seventy-nine owners of the Times were started four years ago when Mr. Arthur Fraser Walter, the present head of the Walter dynasty, issued a statement to the effect that the control of the Times had been in his hands for a good many years (since 1885).

> And there it will remain until events over which mortals have no control shall place it in the hands of my successor. No outside influence of any kind, of any origin, will ever be permitted to affect the character of the great institution which was founded by my great-grandfather one hundred and twenty years ago, and which has never for a moment passed from the control of his lineal successors.

These are fine brave words, and admit of no misconception or misinterpretation, but they were too definite. The Times has never been controlled, in the ordinary sense of the word, by its owners, of whom Mr. Walter was only one of seventy-

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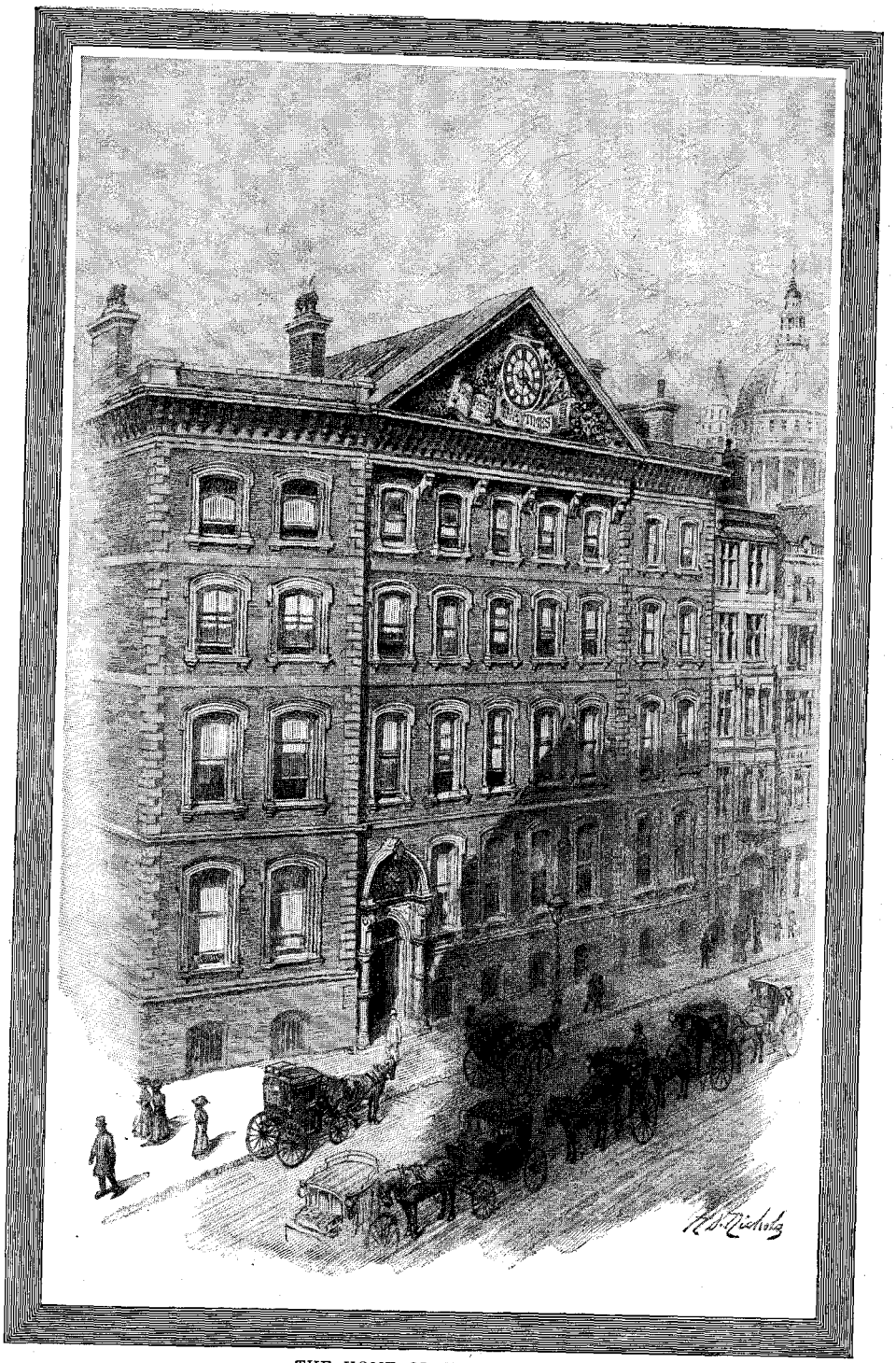

THE HOME OF THE TIMES

Drawn from a photograph by Harley D. Nichols

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nine. By order of the Court of Chancery that the dispute among the proprietors with regard to the division of profits should be settled, the Times has been made into a stock company. It had previously been a private, unlimited partnership. The control has now passed into the hands of the directors of this stock company, but Mr. Walter is still head of the directorate, and by the constitution of the company his son or heir will succeed him.

The other directors are all men greatly distinguished in their respective spheres. The best known is beyond question Mr. Moberly Bell, who, beginning as Egyptian correspondent of the Times in 1865, by reason of the ability he showed in securing the quick publication of Indian news in the Times via Egypt, and having given other evidence of business capacity, was brought to London to assist Mr. Walter. He is now manager of the Times, a man sixty-one years of age, whose tireless activity, foresight, and resource are the wonder of his younger colleagues.

Mr. Buckle is the present editor of the Times, and it is largely due to him that the mystery of communication to the Times is maintained. Like most Times editors, he was selected for the post at an early age, and it can be said that, amid very trying circumstances of continuous litigation among the proprietors, he greatly assisted in maintaining the Times in its present position.

Mr. Valentine Chirol, chief of the foreign department of the Times, certainly the best-known foreign editor in Europe, personally acquainted with all the important rulers of European affairs, is the organizer of the cable news service of the Times, which is the most extensive in the world. From the United States alone between 300,000 and 500,000 words are cabled annually, and it is Mr. Chirol's intention to increase greatly that service, so that Americans in England will be as well posted as their compatriots at home.

The other director is Mr. Monypenny, a young man, but one who was described many years ago by no less an authority than Mr. Townsend, of the Spectator, as the best statesman-journalist he had met.

In addition to that directorate the Times has now the advantage, if it wishes, of advice on the practical affairs of journalism from Lord Northcliffe, better known to the world as Alfred Harmsworth, who created the Daily Mail, and whose genius revolutionized British journalism. Of him more anon. He is the greatest figure in the journalism of the world to-day; in fact, with perhaps the exception of the elder James Gordon Bennett, the most powerful, the most picturesque, and the most astonishing figure journalism has ever known.

But we are primarily concerned with the Times itself, and it will be interesting to note its progress through one hundred and twenty-eight years, from its modest beginning in a small printers' shop to its present magnificent dimensions. Its conception may be said to be due to a fortuitous accident, or the faith of an inventor, rather than to any insistent public demand. The first of the Walter family, John Walter, who was born in 1738 and died in 1812, was the inventor of a workable system of printing by "logographs." These were stereotyped words or parts of words of frequent occurrence, and to a certain extent superseded the use of separate letters. He duly patented the invention, and had so strong a belief in it that he started the newspaper more as a method of exploiting it and proving its merits than from any burning desire to own a newspaper. Thus the Daily Universal Register was started in 1785, and three years later its title was changed to The Times.

It was not, as is often thought, the first of the great London daily papers. On the contrary, at the moment of its birth there were at least four other newspapers which already enjoyed a fair share of public appreciation. These were the Public Advertiser, which was famous as having published the much-debated Letters of Junius; the Morning Chronicle, already nineteen years old, which survived until 1878; the Morning Post, aged sixteen, which still flourishes as the organ of Society; and the Morning Herald. The price of the Times was originally fourpence halfpenny (nine cents), and it gradually rose to sevenpence, at which it stood from the year of Waterloo until 1836. Then, the stamp duty on news-

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JOHN WALTER II

papers having been reduced to one English penny (two cents) per copy, it fell to fivepence and remained so until 1855, when the stamp duty was repealed. Thenceforward for six years it was fourpence, and after that threepence (six cents), at which price it now remains, the dearest newspaper in the world.

The first John Walter was a straightforward, uncompromising man, who had strong convictions and did not fear to give them expression. He printed things in the Times of that day which to-day would be characterized as among the yellowest of the yellow. In fact, the original Times was a yellow journal of the purest dye; and, being outspoken, fearless, a little broad at times, it became an immediate success. Within ten years of its inception it was a recognized power and a formidable rival of its contemporary daily newspapers. But the gossips of the coffee-house sometimes led the paper into indiscretions, and, in fact, led John Walter himself into imprisonment, for he was twice locked up for libeling the sons of King George II. There is no evidence, however, that the paper suffered. Mayhap, indeed, it had the contrary effect. At all events, when John Walter retired from active management, in 1803, to be succeeded by his son, John Walter the second, the Times was firmly established as the great political and social authority of the metropolis.

The new manager at once began to

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assert his strong and purposeful personality in the conduct of the newspaper. The father had looked on the journal mainly, though by no means solely, as a side issue of his now prosperous printing establishment, and as a practical vindication of his logographic invention. The son determined to improve and strengthen and broaden the newspaper, and make it the leading department of his activities by asserting its individuality and giving candid expression to unbiased political opinion. This was a novelty, for all other newspapers of the period were violently partisan and prejudiced—to an extent, indeed, that is not even conceived in the modern developments of journalism. The result was entirely successful, and the circulation of the Times, which was a bare five thousand when John Walter II took over the reins, was doubled in a few years; and when the second Walter died, in 1837, he had succeeded in driving the circulation up to thirty thousand, an enormous figure in those days; and it is only a just tribute to ascribe to him the genius which made the paper the most authoritative journal in the world. He introduced printing by steam power, he organized the system of foreign correspondence (afterwards vastly developed), he insisted on the absolute accuracy of every item of news being checked and made certain before publication, he instituted a news service from abroad which on hundreds of occasions anticipated that of the Government, and he had no respect for persons or personages whose part in public affairs was not sincere and disinterested. He was a stern, thoughtful, strenuous man of great intellectual capacity, and the lucky possessor of that inestimable gift, foresight. His editors were men of affairs who had the confidence and the friendship of the King's Ministers. He insisted that the Times should, as far as possible, support the Government of the day, a policy which even at the present time is followed—though it must be stated that the Liberal Government now in power has had little commendation from the Times during its three years of office. The editors under Walter II were Sir John Stoddart and Thomas Barnes, a brilliant scholar of Oxford.

The third John Walter reigned from 1847 until 1894, and it was under his

JOHN WALTER III

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supervision and general direction that the Times reached the zenith of its fame. In his time came the exposures of the Crimean scandals when William Henry Russell, the great war correspondent, sent home the most thrilling descriptions of the privations and hardships of the troops due to criminal neglect in the commissariat. In his time came the triumphs of de Blowitz, the most famous special correspondent that journalism has ever known; under him Cabinet Ministers made it their business to call personally at the Times office to plead, to exhort, or to explain; under him, too, came the greatest blow the Times ever had, in the form of the Pigott forgeries, which ended in the ignominious failure of the Times to prove its case against Charles Stewart Parnell and in the tragedy of Pigott's suicide. The blow to the Times was great enough to have crushed any other newspaper, and it was currently believed that its influence had gone forever. But somehow or other the Times survived the storm, and within the year it had regained if not enhanced its position of authority.

When John Walter III was at Oxford his closest friend was young Delane, the son of the then business manager of the Times. The two undergraduates discussed the possibilities, the traditions, and the future scope of the paper, for it was understood then that not only Walter but Delane should devote their life energies to the Times. And in due course both entered the service of the paper, Walter as chief proprietor, and Delane, strange to say, a youth of twenty-three, as Editor-in-Chief. Delane was an amazing character, a man of extraordinary grip, of high ideals, of impeccable probity; and he was born with that instinct for journalism which is a gift vouchsafed to few. For thirty years he ruled the destinies of the Times absolutely and without question. He dined out every night, he was everywhere in society, honored, fawned over and feared, and yet for thirty years at eleven o'clock every night he was at his desk in the Times office dictating to governments and laying down the law with an authority which no one dared to question. "When we thundered yesterday," was a line which had appeared in one of his predecessor's leaders. That is the origin of the nickname "The Thunderer," by which the Times has been known ever since. In Delane's time it is no exaggeration to state that the Times formed public opinion to an extent which seems nearly incredible in the light of to-day. A writer on the subject used these words, which are none too strong:

"In the University common rooms, in episcopal palaces, in rural rectories, at country house dinner-tables, as well as at military messes, in drawing-rooms and at clubs, persons from the middle of the nineteenth century to its close not only took their ideas from the Times, they actually reproduced its articles in their small talk. In this way the newspaper wove itself into the warp and woof of the intellectual texture affected by the respectable and well-to-do classes."

A little ponderous, perhaps, this description, but correct in every detail even to this day. I happen myself to be the editor of a widely read newspaper, and it has frequently been my lot to encounter this Times tradition among people of all grades of society. "I saw so-and-so in your paper to-day," says one incredulous devotee at the altar of tradition. "I have not seen it in the Times, therefore it cannot possibly be true." Unless it has been in the Times there is apparently no authority for stating a fact, and I am constrained to believe that items of official information which may happen to reach the London Gazette in advance of any other publication are constantly looked at askance because this information has not yet appeared in the Times. Delane fostered this spirit in the people.

There is nothing in the world so conducive to a belief in a thing as to surround it with mystery; and the Times itself has for generations been steeped in mystery. Printing House Square is a great building of long passages, many lofty rooms with closed doors, and mysterious comings and goings. You never see the editor. You are stopped by a Cerberus at the door past whom few go. There are messengers, but apparently no office-boys who go whistling down the corridors; that is, there are office-boys, but they are mostly men with beards, the

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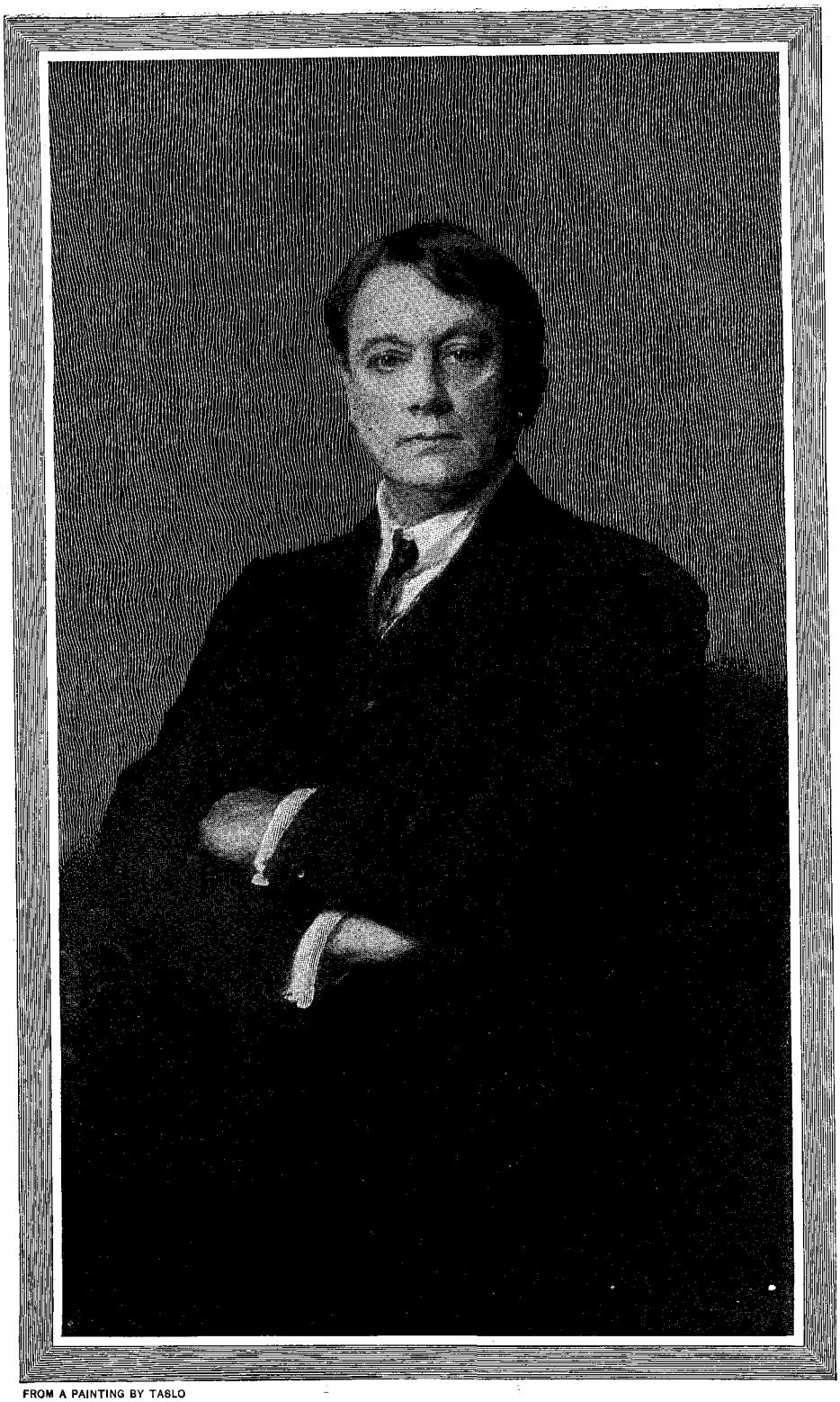

FROM A PAINTING BY TABLO

LORD NORTHCLIFFE

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personification of dignity and silence—and mystery. There are dozens of sub-editors and leader writers whom no one knows. There are many contributors who have written for the Times for years without ever setting foot in the place. There is no editorial telephone. There is a telephone in the business office, placed there within recent years, and if you have any important communication to make to the editorial department the clerks in the business office may offer to deliver your message, or they may not. Employment on the Times is looked upon by people in the higher walks of Society as equivalent to employment under Government. I have flattered myself for years that a post on the Times was offered to me unsolicited by John Walter III, twenty years ago. I did a daring thing. I refused it, and in doing so gave the kindly old gentleman no end of a shock. The idea of refusing a post on the editorial staff, even though the salary offered to me was less than a third of what I was then receiving, came to him as an unpleasant surprise. He pointed out to me that even though I was employed by another newspaper—the Times in those days never officially acknowledged the existence of any other paper—the larger salary with its attendant uncertainty could not possibly compensate me for the refusal of a post which made me a member of the Times staff and would in the course of human events enable me to qualify for an increase in pay, to say nothing of the position it would give me in Society. It is not often that one is offered a post on the Times, and in deference to tradition I cherish the memory. Many fond fathers have endeavored to make careers for their sons by securing places for them in Printing House Square in preference to the diplomatic service. The mode of precedure is practically the same. A written form of application is filled, giving the name, age, antecedents, education, and qualifications of the applicant. A formal acknowledgment is received from the management, stating that the name has been placed on record, and in due course—it may be a year or two years or six years—the lucky individual may be permitted to enter on a career as a very junior junior. There is a story to the effect that the editor of a most prosperous and popular London newspaper received a few years ago a notification from the Times management that, in response to his application for a post in the sub-editorial department, he had been selected, and that his duties, starting at a modest salary, would begin on the following first of January. The application had been made eighteen years before! The story is of course apocryphal, but it illustrates the methods, or one of the many methods, which have made the Times what it is.

A paper must be great to be read as is the Times to-day, for though its actual circulation is not sixty thousand, it is read by perhaps five times that number every day. Single copies in clubs, Government offices, consulates, and libraries are read by scores of people. Hundreds of people are what is known as "syndicate subscribers"—that is, say three people subscribe for the paper, paying one penny (two cents) per day each. One man reads it in the morning, and at noon the second sends for it. He keeps it until the evening, and, after having fully digested it, sends it on to the third; and even then it goes on its round, disseminating information by being sent by post to distant relations who cannot afford the expense of threepence.

With all this power, it is asked, Why, then, was there so much recent litigation in the Times? The truth is that it is all due to an unwise provision of the first John Walter. Those who are familiar with Kinglake's great work, "The Invasion of the Crimea," may recollect a humorous episode in which the author referred to the Times as being owned by certain "widows and gentlemen." Although put in this light way, it represented—at the time—the truth of the matter accurately enough. John Walter I made it a family affair, and until quite recently it has been a family affair ever since. There were few shareholders outside the family. Members died and left their interests to relatives. These again further subdivided their holdings, and so the share list gradually grew until it became entirely unwieldy, not in point of number, but in that of diversity of inter-

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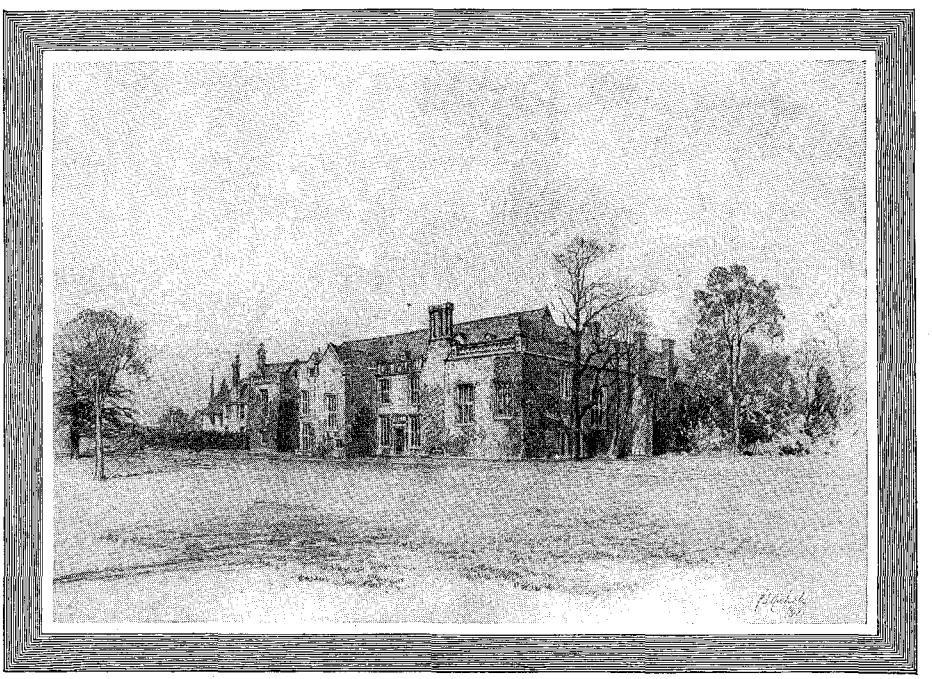
ests, and there seemed to be some proximate danger to that "absolute power" which was the mainstay of the paper and an honored tradition of the family. The multiplication of small proprietors, therefore, made it advisable and convenient to adopt certain legal formalities, which gave rise to the report that the Walter dynasty had been abolished. A few small shareholders made all the trouble. But somehow they have all been disposed of, while some sixty of them still remain and are content. With the exception of Lord Northcliffe's advent, the policy and management remain as before. How much of Lord Northcliffe's vast wealth has been poured into the Times it is not possible or necessary to state. It is sufficient to know that his immense influence and energy have been placed at the disposal of the greatest newspaper. In spite of the croakings from certain quarters, where it is stated that the Times has at last received its death-blow, it is certain that under the new auspices, which began last March, it will reach even greater heights of power and achievement.



SUTTON PLACE, LORD NORTHCLIFFE'S HOME IN SURREY
Drawn from a photograph by Harley D. Nichols

There is no romance connected with the Times like the romance of Lord Northcliffe. Here we have the spectacle of a man scarcely over forty years of age who has made a place for himself in the world quite without parallel in modern history. A poor boy, the son of a brilliant barrister, begins life as a free lance writer on the London press, without influence, without friends. Declining to enter the legal profession, he left home in defiance of parental wishes, thus setting at naught all the rules which obtain here on the subject of getting on in the world. It is not so many years ago since Alfred Harmsworth, living in modest lodgings in far-away suburban Clapham, trudged daily to Fleet Street in search of an editor who would accept his little contributions so that he might meet his few wants. Even in those days the light of ambition shone in the boy's eyes. Writing for newspapers is but poor consolation for youths who are friendless and inexperienced, and Alfred Harmsworth soon found that Fleet Street was a perfect maelstrom of unattached writers, brilliant, good, indifferent, and bad. But he was cast in a different mold from the ordinary Fleet Street

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hack, and in a short time he had placed himself in the position where he could command a salary. A few years under the irksome yoke of a wage brought him before the world as the proprietor of a weekly journal called Answers, which in its time has brought him as much as eighty thousand pounds a year. Answers, like so many of Alfred Harmsworth's creations, was a novelty, and, being a novelty, became an instantaneous success. He originated one ingenious thing after another calculated to increase circulation. He worked, he plodded, he struggled morning, noon, day and night, having before him all the time the one ambition to get on in the world. Progress is and was his shibboleth. Nothing has ever been too difficult for him, nothing has ever daunted him.

What other result can there be than success for a man who flourishes under such conditions? Success brought broadening of ideas. Very soon he became the principal proprietor of a moribund newspaper, the Evening News, and within a week had rattled its old bones so vigorously and brushed up the old carcass with such an amazing succession of new ideas that the public fairly fought for the paper. It is astonishing to relate, but the very first year recouped him for the amount of money he had invested in the purchase of the paper and left him a handsome profit besides. Then came the Daily Mail, the most amazing newspaper venture of all times. London vowed that a halfpenny paper conducted on modern lines, even though its news service was unquestionably great, could not possibly survive insular prejudices. It shook its head and said that Harmsworth had at last succeeded in committing financial suicide. But when London saw the Daily Mail and recognized the master hand that garnered the news and presented it attractively and not flamboyantly, maintaining a proper middle course, it altered its opinion, and the Daily Mail was made. Before its advent hundreds of villages throughout England were practically in the Middle Ages so far as the current events of the day were concerned. Alfred Harmsworth created a new class of newspaper readers. People who had never read a newspaper before "took in" the Daily Mail, and swore by it. The best journalists, the most popular special correspondents, the most modern machinery and a vast fortune were at its disposal. When the South African war broke out, by reason of its magnificent organization it succeeded almost daily in beating the Government on its own news, and the War Office was constantly and reluctantly forced to acknowledge the receipt of information from the seat of war through the medium of the Daily Mail.

It is almost useless to enumerate the other newspapers which have been created by this man of unlimited resource. He starts a paper to-day, finds it a failure in a week, and completely metamorphoses it into a success. Here, for instance, is the Daily Mirror, which was launched as a paper for women and by women. Alfred Harmsworth, by this time a baronet, backed his opinion as to the feasibility of establishing such a newspaper by losing a clear hundred thousand pounds in the attempt to establish it. The attempt failed. Other men would have cut the loss. But he in a single night acknowledged his mistake, turned the paper round completely, and presented it to the public the next day as a daily illustrated paper; and his decision was correct, for the Daily Mirror is to-day in possession of a circulation almost equal to that of the Daily Mail. There are magazines, weekly papers, monthly journals, of all descriptions, under his control. One would suppose that this was quite enough, but through it all this tireless man has had one ambition, and a laudable one too—to become associated with the Times. He has succeeded at last in reaching the zenith. He is a peer of the realm, the owner of more newspapers than one cares to count, and one of the owners of the greatest newspaper in the world.

What is the future policy of the paper? That which it has always been—independence, lavish expenditure on the news service, beauty of production and appearance, greater attention to American affairs than in the more recent past, the addition of a Fifth Avenue and Wall Street office to that which already exists in Washington, and—the maintenance of the policy of secrecy.

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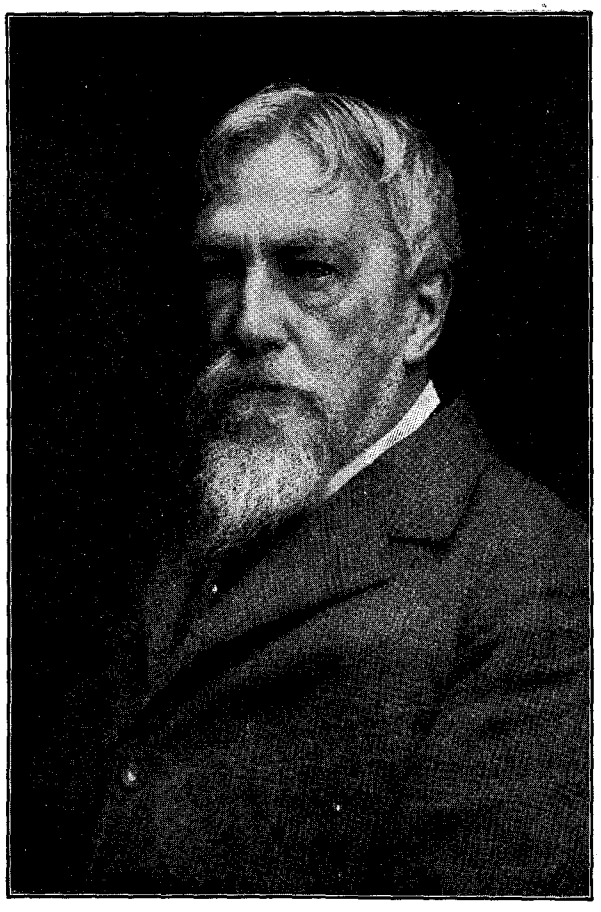

S. WEIR MITCHELL

A SHEAF OF AUTUMN FICTION

BY AGNES REPPLIER

THE autumn novels, though numerous enough to daunt the bravest heart, are few and good when compared with the mighty flood-tide of fiction which every spring submerges a romance-loving world. This is probably due to the fact that summer reading is supposed to consist exclusively of stories, and that the traveling American provides with a liberality which defies discrimination for the beguilement of his ocean voyage. But Christmas is the goal which publishers now are keeping well in view, and, for some reason hitherto undefined, people do not buy novels for Christmas presents. They prefer "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection," or "Church Doors in Normandy," or "The Secret Heart of China," by a gentleman who has spent six weeks in Peking.

Perhaps this is the reason that so many autumn novels have a permanent value. They are designed, not for a steamer chair, but for a library shelf, and can dare to make their appearance with the falling leaf. Mrs. Humphry Ward's "The Testing of Diana Mallory" has an assured welcome in the library, and a space already waiting for it by the side

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of "Lady Rose's Daughter" and "The Marriage of William Ashe." Lovers of workmanship are grateful for Mrs. Ward's distinction of style, for her steadfast rejection of that riotous medium with which too many modern story-writers offend the educated ear, and for felicitous phrases which betray the

MRS. EDITH WHARTON

patient labor of the file. Lovers of circumstance have a pardonable weakness for a novelist who knows the world whereof she writes, and who reveals in every detail an intimate acquaintance with the complexities of social and political life. It matters little that Mrs. Ward has permitted herself an old-fashioned heroine, rather too good and beautiful for credence, and has balanced her with a hero lacking the honorable qualities of manhood; for the minor characters of the book—those invaluable, unimpassioned minor characters to whom the reader turns naturally for solace—are worth a wilderness of lovers. Ferrier, Sir James Chide, Mrs. Fotheringham, Lady Lucy Marsham, Lady Niton—how admirable they all are, men and women of a world full of purpose, and of misdirected energy! Lady Lucy especially is drawn with a touch as gentle as it is merciless, and with a clear understanding of a painful truth—that it is often a woman ripe in all the cardinal virtues, and impregnably well-intentioned, who plays havoc with the nobler things of life. The scene in which Ferrier reads her Dean Church's sermons, by way of solacing a selfishness too profound to be

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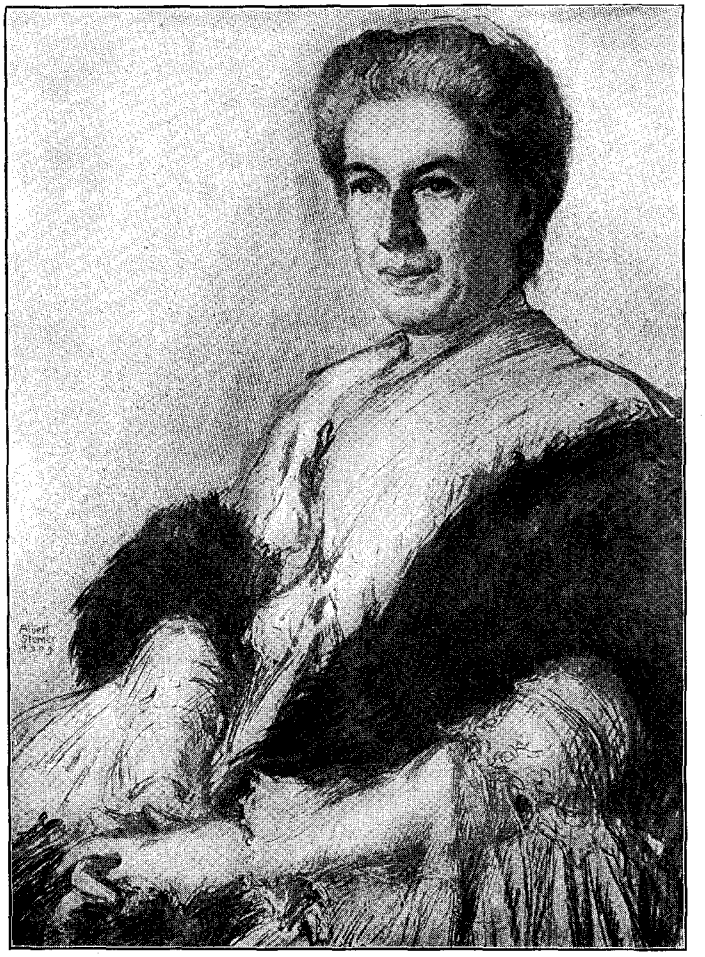
recognizable, has an ironic quality carefully sustained. For the sermons *do* solace, without any moral correspondence on the listener's part, and without rending for a moment the impervious tissues of her soul.

Remote from the sharp insistencies of modern life, "The Red City," by Dr. townspeople more affectionately portrayed. Nobody has been forgotten, nothing has been overlooked. The book is a gallery of dead and gone Philadelphians; and there is not a family whose ancestors lived in the Red City during Washington's second administration who cannot find their names upon its pages—



MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

Weir Mitchell, has all the tranquil charm which belongs by right to old letters and faded diaries. Its title is eminently felicitous, for Philadelphia is the true heroine of the tale—Philadelphia in her pleasant youth, when the return of Congress lent her importance, and her complacent gayety was held to pass all bounds of soberness. Never was there a more accurate portrait of town and townspeople, and never were town and a circumstance which all right-minded descendants mightily enjoy. The utmost care has been lavished upon every detail—upon the streets, the lanes, the inns, the lodging-houses, the very books taken from the old Loganian Library, which are in truth those which that best of colonial diarists, Elizabeth Drinker, confesses to carrying from its shelves. A slender thread of fiction holds the chapters together, and some of the characters

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do a little fighting and love-making on their own account; but for the most part they are content to live the tranquil Philadelphia life, drinking the best of Madeira, eating soft-shell crabs and reed-birds, smoking Maryland tobacco, going dutifully to Christ Church where they can see Washington say his prayers, buying tickets for college lotteries, and giving doles to the poor debtors in the Sixth Street jail. What if a few fools capered on Market Street around a *bonnet rouge*, and a few ruffians perpetrated coarse outrages in taverns? What if the yellow fever turned the pleasant city into a charnel-house? These things taught their hard lessons, and passed away; but the spirit of Philadelphia survived—tenacious, balanced, unemotional—a spirit crystallized by Dr. Mitchell into a book full of charm and feeling, into a novel which is less a novel than a panorama of a brick-built town.

After all, why should good writers be so keen to tell a story? There is no need; and if Mr. Booth Tarkington had only kept his story out of "The Guest of Quesnay," he might have given us a delightful book. The setting of his tale leaves nothing to be desired. We are equally happy in the Paris streets, watching ladies more beautiful than well behaved, and in the Normandy inn, listening to the chatter of the tourists, counting the brilliant mendacities of the waiter, and distinguishing the amateur artist from the professional by his readiness to pay his bill. Why should Mr. Tarkington have projected into these pleasant byways a series of circumstances which Sindbad the Sailor would have hesitated—on the score of improbability—to describe? Is the world more athirst for fiction than it was in Sindbad's day, or has it grown more credulous, or is it possible that motor-cars and concussions

JOHN FOX

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of the brain are destined to reform mankind?

"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," by Mr. John Fox, has for *its* setting a frontier line between Kentucky and Virginia, where no sane person would willingly abide. The tendency of the mountaineer to shoot at sight is strengthened in this particular district by an ancient and honorable feud between

BOOTH TARKINGTON

the clans of Tolliver and Falin, which feud has its origin in the laughter of one little Kentuckian, many years before, at sight of another little Kentuckian's patched breeches. As a consequence of this ill-timed risibility, generations of Tollivers and Falins have murdered each other with alacrity, and the whole countryside has been embroiled in strife. "In the last race for legislature, political issues were submerged, and the feud was the sole concern. A Tolliver had carried that boy's trouser patch like a flag to victory, and was sitting in the lower House, helping to make laws for the rest of the State."

To this inspiring neighborhood comes a vigorous young mining engineer, John Hale, full of hope and courage, and blissfully ignorant of the terrible forces around him. That he should be caught and carried far in the eddy is inevitable, and that he should tempt fate in the person of a little mountain girl is perhaps inevitable also. Nevertheless it is hard to forgive him for sweeping June Tolliver—a passionate young savage—off to school and civilization, whence she emerges in silk stockings and French shoes, with the glorious contralto voice common, alas! to all heroines, and a taste for such shockingly bad pictures as "Enfin Seul." The uncivilized mountaineer is—in fiction at least—the finer article; and Mr. Fox's ruffians are magnificent. Pious, too, occasionally, like

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fighting Cameronians, and as sure of Heaven's support. "I've al'ays laid out my enemies," observes old Judd Tolliver conclusively. "The Lord's been on my side, an' I gits a better Christian every year."

Most autumnal of all the autumn fiction is Mrs. Wharton's last volume of stories, "The Hermit and the Wild Woman." It has the chill of winter in its pages, and is best read by firelight, when the room is still, when the delicate perfection of the work makes its just appeal to an alert and impartial reader, and when he is prepared to accept the ironies of life as a fair substitute for its illusions. Occasionally, as in "The Last Asset," an illusion is nursed into fragile permanence, and left blooming tenderly as "one more testimony to life's indefatigable renewals, to nature's secret of drawing fragrance from corruption." But, for the most part, the stories are clear-sighted expositions of man's signal failures—not titanic failures, investing ruin with dignity, but ordinary, every-day failures, which come within reach of us all. The soul, as Sir Thomas Browne reminds us, may be "foully inquinated" at a very low rate, and a man may go cheaply to perdition.

"The Hermit and the Wild Woman," which, strangely enough, gives its title to the volume, has nothing in common with the other tales, being an exquisitely written sketch of mediæval sanctity regarded from a modern point of view. The mediæval point of view, which is necessary for a clear understanding of the situation, eludes our twentieth-century searchlights. We cannot stand on the brink of a current and feel its force. Of the beauty of the story, of the brilliancy of the book, there can be no denial. Sentences cut like gems, inimitable descriptions of people and places—the Ambrose house in Seventeenth Street is worthy of Balzac—a firm and delicate handling of motives, and a vein of irony, remote from humor, but no less illuminating—these things mean the mastery of fiction.

THE MIND AND THE BODY

SOME BOOKS ON HEALING BY SUGGESTION

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

THE publication during the past year of a score and more non-technical volumes on psychotherapeutics, or the science of healing by suggestion, is striking evidence of the growth of popular interest in the subject. Much of this interest is doubtless mere curiosity, but for the most part it unquestionably represents a sincere desire for knowledge, and for knowledge that may be turned to practical account. It is also significant as indicating a wholesome reaction against the materialistic tendencies of the past few generations—for psychotherapeutics, with its basic conception of the power of mind over matter, is nothing if not anti-materialistic.

And, in a strict sense, it is nothing new. Its practice has been definitely traced back as far as the time of the ancient Egyptians. But, as developed to-day, it possesses many novel aspects, some of which are extremely baffling and bewildering. Roughly speaking, it has progressed along two lines, one of which is distinctly religious, while the other is distinctly scientific. On the scientific side—as represented by investigators of the type of A. A. Liébeault, J. M. Charcot, and Pierre Janet in Europe, and William James, Morton Prince, and Boris Sidis in America—the advance has been slow and cautious, but certain. It is

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not too much to say that the result of the labors of this little group of devoted scientists, working in different countries and often under the most favorable conditions, has been to lay the foundations of the sane, efficient psychotherapeutics of the future.

On the religious side there has also been growth, but, until lately at all events, of a less satisfactory character. The scientific psychotherapist—the psychopathologist, to give him his technical designation—lays stress on the limitations of suggestion as a healing agency. He insists that psychotherapeutics is not to be considered a cure-all, that its usefulness is confined to certain types of disease; that, for example, it is useless in the treatment of organic diseases, such as cancer and Bright's disease. The religious psychotherapist, as a general thing, boldly proclaims the universal power of suggestion—or, as he prefers to put it, of "right thinking"—and on this basis there has been built up a number of cults, with which the public is familiar under such names as Christian Science, Mental Science, the New Thought, etc. All of these cults, it must be acknowledged, have been serviceable in focusing attention on the possibilities of psychotherapeutics; but by their extravagant pretensions and bizarre theories they also have retarded intelligent appreciation of its actual helpfulness.

Recently, quite recently, a third line of development has appeared in the so-called Emmanuel Movement. This is represented in the literature of the year by three substantial volumes and a number of pamphlet "text-books." The volumes are: "Religion and Medicine," by Dr. Worcester and Dr. McComb, rectors of the Emmanuel Church, Boston; "Health and Happiness," by Bishop Fallows, of Chicago; and "Mind, Religion, and Health," by the Rev. Robert MacDonald, of Brooklyn. The pamphlets include "Psychotherapy and its Relation to Religion," by Dr. R. C. Cabot; "Some Familiar Forms of Nervousness," by Dr. I. H. Coriat; "The History of the Emmanuel Movement from the Standpoint of a Patient," by Mr. W. McComber; and a reprint of Professor James's much-discussed magazine article on "The Energies of Men." These different publications, read in connection with one another, make very clear the really vital and significant fact in the Emmanuel Movement—namely, that it is the first organized attempt to diffuse a practical, working knowledge of the wonderful curative principles brought to light by modern psychological investigation.

Like other "mind cure" movements, it is primarily religious in character, but, unlike all others, it takes its stand firmly and squarely on a scientific basis. "We believe in the power of the mind over the body," runs its creed, "and we believe also in medicine, in good habits, and in a wholesome, well-regulated life. In the treatment of functional nervous disorders we make free use of psychical agencies, but we do not believe in overtaxing these valuable aids by expecting the mind to attain results which can be effected more easily through physical instrumentalities. Accordingly, we have gladly availed ourselves of the services of the skilled medical and surgical specialists who have offered to co-operate with us, and we believe that our freedom in this respect and the combination of good psychical and physical methods have had much to do with our success. If a bad headache is caused by eyestrain, or a generally enfeebled condition is obviously the result of a digestive disturbance, a pair of glasses or a belt is frequently far more effective than suggestion. Most religious workers in this field have made the mistake of supposing that God can cure in only one way, and that the employment of physical means indicates a lack of faith. This is absurd. God cures by many means." In other words, the Emmanuel Movement may be described as a movement to promote human health and happiness by intelligent and sympathetic co-operation between the clergyman and the physician.

As everybody knows, it has taken a remarkable grasp on the imagination of the public. The "official handbook" of the movement—"Religion and Health"—has sold like a popular novel, going into seven editions since it was first published last May. It became necessary to hold

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a "summer school" at Emmanuel Church in Boston in order to satisfy the demand for instruction in the methods of treatment. From New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and other large cities have come demands for the establishment of clinics similar to that organized by Dr. Worcester and Dr. McComb. Already, indeed, such clinics have been established, with results vividly described in the volumes by Bishop Fallows and the Rev. Robert MacDonald. So great is the enthusiasm everywhere displayed that conservative people are beginning to refer to it as a "craze."

And, to tell the truth, there seems to be danger that the movement will get beyond the control of its originators and be adopted by those who have neither the temperament nor the training to carry it on successfully. In that case much damage is certain to be done, for it cannot be too clearly understood that psychotherapeutics becomes an instrument potent for evil instead of good when its practitioners lack a thorough grounding in its principles. Still, whatever the future of "Emmanuelism," it has put to its credit even at this early stage certain achievements whereby it has well justified its existence. It has done more than any other single agency to familiarize the public with the essentially scientific nature of true psychotherapeutics; and it has galvanized the medical fraternity into taking action to meet a need which has never been more clearly shown than by the spontaneous inrush of patients to the Emmanuel clinics. The establishment of a chair of psychopathology at Tufts Medical College, with that eminent psychopathologist, Dr. Morton Prince, as its first occupant, is indicative of a policy that is certain to be adopted ultimately by medical schools everywhere.

In yet another direction the Emmanuel Movement has proved of substantial worth—in the direction of emphasizing anew the genuine therapeutic value of faith and prayer. If, on the one hand, it wisely restricts its practitioners to the treatment of only those diseases which scientific investigation has demonstrated to be susceptible of cure by psychotherapeutic means, it, on the other hand, insists that they shall, over and above the ordinary methods of the psychopathologists, make use of the spiritual forces which are set in motion by faith and prayer. In this, of course, from the materialistic point of view, it harks back to the earlier "mind cure" cults. But if any one fact be certain, it is that where the cult "healers" have been successful—and that they have effected many cures no well-informed person will deny—they owe their success entirely to the "conviction" they have inspired in the patient, to the strength of the appeal they have made to his profoundest religious instincts, and to—in the truest sense—the "healing virtues" which have thereby been given free play.

Moreover, it is well known that many who enter into these cult movements seem to acquire a new interest in life, keener powers of enjoyment, greater ability to endure trials, a more robust constitution. The explanation is the same, as will be apparent to any one taking the trouble to study the cult literature and studying it with an unprejudiced mind. During the past twelve months it has received numerous accessions. To mention a few, that veteran exponent of the New Thought, Mr. Henry Wood, has published a volume on "The New Old Healing." From the pen of Mr. Charles B. Newcomb, well known to many people as the author of "All's Right with the World," has come a "text-book" intended to make plain the "Principles of Psychic Philosophy." Dr. Sheldon Leavitt is the author of a book bearing the indefinite but suggestive title of "Paths to the Heights," and Mrs. Laura M. Westfall has written "A Common-Sense View of the Mind Cure." In this connection might also be named Dr. Horatio W. Dresser's "A Physician to the Soul," in which the author touches critically on Christian Science, the New Thought, and the Emmanuel Movement, and expounds, as in his "Philosophy of the Spirit" and earlier works, his personal views on the subject of "mind cure" in its broader and higher as well as its more immediate aspects.

The position he takes is in the main so eminently sane, reasonable, and con-

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vincing that his "A Physician to the Soul" must be reckoned one of the most helpful books of its kind issued within the year. It is quite evident that Dr. Dresser appreciates the extreme importance in the healing ministry of combining scientific knowledge with spiritual insight and zeal; but at the same time his ultimate emphasis is on the spiritual rather than the scientific side—on the necessity for confidence, courage, faith in a Higher Power, in the immanence of the Divine Presence in all departments of human life. And it is impossible for any one, unless he be saturated through and through with the grossest materialism, to feel that here Dr. Dresser is in error. The very tone of his pages, their ring of sincerity, fervor, and buoyant optimism, make for that healthy-mindedness which, as science teaches and human experience confirms, is so essential to health of body. This is also true of the above-mentioned volumes by Mr. Wood, Mr. Newcomb, Dr. Leavitt, and Mrs. Westfall.

They betray the usual defects of cult literature—notably a tendency towards large and startling assertions unsupported by closely reasoned argument. But even to the unsympathetic reader they are possessed of a tonic quality—particularly evident in the case of Mr. Wood's "The New Old Healing," in which almost every page contains some thought that is not only mentally stimulating but spiritually uplifting, some suggestion of real usefulness in the conduct of life. The same cannot be said, however, of the principles which such writings as these set forth with respect to the actual treatment of disease. They are altogether too disdainful of the inexorable facts of the material universe, too little disposed to recognize the necessity of summoning scientific knowledge to the aid of spiritual faith. The consequence, as exemplified in the history of all "mind cure" cults, is a hit-and-miss psychotherapeutics, unskillful in its practice and uncertain in its results.

Fortunately, it seems possible to believe that the intelligent public interest which has been aroused in the scientific side of the subject by the Emmanuel Movement will eventually compel the cults to shift their position radically. They need not thereby lose any of their influence, their real helpfulness. Rather they will become more influential, more helpful. For scientific psychotherapeutics, with its convincing demonstration of the tremendous latent energy stored away in the subconscious depths of man's being, is itself a factor making for increased appreciation of the spiritual. The scientific psychotherapists—the psychopathologists—may not recognize this. From my knowledge of them I am inclined to say that they do not. But the truth of the statement is plainly apparent in their writings, is clearly discernible in such books as Pierre Janet's "The Mental State of Hystericals," Morton Prince's "The Dissociation of a Personality," and Boris Sidis's "Multiple Personality."

None of these, it should be said, are books of the past year. But I mention them because, with the exception of Professor James's illuminating little pamphlet on "The Energies of Men," and a somewhat technical but decidedly interesting and valuable treatise on "Functional Nerve Diseases" by Dr. A. T. Schofield, the year has been barren of contributions from strictly scientific workers in this field of inquiry, the outer regions of which have scarcely been explored. There is, however, one volume of a semi-scientific character, Dr. J. D. Quackenbos's "Hypnotic Therapeutics," which has appeared during the year, and which, for all its theoretical extravagances, abundantly corroborates the view here suggested.

We see sufferers from all sorts of intricate and baffling maladies revealing, while in the hypnotic trance, what orthodox medical science, for all its skill, had been unable to discover—the hidden causes of their besetting ills, causes often trivial enough yet operating, through the subtle influence of subconscious action, to bring about disastrous mental and physical results. We see these same sufferers, as with the touch of a magic wand, restored to perfect health, turned once more into useful members of society. Whence comes the power that heals? All psychopathologists are agreed that the cure results from subconscious

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action of some sort, set loose by the "suggestions" given to the sufferer. Truly, as Mr. Henry Wood triumphantly exclaims, thought is creative. In the presence of such phenomena as occur every day in the practice of psychotherapeutics—and psychotherapeutics of the most uncompromisingly scientific type—there would seem to be exceedingly little room for a materialistic interpretation of life and the universe.

In any event, it is safe to predict that from this time forward psychotherapeutics, on both its scientific and its religious side, will develop with increasing rapidity, and in directions that will make it of increased value to society. It will no longer be left to mystics and speculative metaphysicians, laboring with the best intentions in the world but without the scientific training necessary to save them from perpetually making mistakes. Nor will it be left to the scientist as such, with his inevitably limited sphere of influence. Rather, as indicated by the Emmanuel Movement—which, if only for this reason, will probably come to be regarded as epoch-marking—it will be promoted and fostered as part and parcel of a great movement towards social regeneration. It is not reasonable to expect that it will be carried on exactly along the lines laid down by the Emmanuel Movement. That can be only a temporary phase. Ultimately, unless I am greatly mistaken, we shall find the clergyman and the physician still working hand in hand—the one, however, using psychotherapeutics with especial reference to its serviceability in strengthening the spiritual and moral element in man, the other availing himself of it in the prevention and treatment of bodily disease.

COURAGE

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

'Tis the front toward life that matters most—
The tone, the point of view,
The constancy that in defeat
Remains untouched and true;

For death in patriot fight may be
Less gallant than a smile,
And high endeavor, to the gods,
Seems in itself worth while!

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EDITORS AND PARSONS

BY GEORGE HODGES

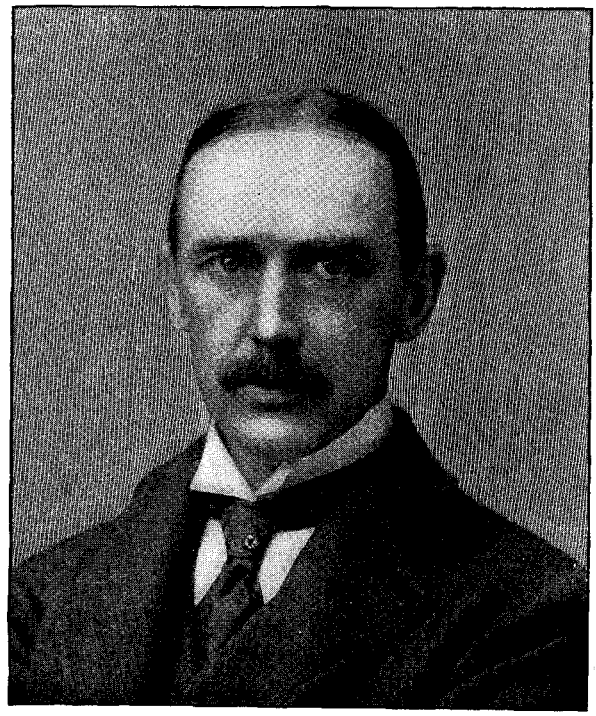
THE making of magazines is regarded by some unfriendly critics as one of the commercialized professions. The magazine, they say, is a thin buttering of reading matter between two thick slices of advertisement. It is a glimpse of the sea between two billboards.

Still, there is the glimpse of the sea, for which we may be grateful. Mr. Greenslet says that in Mr. Aldrich's boyhood at Portsmouth "the sea was always at the end of the street." Down he went between the shops—like the reader of the magazine—and there was the shining sea:

"Gaunt hulks of Norway, ships of red Ceylon,
Slim-masted lovers of the blue Azores."

And, anyhow, why compare the magazine to its despite when it may be likened so much more pleasantly and justly to a bird? The wings are bigger than the bird. It is on the stout wings of these advertising pages, right and left, that the magazine comes flying in at our windows. It would make but a short and halting flight without them.

After all, the magazine is made by the editor. With what enthusiasm and joy and care, and in the face of what difficulties, he makes it, has been disclosed within the past few weeks by Mr. Henry Mills Alden, of Harper's, Mr. Bliss Perry, of the Atlantic, and Mr. Edward Sandford Martin, of Life. These three editors have published books which deal more or less intimately with the principles and processes of their particular job. Mr. Alden marks the completion of forty years' editorship of Harper's by writing a volume on "Magazine Writing and the New Literature." Mr. Perry's "Park Street Papers" represents a service of ten years with the Atlantic. Mr. Martin's "In a New Century" discusses only by the way the professional problems which the others consider directly but belongs with them in its frank state



E. S. MARTIN

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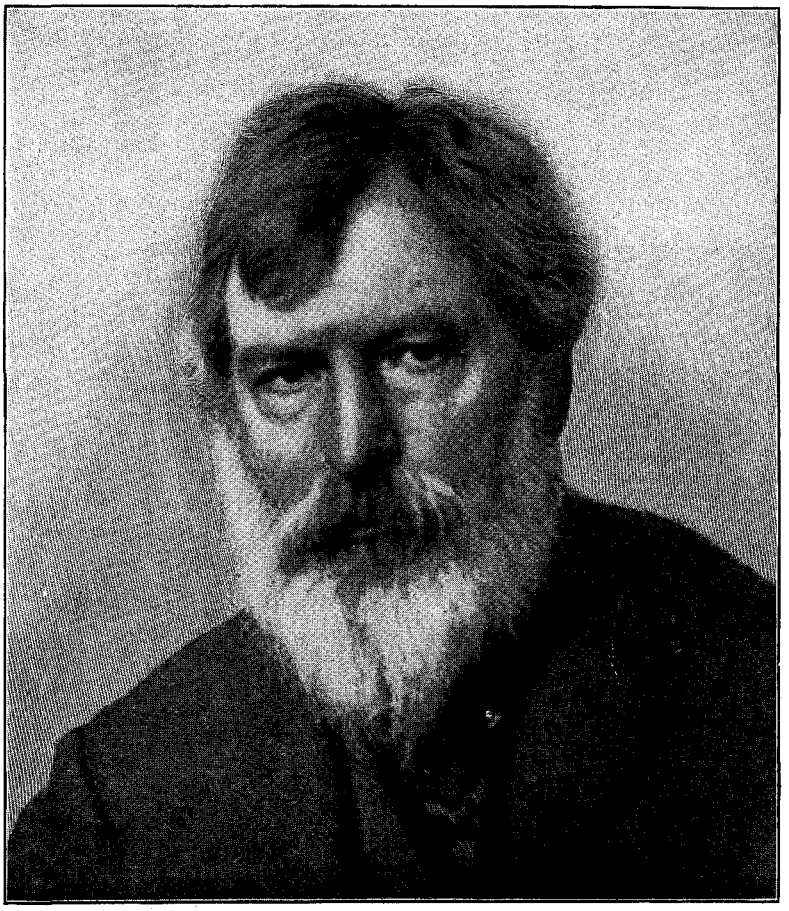
ment of the editorial attitude towards our contemporary life.

I am impressed by the homiletical quality in these books. The making of a magazine resembles the making of a sermon. The parson, with the necessity which is laid upon him to interest, instruct, and improve the public during several hours of every week, finds himself modestly akin to these great folk, engaged in the same work, moved by the same motives, and confronted by like difficulties.

Take, for example, the difficulty of knowing the people. To Mr. Alden the West is the land of promise; during most of his forty years he has been making his way in that direction, like the Children of Israel. But he feels that the West is still an undiscovered country. "What is the kind of literature that the West wants, and against what does this vast audience forever utter its protest?" If he knew, he could multiply his subscription list by ten to-morrow. "The unknown taste of the public," says Mr. Perry; who really understands it? Did not Emerson, that most unmercenary of editors, accept for the Dial *pro honoris causa*, and with a sinking heart, that article of Theodore Parker's on the Reverend John Pierpont, which nevertheless, to Emerson's astonishment, sold out the entire edition? Did not Coleridge, an equally unworldly member of the guild, lose five hundred subscribers to the ill-starred Watchman on the publication of the very second number, by "a censurable application of a text from Isaiah as its motto"?

The parson's constituency, small as it is and visible as it is, opposes to his best



PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDER WEYDE

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

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intention this same inscrutable front. After long acquaintance, he knows his people only in part. That "censurable application of a text from Isaiah," how often has he made it, or one like it, in all honesty, sometimes with fond pride in the making, only to find—perhaps as a proper punishment—that the junior warden is surprisingly but seriously offended at it! It is true that Isaiah paid no heed to the prejudices of the congregation. Most of his texts were censured by his contemporaries. He spoke out the thought which stirred his soul, whether they liked it or not. Commonly they did not like it. They hated it, and hated him for saying it. But that was a part of the day's work of a prophet. The question has been raised as to the propriety of calling Phillips Brooks a prophet, because he was so popular. Is the true prophet ever popular? Is he not accredited as a prophet by the disesteem and hostility of the people? This, of course, is really an affair of heroes and crises, and has little to do with the ordinary work of the minister, which is to catch men, and to select for that purpose whatever bait he thinks will be attractive. What do the fish want? What will suit the "unknown taste"? Yes; the parson knows the anxiety of the editor.

Also the parson understands the grim editorial necessity to be interesting. It is true that he sometimes evades it. He follows the pattern of the preacher who prayed before the sermon that the congregation might enjoy "intellectual repose;" and he assists them toward that Sabbath rest. He gets a deal of comfort out of the doctrine of the psychotherapists that the human mind is highly

PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDER WEYDE

BLISS PERRY

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susceptible to impression in the state of sleep. But more commonly the imperative necessity to interest the people haunts him like a passion. He knows very well why Miss Repplier calls the days of Queen Anne "A Happy Half-Century." It was because the people did not require to be interested. The elders were contented with Miss Jane Porter's novels, each in five considerable volumes; the youngers were reading "Harry and Lucy" on week days, and on Sundays the "Pious Deaths of Many Godly Children." Sermons were measured by the hour, and so long as the congregation got good measure everybody was satisfied. It was taken for granted that people would read whatever was printed, and would attend with respect to whatever was preached. "Those were the days to live in," says Miss Repplier, "and sensible people made haste to be born in time."

The editor has an advantage over the parson in the privilege which is accorded him of dealing with serious matters lightly. It is often a mighty effective way of presenting truth and duty, but the congregation is nervous about it, probably as a result of unhappy experience. It must be confessed that it is pretty bad when it is not pretty good. How well the editors do it! When Coleridge, for example, said of the Bishop of Lichfield that he was "an angel, but an ass," what an edifying description that was, at once critical and kindly; like the account which somebody gave of Dr. Crapsey as having a wing on one shoulder and a chip on the other. But these illuminative epigrams are permitted to parsons only in the informality of private conversation. The hearer who would be delighted at them on Saturday would be shocked on Sunday.

I greatly like that honest man, "a lawyer, far advanced in age, of the highest professional standing, and the senior warden of his church," who confessed to Mr. Perry his admiration for Byron's "Marino Faliero:" "That's the kind of poetry I like; where the old man stands up and gives 'em hell." To my taste that is not an offensively secular remark. It describes admirably what Marino Faliero did. He did not do it so energetically nor half so literally as the Prophet Amos. But even Savonarola, who brought Amos down into the streets of Florence, never ventured to describe him in that way.

How effective and convincing are these editorial sermons of Mr. Martin's! Take his fine chapter on "Deafness"—what a capital comment on the sound Stoic counsel: "If you don't get what you like, like what you get." It is a sweetening of courage with cheerfulness. "One should by all means make inconveniences keep bounds and order. Govern them, restrict them, constrain them to docility and reasonable dimensions." It sounds like the advice of a veteran, after hard-fought fields. "There are lots of bunkers in the big links of life. Deafness is one of these, and is far from being the worst. It is for theologians to settle who put them there, and we may guess, if we like, that it was the Adversary. But we all agree—theologians and every one—that, being in a bunker, one's duty is to work out." This is how the parson would preach if he were as apt as an editor.

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WILLIAM FREND DE MORGAN

ARTIST, POTTER, AND NOVELIST

BY EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS MADE FOR THE OUTLOOK BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN

IT probably has been given to many artists to find themselves late in life; but I should doubt if there is any case so extreme as that of Mr. William Frend De Morgan, the author of "Joseph Vance," who, with a head full of novels (had he only known it), did not sit down to the evolution of a single chapter of one of them until—after a long career as a potter and a short career as a painter and draughtsman—he had reached the age of sixty-four; an age when most men consider not only that the period of experiment is over, but that the time has come for taking it easy, as we say, and watching the others perspire.

As in the case of one Christopher Vance, later to be known as a builder and contractor on a large and prosperous scale, it was an illness that determined Mr. De Morgan's new enterprise. Christopher Vance, it will be remembered, having been sacked from his position as a driver at Fothergill's, met a sweep, had a little difference with him over the crocking of a bloody hinseck, came badly to grief by reason of falling backwards on a standing brick, and on convalescing chanced upon a second-hand builder's board going cheap, and, buying it, became a builder. Mr. De Morgan's case was not so picturesque, but it was on similar lines. Having failed completely to make the British—or any other—public buy his very beautiful tiles (thus receiving, in a sense, the sack), he became ill, while convalescing bethought him of the new trade of novelist, and has ever since prospered exceedingly. Mr. De Morgan thus set up two new records. Hitherto, according to Disraeli, to fail as an artist was to re-emerge as a critic. Mr. De Morgan, the least critical and most tolerant of writers, changed all that by emerging as a novelist; while he set up a second record by doing so at the advanced age of sixty-four, and doing so, moreover, with conspicuous youthfulness and triumph.

After Mr. De Morgan, who, I think, by reason of his absolute command of his new medium must stand first among these strange belated experimentalists, the prize for late fruitage in fiction goes, I suppose, to another artist with a not very dissimilar name—to the late George Du Maurier, whose neighbor Mr. De Morgan once was in a Newman Street studio. The parallel is indeed pretty close, but fate, alas! cut short the life of that rare spirit when only "Peter Ibbetson," "Trilby," and "The Martian" had been written. What beautiful and tender stories he carried to the grave we shall never know.

The parallel can be continued a little farther, for it was an illness that also set Mr. Du Maurier on his new adventure; at least, his failing sight, steadily growing worse and worse, made it necessary for him to think seriously about some second support—some walking-stick (in Holmes's metaphor) to add to the crutch which his Punch work represented. Both men had, of course, dabbled in literature. Mr. Du Maurier's legends under his drawings prove him to have understood the epigrammatic handling of English all his life, while Mr. De Morgan had, he tells me, as a young man, essayed satire more than once, although not quite to the point of persuading a publisher; but to all intents and purposes one artist began with "Peter Ibbetson" at the age of fifty-six, and the other with "Joseph Vance" at the age of sixty-four, and both at once found readers in hordes.

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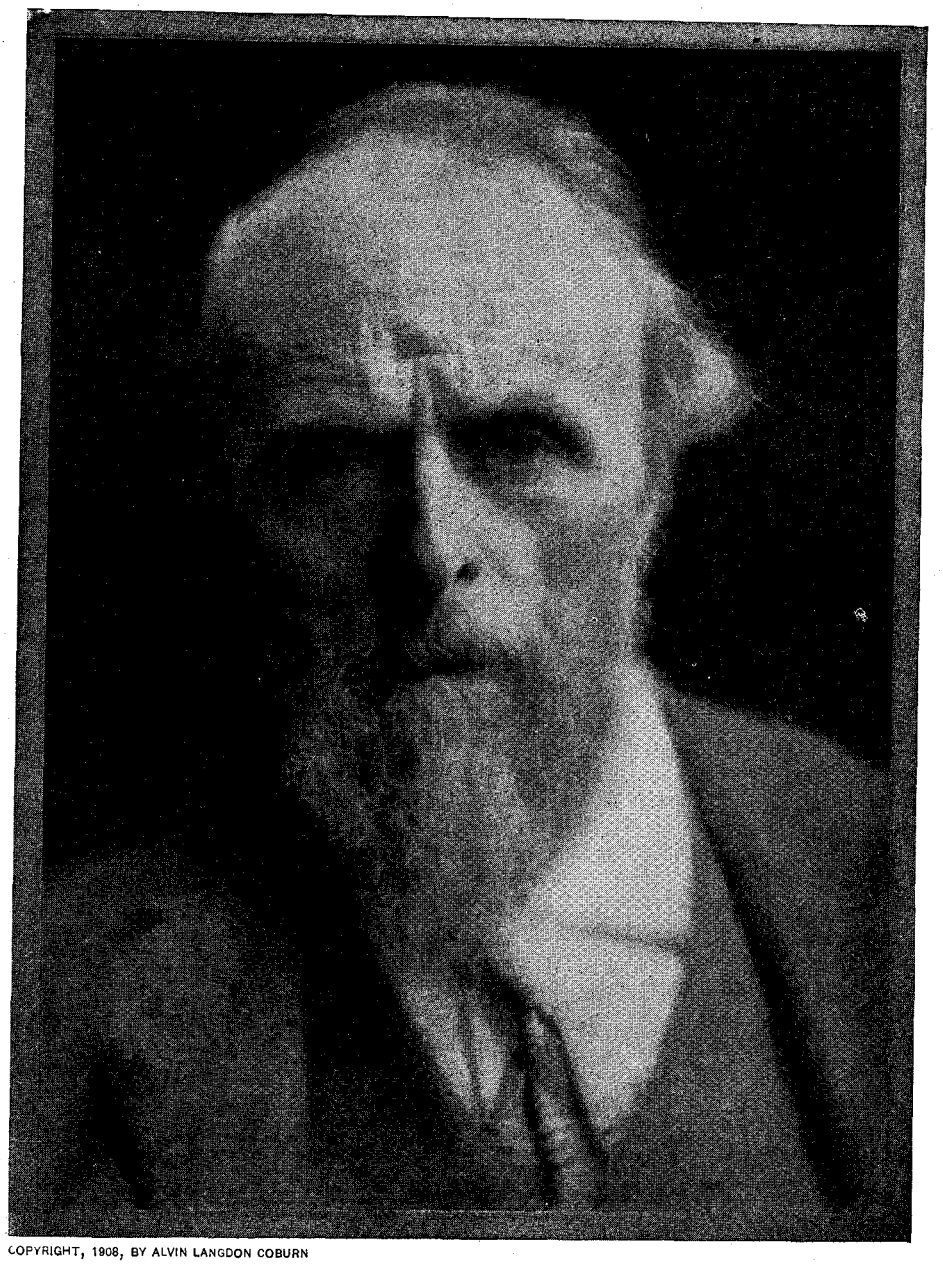

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WILLIAM FREND DE MORGAN

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Let me, by the way, say here that "Joseph Vance" is not Mr. De Morgan's own ill-written autobiography. Why any one should think it is passes comprehension; but since his letter-box (with the congested condition of which he no longer makes any endeavor to cope) proves that the world is full of people who want to be assured one way or the other on that point, let me assist him towards the removal of error by saying once again that it is not. The story was invented by him, and made to live by his genius; and it has, of course—as all good novels, and especially all first novels, have—many little transcriptions from life and experience, such, for example, as Mr. Christopher Vance's delightful habit of forgetting the real name of every one he met and employing others; which belonged also to an uncle of the author's. But it is, as a story, pure invention. As for Lossie, for whom so many readers feel that they could die, she was not only a creation of Mr. De Morgan's brain, but so, too, was her name, Lossie being a diminutive hitherto unknown, for which, when the time came, its inventor had to find a full-length baptismal original, hitting upon Lucilla for that purpose.

There is more of Mr. De Morgan's own history in "Alice-for-Short" than in any other of the books, for the adventures of Charles Heath are largely his own, in the days before he established his kiln in Cheyne Row, two doors from Carlyle, and varied the monotony of making pottery by taking the philosopher for walks and failing to understand anything that he said, not for want of intellect, but for want of a glossary to the Ecclefechan tongue.

Mr. De Morgan comes of very interesting stock. His father was Augustus De Morgan, the Professor of Mathematics at University College (where he was succeeded by the late W. K. Clifford) and the author, among many other books, of a very suggestive and ingenious work, contributed serially to The Athenæum, called "A Budget of Paradoxes," which I read years ago and found extremely entertaining, although mathematics is as foreign to my mind as Romansch or braille. A quaint humor and a robust common sense are visible throughout this volume, and they crop up continually in the Memoir of the author by his widow, which was published in 1882.

Thoughts of Dickens are never very distant as one reads our Mr. De Morgan's pages. In the Memoir of his father (who adored his Boz) we once meet the great man almost face to face. Let Mrs. De Morgan tell the story:

> Some little time ago I came upon a letter from Mr. Dickens to us both, dated 1840. A difference of opinion had arisen between my husband and myself on the meaning of one of the illustrations in "Nicholas Nickleby," that in which Mrs. Kenwigs, her four daughters, with Miss Petowker the fireman's daughter, and the reciter of the Blood-drinker's Burial, appear. Mr. De Morgan believed that the stout lady was the fireman's daughter, and the thin lady the mother of the little girls who were "too beautiful to live." The dispute ran so high that it could only be settled by an appeal to headquarters. Accordingly, Mr. De Morgan sent a letter to the author from "a lady and gentleman who, being husband and wife, seldom agreed about anything, though they were in one mind in admiration of the novel," entreating the author to adjudicate the question. We received the following reply:
>
> "1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, April 12, 1840.
>
> "Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments both to the gentleman and the lady who do him the honour to differ upon an illustrated point in 'Nicholas Nickleby,' and begs to inform them that the lady sitting down is intended for Mrs. Kenwigs, and the lady standing up for the designing Miss Petowker. But Mr. Dickens begs the gentleman and lady unknown to take especial notice that neither of their portraitures is quite correct, Mrs. Kenwigs being constitutionally slim and delicate and of a slight figure (quite unimpaired by her frequent confinements), and Miss Petowker a young female of some personal attractions, set off by various stage effects and professional captivations."
>
> This was according to my husband's impression, so he was triumphant and I crestfallen.

One of Augustus De Morgan's remarks (by the way) was to the effect that every man's mother was Mrs. Nickleby and every man's wife Mrs. Caudle, which is quite in the son's manner. Another extract I may make from the Memoir—a passage on the family name from a letter from Augustus De Morgan to Sir John Herschell:

> . . . As to the little dees—De Mogorgon—it is not the first time. My old friend Farish (the professor's son) could not call

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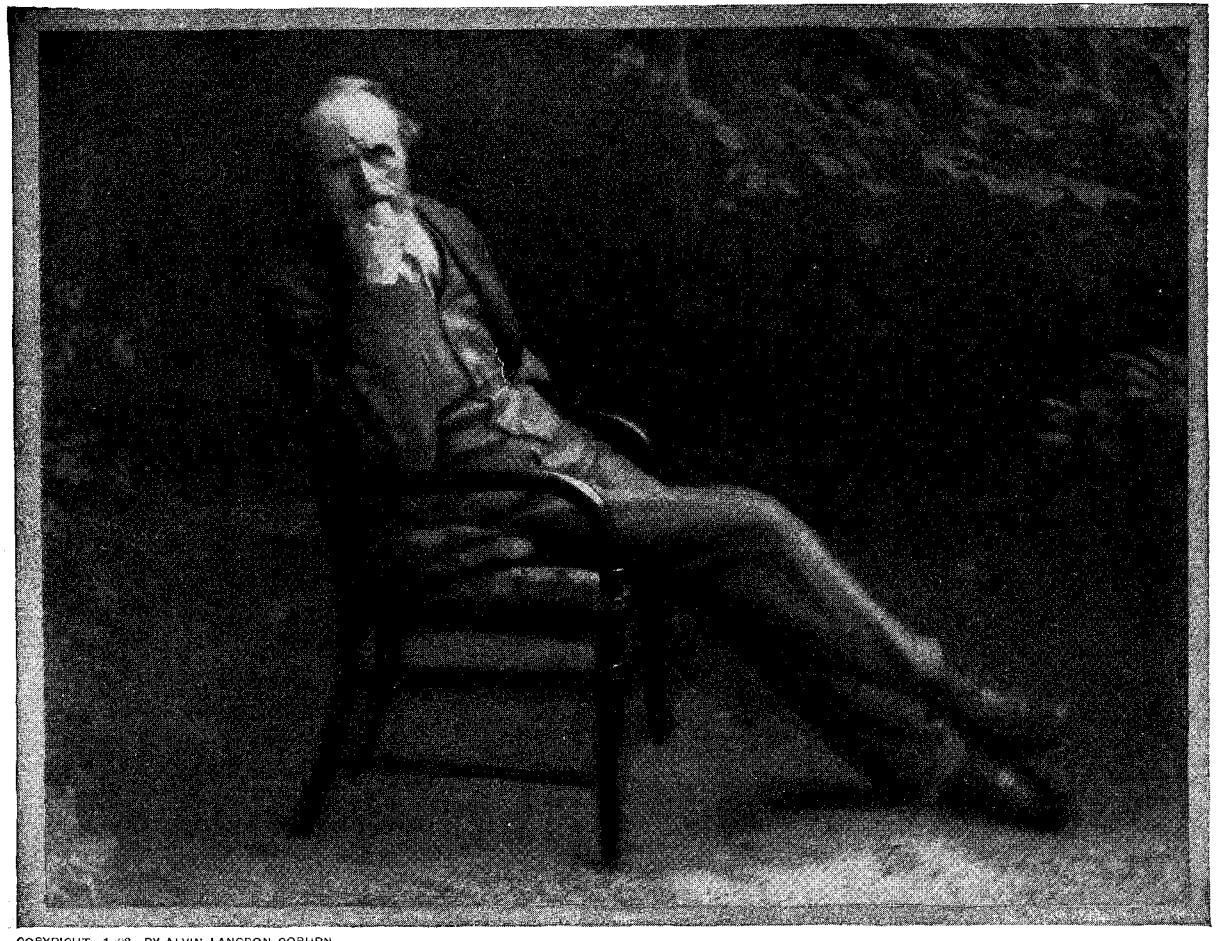

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DE MORGAN

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me anything else; it went against his conscience up to the day of his death. "But why is the gentleman not called De Mogorgon?" I am constantly tempted to make a mistake in one Greek name, because in the second-hand book lists it always comes after mine. Look into any "book list" of a miscellaneous character, and you will see the succession following:—

De Moivre
De Morgan
De Mosthenes.

Augustus De Morgan, who was the son of Lieutenant-Colonel De Morgan, an officer in the Indian army, was born at Madura in the Madras Presidency in 1806. He married Sophia, the daughter of a very remarkable and courageous man of some prominence in his day—William Frend, of Cambridge, from whom our Mr. De Morgan takes his name. William Frend, who was born in 1757, was educated for the Church, and became rector of Madingly near Cambridge, where he was tutor. It was while he held this living that he became converted to Unitarianism; and his subsequent publications on this creed, together with certain attacks on the Church liturgy, led to prosecution by the University; and he was removed from the office of tutor and required to leave Cambridge. The trial caused considerable public feeling, not only in Cambridge but elsewhere, and, whatever opinion was held of Frend's action, no one doubted his integrity of conscience. On settling in London Frend became an actuary for an insurance company, and died in 1841 He was a man of unusual intelligence and much humor, and was incidentally one of the pioneers of penny postage.

Mrs. Augustus De Morgan's book of reminiscences, "Threescore Years and Ten," in the preparation of which, as in that of "A Budget of Paradoxes," our Mr. De Morgan helped, is exceedingly good reading, with a number of stories of Lamb, whom Mrs. De Morgan knew well. I think that Mr. De Morgan also, in due time, will take to reminiscences. The habit, indeed, is not only in his own family, but his wife's, Mrs. William De Morgan being a daughter of the Anna Maria Wilhelmina Pickering (a descendant of the Stanhopes and of the Cokes of Norfolk) whose Memoirs, published in 1903, were so very entertaining. Mrs. De Morgan herself is an artist; one of her sisters recently wrote the excellent biography of the great Coke of Norfolk.

Mr. De Morgan's own career is briefly told. He was born in 1839 and educated (like Mr. Chamberlain) at University College School. He became first a painter. His instructor, by the way, forms another link with Lamb, for it was Francis Cary, son of Cary of the British Museum (at whose official residence Lamb once exceeded), the translator of Dante; while the younger Cary himself was the painter of that picture of Charles and Mary Lamb together in their room which hangs in the National Portrait Gallery. Mr. De Morgan passed from Cary to the Academy Schools, but when he was about twenty-five he gave up painting pictures for designing stained glass, and a few years later he gave up stained glass for pottery. To this branch of art he remained true, though financially not too successful, until 1904, when "Joseph Vance" was written.

And here I would remark that if I have said anything to suggest that the De Morgan pottery failed in any other way than to find enough purchasers, I have made a great mistake. Many good judges consider the exquisite tiles and vessels designed and colored by Mr. De Morgan to be among the artistic triumphs of the last century. Never since the Persians has so beautiful a blue burned on earthenware. I know more than one room that is distinguished and lifted by the presence of this color and its confederate green. Neither Mr. De Morgan's paintings nor his stained glass have I seen, but I know his illustrations, both graceful and grotesque, in his sister Mary's volume of fairy tales called "On a Pincushion," a very pretty collection that ought to be republished.

Readers of novels are a strange folk, upon whose probable or even possible tastes no wise book-maker would ever venture a cent; and rarely have they bestowed their sudden patronage more unexpectedly than upon Mr. De Morgan's histories of family life. For consider what he was offering when "Joseph Vance" crept into the world three or four years ago, and at once conquered—

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a very long (230,000 words) novel of middle-class and laboring people in mid-Victorian England, circumstantial to the least detail, very deliberate in movement, without any raptures of passion or heights of any kind, without romantic glamour or excess, without intrigue, and one might almost say without plot. And yet, in spite of this, in spite of the abnormal length of the book, in spite of the author's new name, and absence of those trumpet-blasts with which we in England and perhaps you in America are becoming so miserably familiarized, "Joseph Vance" instantly made its way, and thousand succeeded thousand, and every dinner-table (the best advertising medium) canvassed and extended its merits.

And then came "Alice-for-Short," of the same outrageous length, and then "Somehow Good," each doing the same thing, each capturing its thousands too, and assisting parents of new babies to novel names, and even helping to the christening also of new boats; for Mr. De Morgan, when I met him, had just heard with much pleasure of a "Merpussy" at Henley. And why all this popularity? Well, the reason is, I take it, that "Joseph Vance" and its companions are sincere and sympathetic and humorous. Life in their crowded pages is seen through the humorous eyes of one who loves his fellow-men, and is interested chiefly in their sweeter and more conversable side.

I have no evidence—there is no census of Mr. De Morgan's readers—but it would surprise me to find that he is as much enjoyed by readers under forty as over. He seems to me the ideal novelist for the old. Yet, whatever their age, the readers of these books feel themselves to be in the hands of a man of ripe experience, who possesses (as Lowell said of Holmes) "wisdom tempered with a smile." We fall instantly under the kindly spell, and, thus hypnotized, all is easy; it becomes simpler to read on than to stop. One is lulled by these books as in a hammock.

Another thing. We like to smile more than to laugh, and Mr. De Morgan keeps us smiling. His success is the triumph of the humorist, and I consider Mr. De Morgan almost the perfect example of the humorist; certainly the completest since Lamb—by humorist meaning one who brings to this life a lovable whimsicality of his own, and a desire to discover it in others, and who never, under any conditions, however serious, loses either the gift or the desire. There is nothing in any of Mr. De Morgan's books, any more than in Lamb's essays, to make one laugh outright; nothing as there is in Dickens and Mark Twain, for example; but, on the other hand, there is hardly a single page that is free from a smile. They are of a piece; the author is always true to his idiosyncrasy, and sets up no bulkheads between serious and comic. Mr. De Morgan's humor has also the attraction of being normal humor. It irradiates normal life; we can check it and find it accurate.

Humor, however, is not all. There must also be enough dramatic interest to hold the reader, enough fidelity to the fact in the character-drawing to persuade. Mr. De Morgan loves character, and he has given himself every freedom in creating pleasant people. In the De Morgan world it is hard to find an unattractive figure even among the less admirable. One feels them to be the creations of a mind writing to please itself, and therefore writing the kind of fiction that it wants to read. Hence the charm of the young women. Whether he made them so attractive for himself or for us matters nothing, but, when all is said, it is, I suspect, these same young women who have done most to carry Mr. De Morgan into editions. Lossie and Janey and Peggy and Alice, and perhaps, above all, Sally. All brave and humorous and gay, and all trailing clouds of glory from the fairyland from which they have just come. I can imagine Mr. De Morgan taking up his own novels (for, as his mother's illustrious friend proved, a good man may laugh at his own joke) and reading and re-reading them with extraordinary interest and pleasure. He talks about them as if they were a surprise also to himself.

And that reminds me that I have said nothing of his personality. He will not, I am sure, think me rude if I say that if a high-spirited caricaturist set to work

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upon him he would probably produce something a little like a lamp-post with an ostrich's egg set upon it. He has the sparest, slenderest figure, surmounted, as Mr. Coburn's photograph shows, by a fine, dome-like forehead, not unlike the forehead of his friends Tennyson and Swinburne. In conversation he is whimsical, his stories being of that pleasant variety which loiter and laugh on the way rather than come brilliantly to the point. Odd names fascinate him—whether of cooks (he has first-rate stories of cooks, both English and Italian, sober and otherwise) or streets, and he was delighted when I met him with the recent discovery of an alley called Crooked Usage in his own Chelsea.

But to return to the books. I once heard a hostile critic—by which I mean a critic who came as near hostility as Mr. De Morgan permits—describe the novels as "fairy tales flavored with bulls-eyes." I know exactly what he meant; but on thinking over this remark—which applies of course more to "Joseph Vance" and "Alice-for-Short" than to "Somehow Good," where there are no basements and very little London stuffiness—it seems to me more compliment than censure. At any rate, I know that if I could write a novel of modern life that would at once be read by thousands of my fellow-creatures and be called a fairy tale, I should let the bulls-eyes go and be very happy, not on account of the revenue, but because I should feel I had done precisely what, in my opinion, it is the chief duty of a novelist to do: that is, to come near enough to life to persuade the reader, and yet never so near as to disgust him. As an instance of what I mean, we have only to take Christopher Vance's drunkenness. Nothing in life can be so hideous and offensive as drunkenness, and there is no doubt that in real life Christopher Vance cut an ugly enough figure whether he was maudlin or pugnacious. But Mr. De Morgan, while showing unmistakably enough that it was drink that brought about his ruin and death, and never blinking the fact at all, is scrupulous never to obtrude any horrible beeriness. He holds a middle course between the jovial delight of Dickens in the alcoholic excess of others and the sordid details of the realist.

Not, however, that Mr. De Morgan is not a realist. I think that to a large extent he is—certainly in the narration of thoughts he comes very near to realism, and his dialogue is often unusually like life; but it is the realism of the fairy-tale teller, the realism of one who has lived long enough to know that the naked fact can be too ugly. As an example of his skill in employing minute and truthful detail, I would cite the passage where Lossie is informed by Joseph of her father's illness. Dr. Thorpe had had a seizure in the library, and Joe ran up to tell his daughter. He knocked at Lossie's door. "She thinks it is shoes, and says put them down outside. I reply—'It's me—Joe. I want you,' and she opens the door, pulling on a dressing-gown with a scared face. She sees half of it at once. 'Then Papa's ill,' she says." And so on. There is no little art there, and not the least adroit piece of art is the phrase about the shoes, for it not only brings the scene before one, but it also sets the event in its place, life having nothing quite pure, not even death, but everything being blended—nobility with triviality, tragedy with comedy, mortality with activity.

Mr. De Morgan's pages abound also in little pieces of close observation which, like his humor, we also can check; as, for example, when he refers, in "Somehow Good," to that period of a bus-ride when "the conductor sits inside like a lord and classifies documents." Every one reading this will remember its truth and smile; but no writer has ever thought to mention it before, and henceforward no writer who does mention it will do so better. But Mr. De Morgan's imitators have not yet really begun. It will be an awful moment when they do get to work.

"Joseph Vance" is perhaps richest in these little details, as is natural with first novels, and especially the first novels of observant men who have not begun to write until they are turned sixty. Mr. De Morgan confessed to me that one reason why "Joseph Vance" was easier

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to write, and, in a way, pleasanter to write, than the others, was that he could go ahead with no fear that he was repeating himself; whereas when it came to "Alice-for-Short" and "Somehow Good" and their successors (not yet published), he was continually haunted by a dread that he had said this or that before. It would matter very little to us if he had, but Mr. De Morgan himself would consider such lapses slovenly.

I asked him what were his methods of work, and he replied that his only method was to sit before a piece of paper with his pen in his hand—in summer in Chelsea, and in winter in Florence—and wait for the words to come. It sounds very simple. About two thousand words a day is his average, and he rejects about as much as he keeps. He has a very definite general idea before him, but many of the details surprise him as much as they surprise the reader. In other words, his novels, like Topsy, are not born, but grow. Long may they continue to do so!

A CHARMING BIOGRAPHY

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

ONE of the penalties of distinction is the possibility of falling into the hands of a literal, heavy-handed biographer to whom all facts have the same value, or a biographer with a dramatic turn of mind who sets out to make a brilliant or striking character sketch with slight regard for fidelity of contour or coloring. One finishes Mr. Greenslet's account[1] of Aldrich with the feeling that he has nothing to fear from any future meeting with that charming artist and captivating wit; his task—if the writing of a book so delightful to read could have been other than a pleasure—has been accomplished with perfect discretion and tact. A nice sense of proportion is conveyed by the size of the book, the discrimination in the use of the material, the balancing of vital and artistic elements, the restraint and ease of the style. Mr. Greenslet happily strikes the golden mean between condensation and undue expansion; no one will miss any essential fact, nor will any one feel that the story is a page too long. The story is told, moreover, with a free hand; picturing as it does a writer of the most exacting standards and the most sensitive artistic instinct, it is a vital and not an academic study, and cannot fail to convey to readers who never heard Mr. Aldrich's voice an impression of his personal charm. Perhaps the quality in this life which would have given Mr. Aldrich the deepest satisfaction is the lightness of touch which gives personal and artistic values their full weight, but adds no weight of its own. To say this is to say that Mr. Greenslet has written his biography in the key of Mr. Aldrich's work and has painted his portrait as carefully and with as little emphasis of toil as Mr. Aldrich would have done if, like some painters, he made a portrait of himself.

It was a fortunate life which Mr. Greenslet has recorded; a career essentially uneventful, but rich in interests, friends, achievement. Born in pleasant, "history-haunted" Portsmouth, where the home of "Tom Bailey," the real author of "The Story of a Bad Boy," has become a literary landmark, Mr. Aldrich spent three years of boyhood in New York not far from Laurence Hutton's home; three years in New Orleans; eight additional years in New

[1] The Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich. By Ferris Greenslet. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

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York; and the rest of his life in Boston; "though I am not genuine Boston, I am Boston-plated," he said in those later years when he fitted into the old town almost as perfectly as Dr. Holmes himself. "Dr. Holmes *is* old Boston," he used to say; to younger men he himself became the incarnation of the Boston of the middle age, the "last enchantments" of which still linger about a little group of people in a few choice places. Portsmouth gave him a grandfather of the right sort and a background of captivating possibilities of adventure, and he has given Rivermouth a place in literature and in that ever-renewed dream of boyhood which is one of the perennial possessions of men; New Orleans gave him tropical sounds, sights, and odors, and pictures of flaring torches moving on half-seen landings on mysterious voyages up the Mississippi; New York offered first a "job" in a shipping office, then a door of approach to his vocation, later a group of friends of like passion for poetry, a varied editorial experience, and, finally, a ticket for Boston.

It may tax the credulity of the skeptical, but it was probably fortunate that "Tom Bailey" did not go to Harvard, and that he did go to work in a counting-room at 146 Pearl Street, and lived on Eighth Street where he could look down MacDougal Street to Washington Square. Nature had made him fastidious; he had a distinct bent for the exact word, for the most delicate fidelities of shading; if he had gone to college he might have become a stylist, and written in the dialect of the cultivated rather than in the vernacular of his fellow-mortals. The conflict between sentimentality and humor was comparatively brief in his case, and the issue was decisive after considerable experimentation. The young clerk one day wrote a poem on the backs of bills of lading and printed it in a business journal; and straightway a national reputation met him at the very outset; a fact full of significance for those young verse-writers who feel aggrieved because reputation does not fall upon their necks and bring them garlanded to the House of Fame. A real poem almost always flies easily and swiftly. "Babie Bell" is not without faults; but there are both art and heart in it.

The Knickerbocker school still survived in the years between 1852 and 1860, but a more gifted and brilliant group practiced a mild Bohemianism at Pfaff's: Bayard Taylor, versatile, facile, and overflowing with generous life; Stedman, alert, eager, gallantly starting on his restless and tireless career, honorable alike in letters and in action; Stoddard, lately come from the foundry and full of ambition; Edwin Booth, a victim of the tragedy of circumstance and a master of the tragedy of personation; Henry Clapp, "a clever, morose little man, a hater of the brownstone respectability of his day;" Ludlow, whose "Hasheesh-Eater" once promised to rival the popularity of "The Opium-Eater;" George Arnold, whose verse Mr. Winter collected and prefaced with the story of his brief career; and Fitz James O'Brien, who spent forty thousand dollars in two years in generous Irish fashion and then set about the serious business of supporting himself. O'Brien once borrowed forty dollars from Mr. Aldrich to pay for a suit of clothes, and, when he had the money in hand, Goldsmith-like, gave a dinner to which he failed to invite his creditor! A little later, when a misunderstanding led O'Brien to challenge Aldrich to mortal combat, the latter reminded his irate debtor that the etiquette of dueling forbade a man to challenge another while he owed him money!

Boston gave Aldrich the permanent conditions of his life and the friendship of the group of writers who have contributed to American literature its most notable chapter and to American Letters some lasting definitions of art and life. It is a story of fortunate years, of varied and warm-hearted friendships; of a devotion to art unshaken by the tumults of the times, uninterrupted by personal vicissitude, undisturbed by the furious pursuit of strange gods that have made Boston a clearing-house of ancient philosophies and modern heathenisms. In Mount Vernon Street, at Ponkapog, at Tenant's Harbor, one always found unaffected and easy hospitality, an unforced and uninterrupted flow of wit, and a glimpse of a romance which began in

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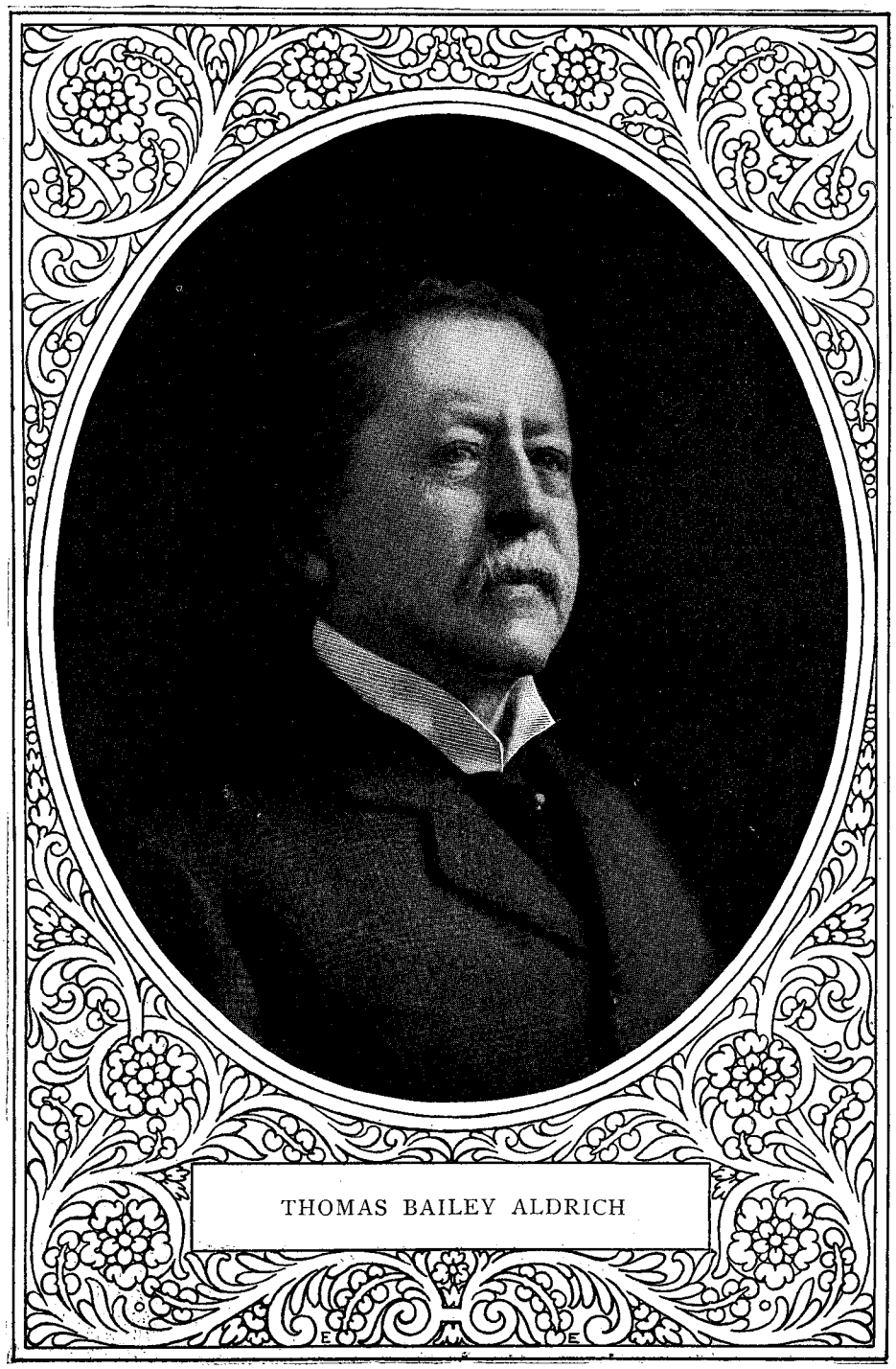

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

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Edwin Booth's rooms in the fall of 1862, and which still wears the air of the morning in a beautiful transformation of its ministry of intimate companionship into a ministry of commemoration. There were many journeys beyond sea, there were the comings and goings of a host of friends and acquaintances; but the house in Beacon Street gave more than it received and gathered to itself a wealth of associations of which Aldrich was not so much the custodian as the creator.

Mr. Greenslet has made generous use of the letters of these golden years of happiness and work and the opulent idleness of a full mind at peace with the world. Here is one full of the overflowing fun which made the receipt of a letter from Aldrich an event:

Mt. Vernon St., Boston, Nov. 12, 1895.

Dear Howells,—

As I cannot, in my present sterile state of mind, make any presentable "copy" for the magazines, I am just boiling over with letters. I remind myself of the boy described by Lowell,—the poor little chap who was so full of tears (at the prospect of returning to boarding-school) that if you joggled him he spilt. I shed letters at the slightest provocation, and your provocation is very great. I spare neither age nor sex—with a preference for persons of my own years, weighing about 160 pounds. The thing that saves me from being a nuisance is that I do not feel the least hurt if I don't get letter for letter. If my correspondent will only let me blaze away at him, and hasn't the desire to inflict some personal injury on me when he meets me, I consider that I have the best of the bargain. How long this is going to last I don't know. I was never before afflicted with the disease. But I am running away from the intention of this note. I want to say that the little volume you mention is simply a gathering of the verses which seem best to me in my last three or four books. The poems are not Later Lyrics, excepting in the sense that they were written subsequently to my two previous ("too previous," Woodberry suggests) volumes of selections in the same kind. I send the book to you in your unofficial capacity, since by so doing I may send my love with it. . . .

Faithfully yours,
T. B. ALDRICH.

To a friend who had made some comment on his verse he wrote:

. . . I like to have you say that I have always cared more for the integrity of my work than for any chance popularity. And what you say of my "aloofness" as being "due in part to a lack of quick sympathies with contemporary experience" (though I had never before thought of it) shows true insight. To be sure, such verse as "Elmwood," "Wendell Phillips," "Unguarded Gates," and the "Shaw Memorial Ode" would seem somewhat to condition the statement; but the mood of these poems is not habitual with me, not characteristic. They did, however, grow out of strong convictions. . . . I have always been instinctively shy of "topics of the day." A good poem on some passing event is certain of instant success; but when the event is past, few things are more certain of oblivion. Jones' or Smith's lines "to my lady's eyebrow"—which is lovely in every age—will outlive nine-tenths of the noisy verse of our stress-and-storm period. Smith or Jones, who never dreamed of having a Mission, will placidly sweep down to posterity over the fall of a girl's eyelash, leaving about all the shrill didactic singers high and dry "on the sands of time." Enviable Jones, or Smith!

Aldrich's criticism was lighted by humor, but it never lacked pith and point, as the comment in this letter to Hutton shows:

. . . I've just been reading Lowell's letters. How good and how poor they are! Nearly all of them are too self-conscious. Emerson and Whittier are about the only men in that famous group who were not thinking about themselves the whole while. They were too simple to pose, or to be *intentionally* brilliant. Emerson shed his silver like the moon, without knowing it. However, we *all* can't be great and modest at the same moment!

Ever yours, T. B. A.

Tell Mark that I love him just the same as if he hadn't written successful books.

The tenderness of his heart finds expression in a few beautiful words descriptive of the burial of Booth:

We reached Mount Auburn a few minutes before sunset. Just as Edwin was laid in the grave among the fragrant pine-boughs which lined it, and softened its cruelty, the sun went down. I never saw anything of such heartbreaking loveliness as this scene. There in the tender afterglow two or three hundred men and women stood silent, with bowed heads. A single bird, in a nest hidden somewhere near by, twittered from time to time. The soft June air, blowing across the upland, brought with it the scent of syringa blossoms from the slope below. Overhead and among the trees the twilight was gathering. "Good night, sweet Prince!" I said, under my breath, remembering your quotation. Then I thought of the years and years that were to come—for us not many, surely—and if there had not been a crowd of people, I would have buried my face in the greensward and wept, as men may not do, and women may. And thus we left him.

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THE TARIFF IN ACTION

BY ROBERT SLOSS

WHEN is a chair not a chair? When it passes through the Custom-House, importers will tell you.

But before you quarrel with that much-maligned institution, look up the law. It distinctly states, in the case of a chair, that only when "its component material of chief value" is manufactured wood may it be called a chair for customs purposes. If, for instance, its seat or back be covered with fine tapestry, the labor on which makes it more costly than any other part of the chair, then you must pay duty on the weight of the chair as manufactured wool at forty-four cents a pound, and fifty-five per cent besides on the value of the entire chair as tapestry.

Of course the importer who knows his business brings his chairs in at thirty-five per cent *ad valorem*, and his tapestry separately, and has them put together by American upholsterers—which is exactly what the Government wants him to do. And the only thing to tell him what to do is "An Act to provide revenue for the Government and to encourage the industries of the United States," which Congress passes every decade or so.

But that is only the prescription; the dose has to be administered to a wry-faced commercial world. That is why it is said, by even those who administer it, that just about the time a tariff is beginning to be understood it is superseded.

You may think that after the law is passed all that is left is to collect the duties. You may pause before the magnificent new Custom-House of our first seaport, and picture to yourself the comfortable clerical machinery installed there for gathering in four-fifths of the country's tariff revenue. But you have then apprehended only a minor and perfunctory side of the task. For in that building they may not sit at the receipt of custom with the complacency possible in the other department from which the Government derives the rest of its income. The collection of the Internal Revenue involves merely the sale of so many stamps to cover so many thousand cigars or gallons of liquor. But the Collector of the Port, though purely an executive officer—there to *make* the importer do as the Government wants—must be able to say not only when a chair is not a chair, but whether a cane is dutiable as a cane at forty per cent of its value, or as a smokers' article at sixty per cent; whether a jewel case shall pay as manufactured wood at thirty-five per cent, or as silk plush at a dollar a pound and fifteen per cent *ad valorem;* whether a bolt of mixed goods shall be valued as all cotton or all linen; and a thousand other things, to arrive at which, you may opine, requires more than the knowledge of a mere tax-gatherer.

If you would know where he gets this knowledge, you must make the acquaintance of the United States Appraiser. It is he who advises the Collector what is found upon examination to be the classification and value of all goods entering the port, so that duties may be correctly levied upon them. And to accomplish this there has arisen with the vast growth of our commerce an institution known officially as the United States Appraiser's Warehouse, and popularly as the Public Stores.

Naturally, the greatest of these is in New York. In it eighty per cent of the imports of the country are appraised, representing values of about $800,000,000 in one year; and the magnitude of this work makes it the actual center of custom administration, wherein all disputes are settled and the tariff is interpreted for every American port.

If you wander over the wide central floor spaces, up and down the ten stories of this big building occupying a whole city block, it will all seem very monotonous and uninteresting. Everywhere are boxes, big and little, stacked in orderly regularity. But if you could see those boxes in the examiners' rooms, it would

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GEORGE W. WANMAKER
Appraiser for the Port of New York

be a liberal education in the merchandise of the world. You would appreciate what the openers and packers learn: methods of shipping goods, the entirety of which would form a valuable text-book for our American exporters. Here is a consignment of Japanese pottery, the wrappings of each piece almost as artistic and painstaking as the goods themselves; for the Japanese are the cleverest packers in the world. In another room you can study the containers of essential oils, from the careful copper cans of Italy to the dented kerosene tins South America refills and returns to us. If you but glanced at the bewildering array of merchandise in many of the rooms, your brain would spin in an effort to remember what you had seen, and you would begin to understand how ten different Divisions, each in charge of an Assistant Appraiser with a force of examiners and clerks, have grown up out of long experience in handling these goods.

The assignment of merchandise to these ten Divisions is mystifying to the outsider. You may approximate roughly that the Third Division takes care of all manufactures of silk and artificial silk; the Fourth, all manufactures of cotton, flax, hemp, ramie, and jute; but you will find so many exceptions and overlappings, even in these, that when you come to the other more miscellaneous divisions you will give it all up.

The Second Division is perhaps the

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most interesting, superficially, and the largest, occupying the entire fifth floor. In one of its rooms you will find an examiner to whom come all cloisonné ware, bronzes, curios, and antiquities (except furniture), hand-painted and fancy enamels, fans of all kinds, medals and memorial windows, and manufactures of ivory, and of bone, ivory, and wood, from China and Japan. In the next room an examiner looks after books, maps, post-cards, all printed matter, and lead pencils. In still another, paper and all manufactures of paper are examined by one man; while in another two examiners are required for porcelain ware, tiles and mosaics, china, earthen and glass ware (except druggists'). Another examiner has charge of all smokers' articles; another of all paintings, engravings, drawings, photographs, and their frames; and another of all gold and silver ware, jewelry, and precious stones.

The work involved in examining, classifying, and valuing the hundreds of different varieties into which this apparently simple array of goods ramifies, becomes staggering to the mind that attempts to understand it. On the table in the first room mentioned stand two beautifully hand-painted enameled vases. They were packed in separate cases, consigned by different shippers in France to totally different addresses here. Fortunately they arrived on the same steamer, and were opened up at the same time. It was plain that they were perfect mates, and that they were antiques of about the period of the Second Empire—two things the examiner must be able to tell at a glance.

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AN APPRAISER AND AN EXAMINER CONSULTING ON THE VALUE OF GOODS

When the value of a consignment is presumably less than one hundred dollars, it is permissible to enter it at the Custom-House without invoice, leaving it to the Appraiser to fix the value. Each of these vases was entered in that way. It is clear that these antiques are worth much more as a pair. Separately it might have been difficult to determine whether each was worth more than one hundred dollars, and the examiner would incline to give the importer the benefit of the doubt. At most, there was only the risk that he would advance the value of

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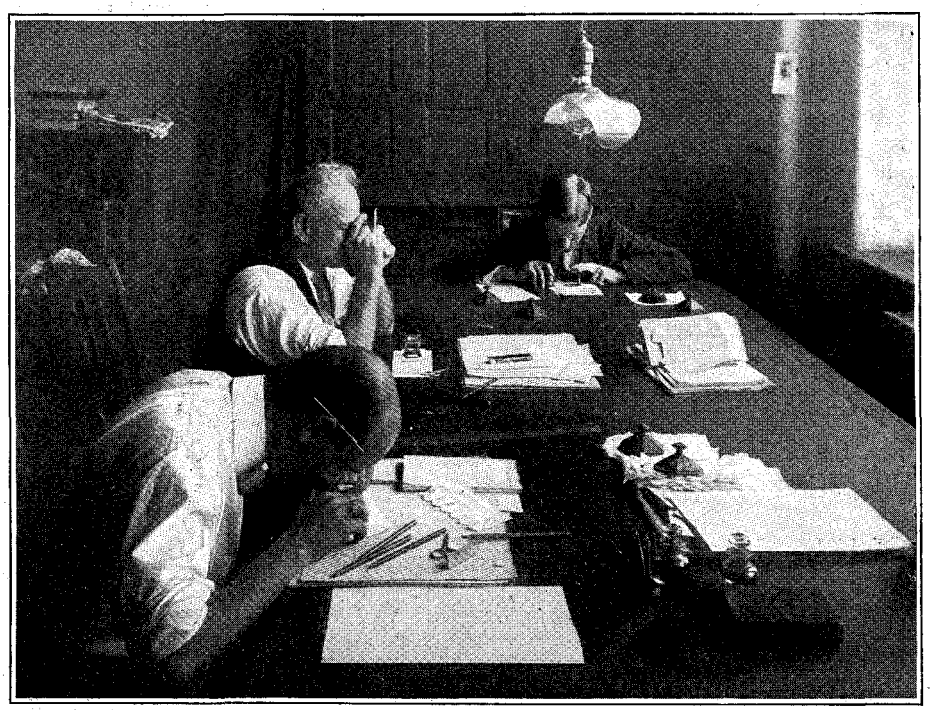
each above the hundred dollars. But here is presumptive evidence of the violation of the oath which the importer takes that he is the sole owner or consignee of the goods, and it is the duty of the Collector to detect the fraud and turn over the evidence to the United States District Attorney to punish the guilty party.

Such is but one example of the alertness and special knowledge required of the examiners in their daily work. Take



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ANALYZING TEXTILES

another in this division. It might seem perfectly simple to appraise diamonds. The duty on them is ten per cent *ad valorem*, except uncut stones, which come in free, because American workmen will do the cutting. But the necessity for the Government to examine free as well as dutiable goods is illustrated by a recent case.

A consignment of uncut diamonds, upon examination, was found to be marked in a peculiar way, each with a scarcely perceptible line of red ink. The costliest and most expert work in the finishing of a diamond is that of the cleaver. After he has planned and made the preliminary divisions, any lapidary can grind and polish the stone to the best advantage. These little red marks had been put on by some foreign cleaver, thus reducing to a minimum the amount of labor necessary to finish the stones after importation. The examiner refused to pass them as free goods. The importer immediately offered to wash off the marks. But he was taught a lesson for his attempt at evasion by being told that he might send the stones abroad again, have the marks removed, and reimport them; or else have them held for duty.

Thus the examiner must decide each matter on its own merits. And you can gain from these examples some idea of the expertness required to handle the thousands of cases involving vast values. Indeed, these men talk in millions as glibly as the ordinary merchant talks in thousands. Forty million dollars' worth of diamonds alone pass through the examiner's fingers in a single year—more than are handled by any other one man in the world. The examiner of paintings, while he talks to you, may be

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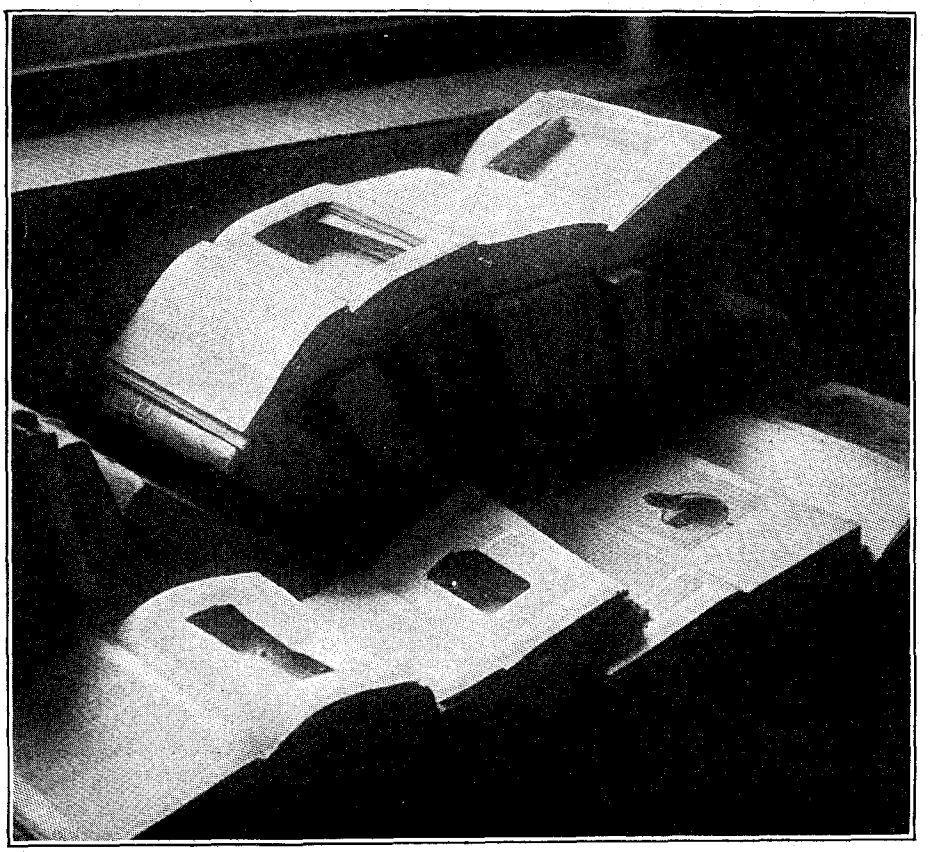
holding a Velasquez worth a quarter of a million, or about one thousand dollars per square inch. On the floor beside him may be a case of German daubs to be framed and sold in the cheap art stores. But every painting and engraving that comes into the port must go to him, and he must go over them to make sure that each is invoiced at its proper value.

It must not be supposed that the examiner of paintings bases his appraisal exclusively upon his personal judgment or knowledge of such objects. Very often experts and professional dealers are brought in to give opinions. There is little temptation for them to be dishonest, because to undervalue would be to give the importer, usually a rival, a business advantage; while to overvalue would be to set a precedent by which they themselves would some day suffer.

As a matter of fact, there is very little undervaluation in the line of old masters, because the American market value is largely determined to dilettante purchasers by the amount of duties exacted by Uncle Sam. Very often values are purposely inflated by the importers for this very reason. Not long ago a dealer brought in a copy of an old master worth about $500, which he invoiced as genuine and worth $10,000. The appraisers had no option but to pass the painting as invoiced and collect duties, although it was a foregone conclusion that the importer intended to exhibit the customs receipt as proof that the Government had O. K.'d the picture as genuine. The Government has no right, however, to presume that fraud is intended, as the importer might mistakenly have paid the price invoiced. All that the examiner can do is to make an official private record of the real valuation, in case later his judgment is aspersed. A



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THE LIBRARY IN THE SEIZURE ROOM, SHOWING HOW SOME PEOPLE TRY TO SMUGGLE VALUABLES THROUGH THE MAIL

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popular variation of this trick is to bring the fake painting in and have it placed in a bonded warehouse with the privilege of withdrawing from the country in case a sale is not made. If a victim is found, he pays the duties; otherwise the dealer can export the painting within a year by paying the Government one per cent of the duties due on the face of his inflated invoice.

And so we might go on through the rooms of the various examiners and learn of their special activities *ad infinitum*. You would hear that the Seventh Division takes care of all medicinal preparations, drugs, and chemicals, and

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A SEIZED CONSIGNMENT OF SUMATRA TOBACCO SHOWING SMUGGLERS' PACKAGES WHICH WERE BROUGHT IN UNDER THE COAT

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all scientific and surgical instruments and apparatus, and Dr. Knapp would show you one of the finest collections of standard drugs, kept for purposes of comparison with imports in determining their value and purity. You would not suspect that in a little room in this Division the examiner handles X-ray tubes and radium and all the rare chemical salts of such metals as platinum, iridium, etc., which often rival in value the diamonds and precious stones that come to Mr. Treadwell in the Third Division.

They will tell you roughly that the Ninth Division looks after all manufactures of metal, wood, and leather. But you would not know that you could find out there all there is to know about firecrackers and fireworks, balloons and airships and their accessories, yachts and automobiles. Practically all the automobiles enter through New York, and so heavy is the importation that they are appraised by a special examiner in a separate building down the street.

This is but one example of how the necessity of handling certain classes of goods expeditiously has developed special machinery and organization. For instance, the First Division, in addition to handling hides, rough woods, and a number of raw products, as well as theatrical costumes and properties, and live animals from elephants to white mice, has charge of all the valuation of passengers' baggage, appraisal of all dutiable articles found in foreign mail at the Post-Office, while to it come all registered mail packages and small parcels brought in by express companies and forwarders. On a day when several steamers arrive the rooms where this work is done present a scene of bewildering activity, for each one of the force of examiners who opens a small package must be just as careful to see that it is properly declared as if it were a large consignment.

But you have already seen enough to convince you that the task of the examiner is far from being perfunctory.

In his entry at the Custom-House the importer is required to classify his goods according to the tariff schedules as he understands them, and to produce the invoice, taking oath that it is authentic and the one that truly represents the value of the goods. Unless there is ground for suspicion that the invoice is fraudulent, the Collector orders one out of every ten packages into the Stores, the presumption being that, if its contents tally with the invoice, the whole shipment is correct. This obviates the necessity for an appraising force and facilities ten times as large as the present one, and prevents involving the importing business in ruinous delay. Naturally, where there are less than ten packages one is sent in, anyway; and where the whole consignment is in one case, it is examined entire. No importer may know what particular case will be examined, so there is little opportunity for crookedness. If it is even suspected upon examination, the Collector orders in the whole of every future consignment to that importer. No legitimate merchant takes the chance of that punishment or of the seizure and public sale of his goods if caught at deliberate undervaluation.

The invoice then becomes the talisman of the goods till their duties are finally liquidated. Upon its face the Collector's office computes the duties which, when paid, may release nine-tenths of the consignment to the importers, while the invoice remains the only indication of the contents and value of the packages till the remaining one-tenth are opened in the presence of the examiner.

With the invoice before him the examiner awaits the arrival of the cases. But he may not regard the invoice, for it is his duty "by all reasonable means in his power to ascertain, estimate, and appraise (any invoice or affidavit thereto, or statement of cost or of cost of production, to the contrary notwithstanding) the actual market value and wholesale price of the merchandise at the time of exportation to the United States, in the principal markets of the country whence the same has been imported."

The riddle is to find the foreign market value. On the ordinary run of goods this is comparatively easy with the elaborate machinery at the hand of the appraiser. Our consuls keep the vast library at the Stores supplied with the latest prices current furnished by boards of trade, and with manufacturers' trade lists and catalogues in all lines abroad.

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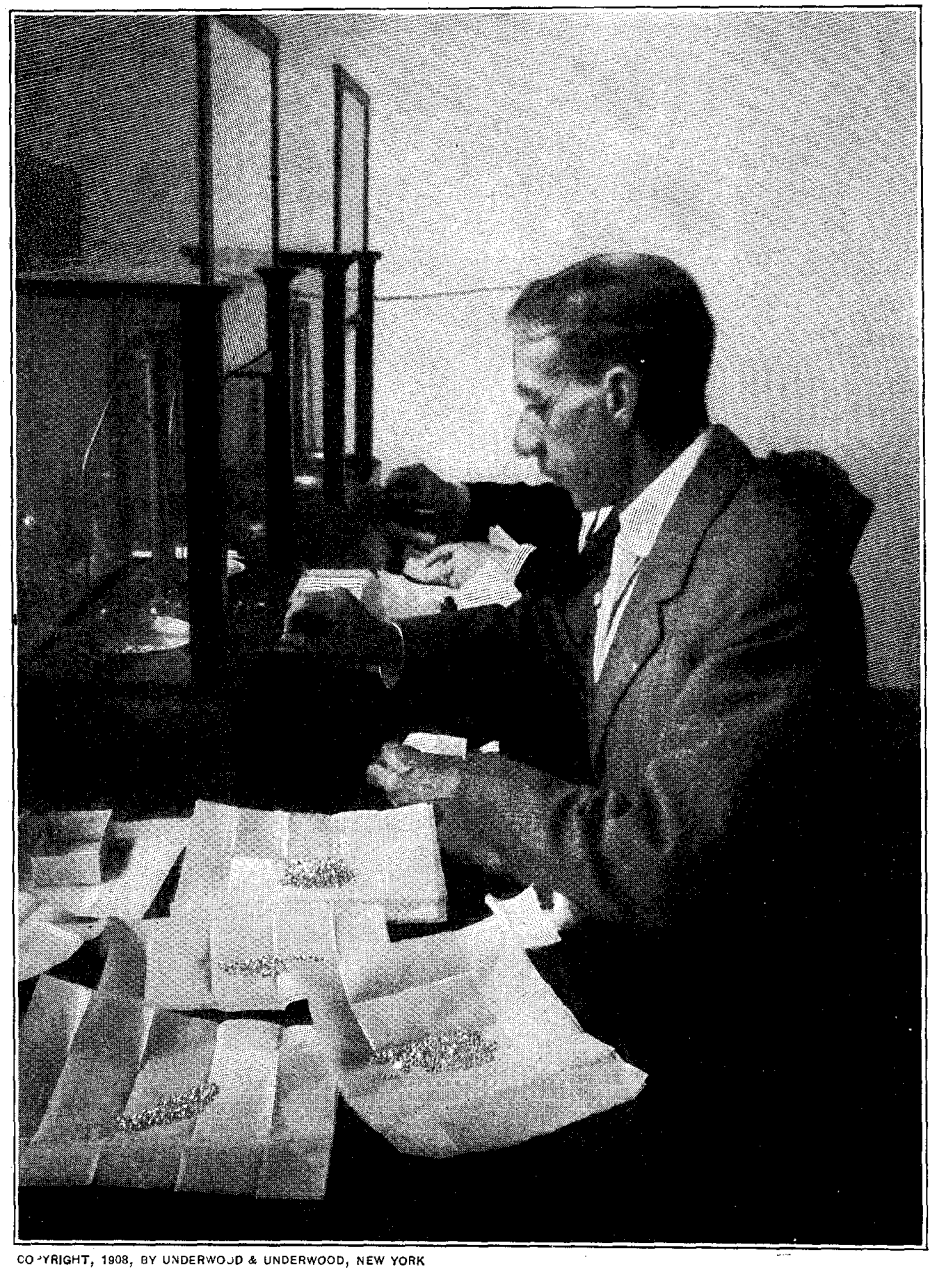
To the Stores come regularly every known foreign trade paper and publication giving market quotations, and from these a special Bureau lays every morning upon the desk of every examiner translations of any information he is likely to require. In cases where there is any obscurity, one of the special Treasury agents stationed in all parts of the world may be sent to ferret out peculiar market conditions.

But there are certain classes of goods made solely for the American market, and these the foreign manufacturers will not sell abroad. Should an American buyer approach them, he will be referred to the manufacturer's agent in New York, or will be quoted a price on the goods



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AN EXAMINER OF PRECIOUS STONES WORKING ON A CONSIGNMENT OF DIAMONDS

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delivered in America, duty paid. This is to make it impossible for the customs officials to establish a foreign market price upon which to base duties, it being proven time and again that the manufacturer invoices the goods far below actual value, and thus cheats Uncle Sam of his due. The supposed agent to whom the goods are consigned is, in most cases, only a salaried employee of the manufacturer who occupies desk room somewhere and books and delivers the goods at the American wholesale price.

Among the notorious dodgers in this respect were the silk makers of Lyons, France, and the manufacturers of St. Gall, Switzerland, whose products are laces and embroideries used extensively in this country. Efforts to appraise these goods by working backward from the American wholesale price never proved satisfactory, so the Government evolved the present highly efficient system based on the cost of production where the goods are manufactured.

The market value of cotton, linen, and other materials entering into these goods is easily ascertained. To find the actual cost of manufacture, Government agents are posted in the various centers, where they follow closely the wage scales paid workmen who make the goods, and ascertain what the rate is for piece-work on the different embroideries. It is all figured down to a point where so many stitches to a certain measure, on a certain class of goods, cost so much money. To this sum, in addition to the cost of raw material, is added a reasonable profit for the manufacturer, plus the cost of packing and shipping, and the appraisers have the approximate foreign value.

It remains now only to identify these goods to determine what duty they shall pay. Where the goods are familiar to the examiner, he passes them at values previously determined. But where the design or grade or weight is new, he sends a sample to the Textile Laboratory. Here a definite portion of the sample is weighed and placed under the microscope, where, thread by thread, it is picked apart, a careful count being kept of the number of stitches entering into the design, and the qualities and quantities of the yarn used. When this is determined, the analyst can, by simple multiplication, tell how many and what kind of stitches there are in the yard, and what proportions of the various yarns.

This Textile Laboratory is only one of the special plants experience has developed at the Stores to aid in the appraisal of certain classes of merchandise. There is, perhaps, no other commodity which varies more in its raw state than sugar. From Cuba or Germany it may contain seventy-five to eighty per cent of saccharine, while from the Philippines it will often average twenty to thirty per cent lower. The value obviously depends on how much actual sugar can be obtained in refining, and to charge a straight duty on raw sugar would be unfair. Therefore it is based on the percentage of saccharine contained. To determine this the Government employs an adaptation of the polariscope, which, when a solution of raw sugar is introduced, shows on a scale the percentage of saccharine.

Official samplers meet each vessel with a sugar cargo, and draw from every bag, as it comes over the side, a definite small portion. These samples are sent to the Stores in lots marked for identification, and with the weight of the bags they represent. Let us suppose a hundred samples are in a lot. These are thoroughly mixed together in the special room of the Eighth Division, and from the blend several new samples are placed in small cans bearing no other identifying mark than a number. Two cans are now sent to the polariscope room, and the other held against future emergencies.

The polariscopists do not know which two cans, among the thousands they receive, represent the same shipment, secrecy being maintained to insure careful analysis. A solution is now made from each sample, and this goes to the polariscopist, still bearing its number. He marks his findings and passes it to another for verification. Then the result is sent to the appraiser. Later in the day the other number from the consignment reaches the polariscopist, and receives the same treatment. When the appraiser finds that both numbers show the same

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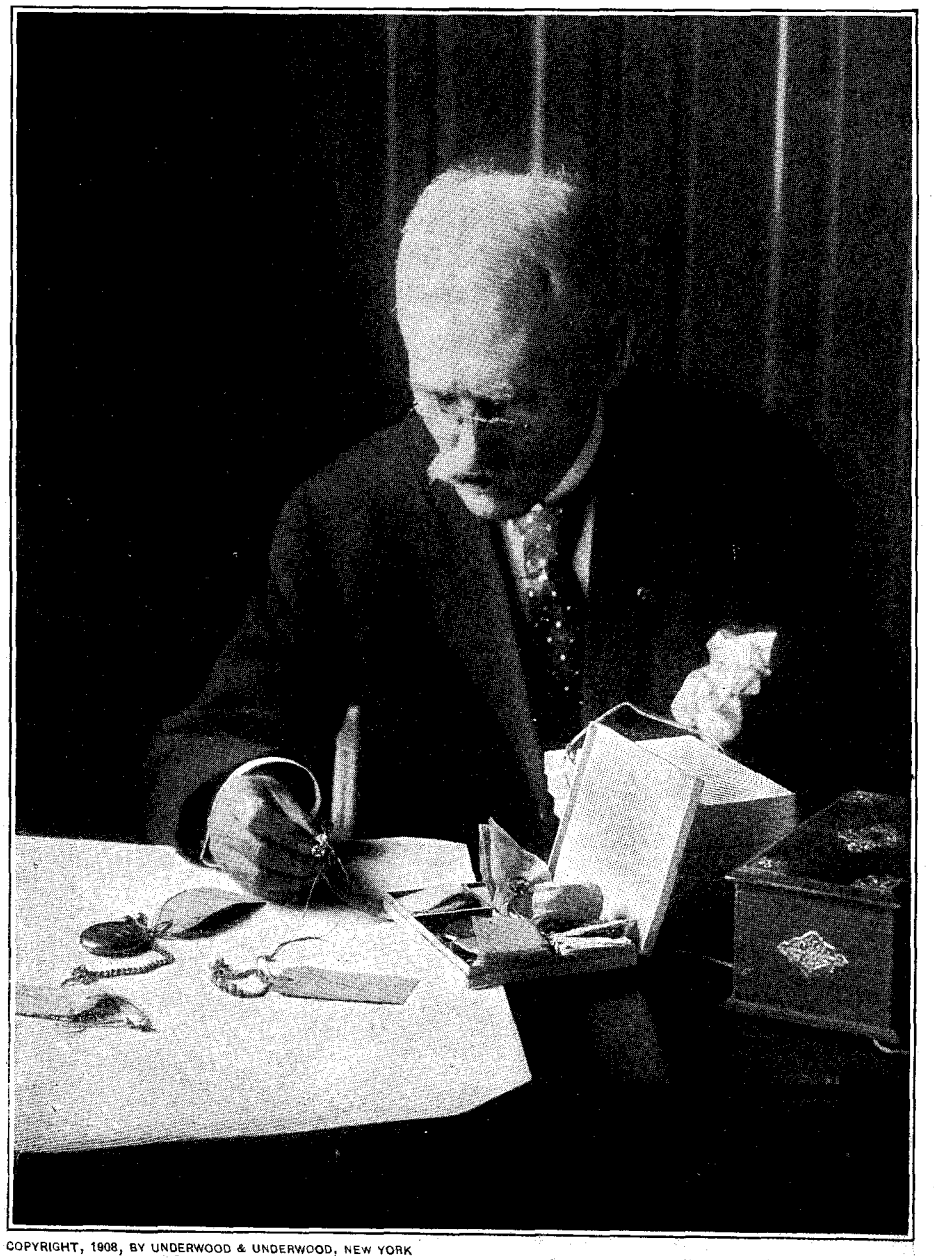
analysis, it is reasonably certain that the finding is correct, and duty is assessed accordingly upon the total weight of the hundred bags. Should there be any variance, or protest from the importer, there are still the reserve samples to subject to more exhaustive tests. To insure uniformity of the tests in all ports, samples of sugar are exchanged between them, and it is necessary that findings be alike. The polariscope room is but one of the activities of the large chemical laboratory at the top of the building, which furnishes its share of the special knowledge necessary to the appraisal of merchandise.

Next to this laboratory, on the same



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COLONEL STORY, IN CHARGE OF THE SEIZURE ROOM, EXAMINING GOODS TAKEN FROM A BAND OF "CROOKS"

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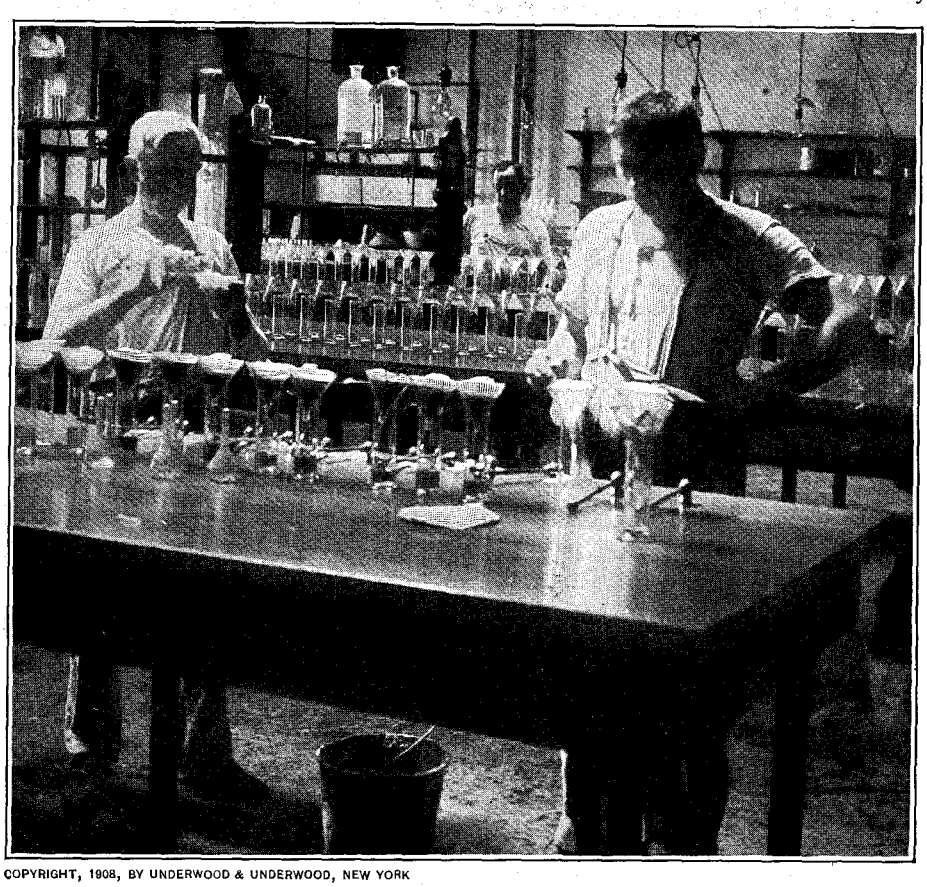
floor, is that of the Department of Agriculture, one of Dr. Wiley's activities, placed here for the detection of food and drug products that must be excluded because they fall below the standard of purity.

Thus, aided in one way or another, the examiner decides whether the invoice is correct as to values and classification. But even when such painstaking care is employed to determine correctly the basis on which the law specifies the duty must be imposed, the finding of the appraiser is not always satisfactory to the importer. And what happens then? you ask. In the old days such differences were referred to a special official, who called in two reputable business men in the city to help him decide. This was wisely superseded when, in 1890, Congress created the Board of United States General Appraisers. There are nine of these officers stationed on the tenth floor of the New York Public Stores, and it is their duty to hear and pass on all mooted cases of the customs throughout the country, one or more of them going periodically to other ports to clear up business.

An importer dissatisfied with the decision of an appraiser may protest it to the Board. Then one of them sits on the case. If his decision still does not satisfy the importer, he may take an appeal, when the case is again heard by three General Appraisers, and if it is a question of valuation, their decision is final. If, however, it is classification or rate of duty that is in question, the importer may again appeal to the United States Circuit Court, and thence to the Circuit Court of Appeals, and finally, on a writ of certiorari, to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Thus the fallacy of supposing that the examiner can use loose or arbitrary



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MIXING SAMPLES OF SUGAR FOR TESTING PREPARATORY TO APPRAISEMENT

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methods in appraising goods, least of all in classifying them, is obvious. Nor can he hold his place through political preference alone, without any particular knowledge of the goods he passes or advances. Should the importer protest to the General Appraisers, the examiner must go before the Board in the rôle of an expert and show convincingly the grounds upon which he bases his advance. The importer has a chance to present his claims, and that the Board is absolutely unbiased is proven by the cases in which the importer has been sustained.

It would not be possible for the examiner to save himself trouble by constantly undervaluing goods, because the Collector of the Port occasionally contends that the value should be higher than that fixed by the Appraiser, and in such cases the Collector holds the goods and sends the matter to the Board. He, too, is sometimes sustained and the value advanced. Thus the examiner is always between two fires. If he seem to err in either direction, he is certain to have to show cause to the Board; and it is clear that his original decision is the root of the matter, for, if he is sustained, it is his evidence in the higher courts which is depended on to make out the case for the Government.

Take mixed textiles, one item of the tariff schedules typical of the confusion that surrounds the appraisal of many others. On a certain date certain pieces of goods of cotton and linen mixed are passed at the rate of duty on cotton materials. Then, exactly one week later, the same examiner may hold exactly the same goods as linen, and the same importer has to pay the higher rate of duty to get his goods through the Custom-House.

Were there a specific duty on such mixed goods, or even a general *ad valorem* duty on admixtures of cotton and linen, there would be a certain percentage assessed on the value of the commodity, and there the matter would end. But in this case, as in many others, the law imposes duty upon the basis of whatever in the mixture has "chief value." So it must be classified as all cotton or all linen, according to which predominates in the piece.

But, you will say, this does not explain how the same goods could be one thing one day and another next week. Let us understand that most importers sail close in ordering mixed goods. It is considered good business to buy fabrics of linen and cotton in which the latter predominates just enough to have cotton declared chief value and pass them at the lower duty. All goes well as long as conditions abroad keep normal. But let there come one of those sudden changes in foreign markets where linen goes up several points or cotton declines appreciably. In either event, where the shading has been too close in the mixed goods, the linen thread in the mixture has more value than the cotton, and the whole is classified as linen.

Thus it is most often a case of the importer caught in his own trap. He cannot beat the exhaustive system by which the appraiser keeps informed of foreign market values of yarns and the methods by which he determines the exact proportions entering into their admixture.

Take a still more paradoxical case. On a certain date an importer has consigned to him a shipment of tablecloths and napkins of mixed cotton and linen. They match exactly, were made by the same factory of exactly the same yarns, and are decorated alike. The examiner passes the napkins as cotton, but appraises the tablecloths as linen, and the importer has to pay the higher duty on that part of the consignment.

The goods were of German make, fancy in design, and bearing around each border a deep red band. These red bands are always of cotton, and in the goods in question they were of the same depth on both tablecloths and napkins. In the latter the red cotton yarn, added to the cotton in the white ground, barely caused it to predominate as the chief value in the whole article. In the large tablecloths the proportion of red yarn to the whole was much less, making its chief value linen.

Occasionally importers enter protest upon grounds which seem far better based than these complaints. But they usually only prove the excellence of the work of the Textile Laboratory, where

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Mr. Rudolph Streuli, a German expert, and a dozen assistants, spend their days tearing apart fabrics thread by thread and weighing the various kinds to arrive at exact proportions.

An importer of mixed goods recently preferred charges against the head of the Textile Laboratory, maintaining that he was either incompetent or dishonest. As proof he submitted that although his goods were of standard quality and the market value of both linen and cotton had remained stationary, different consignments of the same goods had been reported, some cotton and some linen, chief value. Upon investigation it developed that the foreign manufacturer of these goods uniformly made them with a warp of No. 6 cotton yarn. The first few consignments on the contract were so made, and passed as cotton. Then the manufacturer ran short of No. 6 yarn, and, to avoid delay, substituted No. 10 yarn, which he had on hand. This is considerably lighter than the No. 6, although it looks about the same when woven up. But it made the linen in the mixture chief value by a slight margin. The examiner's sensitive fingers had detected some difference, and he had sent it to the laboratory for analysis.

Jewelry is a commodity which calls for particularly expert judgment in matters of classification. For instance, pearls as precious stones are dutiable at ten per cent, but the moment they are strung, as a necklace, for example, they become jewelry, and must pay sixty per cent. In the famous Leeds necklace case, which has been in litigation for years, a number of small consignments of loose pearls kept coming in in such a way as to arouse the suspicion of the examiner. He held them, and finally found that when they were all laid out together they constituted a matched-up necklace of great value. The law distinctly states that pearls unstrung are to be regarded as precious stones. But the assembling of a set of pearls properly matched and graded in size for a necklace often involves the work of years by an expert traveling over the world at a salary of $5,000 or so a year. Obviously, it advances the pearls in value far beyond the class of separate precious stones. It is not the mere addition of a string that makes the separate pearls a necklace, but rather the work of selection and preparation that goes before. However, the difficulty lies in proving the intention of the importer. In this case the manner of entry of these stones was suspicious, indicating intention to evade something. The examiner was confronted with a delicate question, in which he had to depend entirely upon his own judgment in making a decision. He finally valued them as a necklace, and an increased duty of $110,000 was imposed. After a long fight through the courts this decision was recently sustained by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, but only because the Government was able to prove that the pearls had been strung abroad and worn there as a necklace. The case may yet go before the United States Supreme Court.

Frequently the expert knowledge of an examiner in his line enables him to outwit importers who would morally defraud the Government by taking refuge behind some technicality in the tariff laws. Most of these cases, it might be noted, are among the unenumerated articles, particularly in those goods which had not been invented, and hence not anticipated, when the schedule was framed.

Not long ago an artificial silk yarn began to come through the New York Stores, and was referred to the examiner of linens. The yarn had all the appearance and luster of real silk, and was designed for exactly the same uses as the genuine. It was promptly classified as "silk yarn," in accordance with the similitude clause in the schedule which provides that where an article is not specifically mentioned duty may be imposed at the rate fixed on the commodity which it most resembles.

The importers protested that the artificial silk was really a form of cellulose that was pressed through minute holes in metal plates and thus manipulated to cobweb-like strands. The cellulose was made of cotton, and hence they claimed that the artificial silk was only manufactured cotton and should pay duty as such. The protest was taken into court, and though it was manifest that the goods were worth six times as much as

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ordinary cotton, the case was found for the importers. In addition the Government was ordered to refund to the importers some $600,000 which, under this ruling, had been overcharged on the yarn already brought in.

Immediately the court had rendered its decision, the examiner, who had been working on the problem from various angles, shifted his base of attack. If the court said it was cotton, he was prepared to appraise it on that basis. In order to appreciate the method by which he finally gained victory it is necessary to understand the rather puzzling system by which the Government fixes duty on cotton yarns or thread.

All such yarn pays a specified duty per pound according to the size of the initial strand or "single," as it is called. Where the "singles" are twisted into thread it pays an advanced rate, because of additional manufacture. But no matter how many "singles" may be twisted together, or how thick the finished thread, the rate of duty is always computed according to the size of the singles of which it is composed.

To illustrate, let us imagine coarse cotton yarn not advanced beyond "singles." It is a low size, and so pays only three cents per pound duty.

Now let us take various finished threads of the same thickness as each other and of the coarse yarn, which have been advanced by twisting "singles" of different size or gauge.

If the "singles" were of 15 size, the duty would be six cents per pound.

If the "singles" were of 80 size, the duty would be sixteen cents per pound. Above 80 size three-tenths of a cent per pound for each number is charged, so that thread of say 200 size "singles" would pay sixty cents a pound duty.

Now, this artificial silk, under the ruling that it was cotton, was classed as "singles," the idea being that the cellulose was simply fibers spun to a single strand. The examiner then analyzed the yarn

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ROOM WHERE MANUFACTURERS' SAMPLES OF FABRICS ARE EXAMINED

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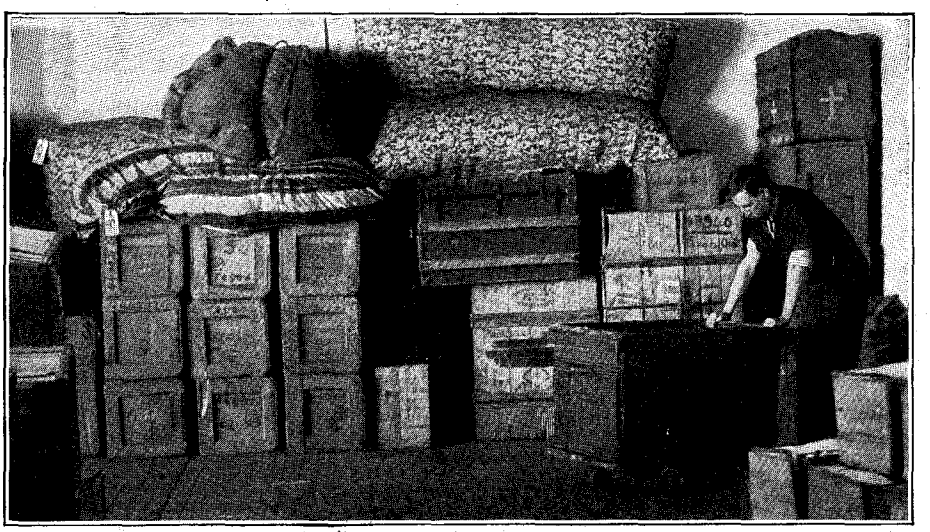
thoroughly, and discovered that each so-called "single" was in fact composed of eighteen or nineteen distinct strands of the cellulose, of such fineness that it brought the size of the actual "singles" to the unprecedented designation of about 450. At this size, cotton thread, according to the sliding scale, would pay $1.35 per pound, while real silk would pay as little as thirty-five cents per pound. Immediately the return was made on this new cotton basis the importers underwent a sudden change of mind. They got together and requested that the yarn be restored to the original silk classification without litigation, and surrendered their claims to the refund ordered by the court. Thus was established a precedent that saved Uncle Sam $600,000 immediately and many millions in the future.

In appraising at the *ad valorem* rate the examiner must often take into account other considerations than the obvious intrinsic value of the materials. Take imported gowns, for instance. Creations bearing the label of Félix, Worth, or any of the famous modistes, will often pay twice as much duty as gowns that are actually superior in every way and yet were made by less known modistes. The appraisers properly contend that if the purchasers of these gowns are willing to pay high prices for these reputations then the reputations are a dutiable asset.

It is such nice questions of classification as these that, originating with the examiners, come before the Board of General Appraisers and are, in a large proportion of cases, appealed to the courts, where they may take years to be finally decided. And that is why it takes so long to establish precedents in regard to the administration of the tariff. But in recent years the splendid efficiency of the Board of General Appraisers has done much to relieve the congestion of customs cases on the court calendars.



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A CORNER OF THE SEIZURE ROOM

The bedding shown contained many thousands of dollars' worth of silk shawls and laces

Thus through this Board of General Appraisers percolate the problems that arise from time to time in the daily work of the examiners, and it is chiefly through their recommendations that improvements in the customs administrative laws come about. In many specific ways is Congress guided by the experiences of the men whose task it is to find some practicable way of applying the more or less complicated provisions of the tariff. And the net result is that what progress is possible toward the ultimate establishment of an equitable and efficient tariff is marked, not by the evolving of abstract theories, but by the practical tests given the law in the hands of the men who administer it.

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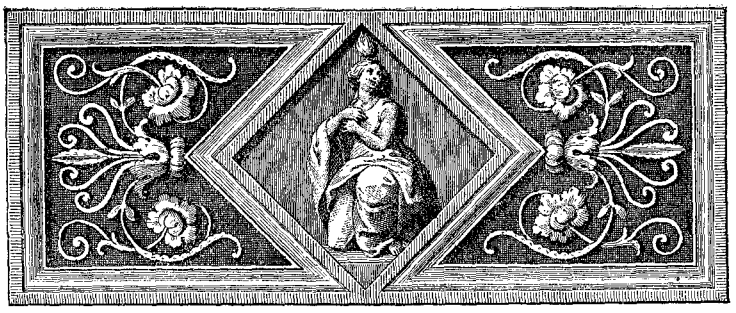

THE HAUGHTY ASPEN

A GERMAN LEGEND

BY NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH

As I went through the tangled wood
I heard the Aspen shiver.
"What dost thou ail, sweet Aspen, say,
Why do thy leaflets quiver?"

"'Twas long ago," the Aspen sighed—
How long is past my knowing—
"When Mary Mother rode adown
This wood where I was growing.
Blest Joseph journey'd by her side,
Upon his good staff resting,
And in her arms the Heav'nly Babe,
Dove of the World, was nesting.
Fair was the mother, shining-fair,
A lily sweetly blowing;
The Babe was but a lily-bud,
Like to his mother showing.
The birds began, 'Thy Master comes!
Bow down, bow down before Him!'
The date, the fig, the hazel tree,
In rev'rence bent to adore Him.
I only, out of all the host
Of bird and tree and flower,—
I, haughty, would not bow my head,
Nor own my Master's power.
'Proud Aspen,' quoth the Mother-Maid,
'Thy Lord, dost thou defy Him?
When emperors worship at His shrine,
Wilt courtesy deny Him?'
I heard her voice; my heart was rent,
My boughs began to shiver,
And age on age, in punishment,
My sorrowing leaflets quiver."

Still in the dark and tangled wood,
Still doth the Aspen quiver.
The haughty tree doth bear a curse,
Her leaflets aye must shiver.

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THE CORNISH BELLS

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND CHARLES STUBBS, D.D.
LORD BISHOP OF TRURO

O merry ring the Christmas bells across the western land.
From Launceston Town to Michael's Mount, from Bude to Sennen sand,
The joyous echo sweeps along far spaces by the sea,
And church bells answer church bells with their "Gloria Domine!"
O Cornish bells ring far, ring free,
Ring "Gloria tibi Domine!"

High o'er the ridge of Bodmin Moor, Grey Rowtor keepeth guard.
His age-long crown of granite crag by wind and storm is scarred;
But here, as once in Bethlehem, the Christmas stars shine bright,
And moorland men are wending far to church on Christmas night.
O Bodmin bells ring far, ring free,
Ring "Gloria tibi Domine!"

O hark the bells of Liskeard, how they call the bells of Looe,
St. Winnow and Boconnoc and Lansallos and Duloe,
Till all the upland pulses with the glorious hymn of joy,
As Talland calls to Lanreath and Lanteglos answers Fowey.
O Liskeard bells ring far, ring free,
Ring "Gloria tibi Domine!"

Ring gladsome bells, ring pealing bells, from Falmouth harbor wide
To where St. Mary's Minster stands above the Truro tide.
Ring Christmas bells of Roseland, in your maddest, merriest glee,
From Probus to Penkevil, from Lamorran to the sea.
O Truro bells ring far, ring free,
Ring "Gloria tibi Domine!"

As by the mystic star of old the Magian kings were led,
So homing boats, on Christmas Eve, by lights of Lizard Head,
And fisher lads safe home at last from perils of the sea,
Give incense of brave hearts to greet their Lord's epiphany.
O Keverne bells ring far, ring free,
Ring "Gloria tibi Domine!"

Round dark Tintagel's castled crag, round Gurnard's Titan keep,
The long Atlantic rollers boom their organ music deep,
And Buryan bells, o'er land and sea, their Christmas message bear,
To where the dreaming Scillies sleep in moon-enchanted air.
O Buryan bells ring far, ring free,
Ring "Gloria tibi Domine!"

O magic moon! O mystic stars! O music of the night!
Your "Gloria in Excelsis" sing! O praise Him in the height!
"On earth be peace, good will to men!"—it is the angels' song.
Ring Cornish bells, ring one and all! Come, sweep the hymn along!
Ring Cornish bells o'er land and sea,
Ring "Gloria tibi Domine!"

Lis Escop, Truro

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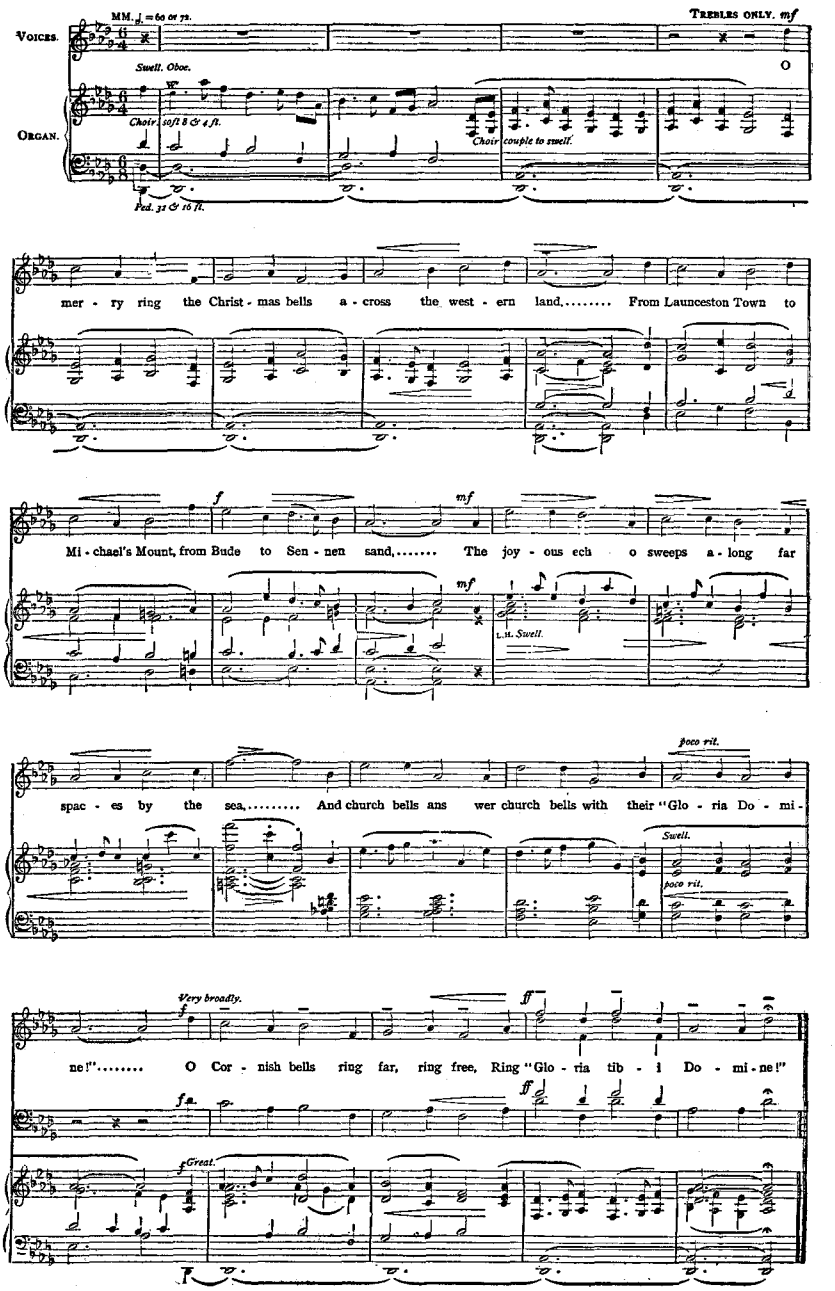
THE CORNISH BELLS

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Words by The Right Reverend C. W. Stubbs
Lord Bishop of Truro

Music by T. Tertius Noble, Organist and
Master of the Choir, York Minster

MM. ♩ = 60 or 72.
Trebles only. mf
Voices.
Swell. Oboe.
Organ.
Choir soft 8 & 4 ft.
Choir couple to swell.
Ped. 32 & 16 ft.
mer - ry ring the Christ - mas bells a - cross the west - ern land,..... From Launceston Town to
f
mf
Mi - chael's Mount, from Bude to Sen - nen sand,..... The joy - ous ech o sweeps a - long far
L.H. Swell.
poco rit.
spac - es by the sea,..... And church bells ans wer church bells with their "Glo - ria Do - mi -
Swell.
poco rit.
Very broadly.
ff
ne!"..... O Cor - nish bells ring far, ring free, Ring "Glo - ria tib - i Do - mi - ne!"
Great.

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A CHRISTMAS EVE IN EXILE

(SALVETTE AND BERNADOU)

BY ALPHONSE DAUDET

TRANSLATED FOR THE OUTLOOK

INTRODUCTION BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

WHEN "The Pope's Mule" and "The Sub-Prefect in the Fields," reprinted in the Outlook Magazine Number for last January, appeared in that charming collection of Daudet's short stories and sketches, "Letters from My Mill," the novelist was still in the golden age, eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge with the eager hunger of youth. The first of these lightly touched studies of character and incident found place in a Parisian journal about 1866. The Second Empire had made Paris the most brilliant city in the world, and the shadow that was to fall like doom on that splendor of a few unstable years was foreseen only by a few keen-eyed observers, like Bismarck, who were the ministers of approaching fate. Daudet was twenty-six years old, and Provence was part of his youth. The Félibres, who are now elderly men, met among the reeds on an island from which they looked up to the ramparts of Avignon, or floated on the river singing verses of Mistral, the foremost of the brotherhood.

It was a golden time, and one may hear echoes of it in that fascinating book by an American member of the Félibres, Mr. Janvier's "Christmas Kalends of Provence." Mistral recalls that—"Our meetings in Avignon were held at Aubanel's home in the street of Saint-Marc, which to-day is called by the name of the great Félibre poet. The house had formerly been a cardinal's palace, and has since been destroyed in making a new street. Just inside the vestibule stood the great wooden press with its big screw, which for two hundred years had served for printing the parochial and educational works of all the State. Here we would take up our abode, somewhat awed by the odor of sanctity which seemed to emanate from those episcopal walls, and even more by Jeanneton, the old cook, who eyed us with a look which said plainly, 'Why, here they are again!'" "Through the open casement," writes Daudet, "flew away the rhymes, humming like bees, and we too, carried away by them, spent whole days flitting across the sunny province of Comtat, through highways and byways, making a halt in the towns, under the plane trees in the Corso, or the square; and, with much loud-voiced gesticulation, we distributed, from our lofty wagonette, nostrums to the assembled populace." The nostrums were the poems of Provence! Happy youth, enveloped in such an ardor of generous enthusiasm! Fortunate populace, fed not by cheap newspapers, but by poetry! There was a time when poetry nourished the roots of the life of the imagination in every country; when the most rustic and uneducated Englishman knew "Barbara Allen" and half a hundred other poetic ballads and could sing them; when the air which Shakespeare was to

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breathe was full of music and the island was a "nest of singing birds." From country to country the seeds of poetry in picturesque story and legend were carried, and wherever they found lodgment the flowers of poesy bloomed again. But that was before the days of yellow journalism.

But youth was gone when "Salvette and Bernadou" was written. Daudet had heard "the song of Paris, the saddest history in the world," and he had drunk deep of the cup of humiliation held to the lips of the nation. The tragedy of 1870, of the Uhlans riding through the deserted streets that center at the Arc de Triomphe, had quenched gayety in the gray dawn of an age of self-denial and sacrifice. A sensitive spirit like Daudet's felt the full weight of that colossal sorrow and shared in it with the deep feeling and keen insight of genius. A deeper note sounds in his later work, and the studies of the war time are touched with a pathos full of sincere feeling. The story of the two friends whose love of fishing turned to fatal ends in that terrible time is a little masterpiece of tender art; and the tale which The Outlook gives its readers this week as the last of twelve representative tales from other languages holds a place beside it.

The picture is drawn after Daudet's manner, with few lines, but how delicately sure and firm they are! There is no attempt to deepen artificially the pathos of the military prison on Christmas Eve and of the meager feast spread between the two beds. The little drama was set on a German stage by historical necessity, but artistically what contrast could have been more effective than the celebration of the Provençal Noël in a Bavarian city, where Christmas has its roots so deep in the family life that the lighting of the tree is the blooming of ancient poetry and of the deepest German sentiment! While the streets are thronged, the shops gay with toys and lights, and holly and spruce breathe Christmas fragrance in every home, and children are dreaming of the toys made in the peasant homes of the Black Forest, Bernadou is seeing, with eyes into which death is already looking, the lights of the midnight mass in far Provence, the blazing torches, the loaded tables, the Christmas log fragrant with the wine that has been poured on it like a libation. It has been cut by the head of the family, and every member of the household has helped to bring it home; it is an olive or an almond; and the children have shouted around it as it came crashing down, big enough to burn from Christmas Eve to the end of New Year's Day. In every home a crèche, made by the children out of lichens, mosses, laurel, and holly, holds a place in the living-room, and later, at Epiphany, the figures of the three Kings, more dear and real to the Provençal children than the old Kings of France, will be placed beside it. The story of their coming in the faith and imagination of the children is delightfully told by Mistral in his Memoirs translated in Mr. Janvier's charming volume:

"To-morrow's the festival of the Kings. This evening they arrive. If you want to see them, little ones, go quickly to meet them—and take presents for them, and for their pages, and for the poor camels who have come so far!"

That was what, in my time, the mothers used to say on the eve of Epiphany—and, zòu! all the children of the village would be off together to meet "les Rois Mages," who were coming with their pages and their camels and the whole of their glittering royal suite to adore the Christ-Child in our church in Maillane! All of us together, little chaps with curly hair, pretty little girls, our sabots clacking, off we

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would go along the Arles road, our hearts thrilling with joy, our eyes full of visions. In our hands we would carry, as we had been bidden, our presents: fougasso for the Kings, figs for the pages, sweet hay for the tired camels who had come so far.

On we would go through the cold of dying day, the sun, over beyond the Rhône, dipping toward the Cévennes; leafless trees, red in low sun-rays; black lines of cypress; in the fields an old woman with a fagot on her head; beside the road an old man scratching under the hedge for snails.

"Where are you going, little ones?"

"We are going to meet the Kings!" and on we would run proudly along the white road, while the shrewd north wind blew sharp behind us, until our old church tower would drop away and be hidden behind the trees. We could see far, far down the wide straight road, but it would be bare! In the cold of the winter evening all would be dumb. Then we would meet a shepherd, wrapped in his long brown cloak and leaning on his staff, a silhouette against the western sky.

"Where are you going, little ones?"

"We are going to meet the Kings! Can you tell us if they are far off?"

"Ah, the Kings! Certainly. They are over there behind the cypresses. They are coming. You will see them soon."

On we would run to meet the Kings so near, with our fougasso, and our figs, and our hay for the hungry camels. The day would be waning rapidly, the sun dropping down into a great cloud-bank above the mountains, the wind nipping us more shrewdly as it grew still more chill. Our hearts also would be chilling. Even the bravest of us would be doubting a little this adventure upon which we were bound.

Then, of a sudden, a flood of radiant glory would be about us, and from the dark cloud above the mountains would burst forth a splendor of glowing crimson and of royal purple and of glittering gold!

"Les Rois Mages! Les Rois Mages!" we would cry. "They are coming! They are here at last!"

But it would be only the last rich dazzle of the sunset. Presently it would vanish. The owls would be hooting. The chill night would be settling down upon us, out there in the bleak country, sorrowful, alone. Fear would take hold of us. To keep up our courage a little we would nibble at the figs which we had hoped to give to the pages, at the fougasso which we had hoped to present to the kings. As for the hay for the hungry camels, we would throw it away. Shivering in the wintry dusk, we would return sadly to our homes.

And when we reached our homes again our mothers would ask:

"Well, did you see them, the Kings?"

"No; they passed by on the other side of the Rhône, behind the mountains."

"But what road did you take?"

"The road to Arles."

"Ah, my poor child! The Kings don't come that way. They come from the East. You should have gone out to meet them on the road to Saint-Remy. And what a sight you have missed! Oh, how beautiful it was when they came marching into Maillane—the drums, the trumpets, the pages, the camels! Mon Dieu, what a commotion! What a sight it was! And now they are in the church, making

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their homage before the manger in which the little Christ-Child lies. But never mind, after supper you shall see them all."

In the memory of the old-time celebration of Noël in Provence the simple feast of memory and love is spread in the Bavarian prison, while all Germany keeps the festival of the Christ-Child after its own ancient custom. The idyllic poet of "Les Amoureuses," the humorist of "Tartarin of Tarascon," the satirist of "The Nabab" and "Kings in Exile," has left no more delicate record of his sensitive nature and tender art than this bit of tragedy set against the light of Christmas faith and joy.

HAMILTON W. MABIE.

I

IT is Christmas Eve in a large city of Bavaria. Along the streets, white with snow, in the confusion of the fog, among the rattle of carriages and the ringing of bells, the crowd hurries joyously towards the open-air roast-meat shops, the holiday stalls and booths. Brushing with a light rustling sound the shops decorated with ribbons and flowers, branches of green holly and whole spruce trees covered with pendants move along in the arms of passers-by, rising above all the heads, like a shadow of the Thuringian Forests, a touch of nature in the artificial life of winter. Night is falling. Over there, behind the gardens of the "Résidence," one sees still a glow of the setting sun, deep red through the fog; and throughout the city there is such gayety, so many festive preparations, that every light that flames up at a window seems to hang on a Christmas tree. But this is no ordinary Christmas. We are in the year of Grace 1870; and the birth of Christ is but a pretext the more to drink to the illustrious Van der Than, and to celebrate the triumph of Bavarian arms. Noël! Noël! Even the Jews in the lower city join in the merriment. There is old Augustus Cahn, turning the corner at "The Blue Grape" on the run. Never have his ferret-eyes sparkled as to-night. Never has his brush-like queue wriggled so merrily. On his sleeve, worn threadbare by the cords of his wallet, hangs a tidy little basket, full to the brim, covered with a yellow napkin, with the neck of a bottle and a sprig of holly peeping out.

What the deuce is the old usurer going to do with all that? Is he, too, going to celebrate Christmas? Will he gather together his friends, his family, to drink to the German Fatherland? But no. Every one knows well that old Cahn has no Fatherland. *His* Fatherland is his strong-box. He has neither family nor friends; nothing but creditors. His sons, his associates too, left three months ago with the army. Down there behind the gun-carriages of the home guard they ply their trade, selling brandy, buying watches, and at night, after a battle, going out to rifle the pockets of the dead and to empty the knapsacks that have fallen in the trenches by the way. Father Cahn, too old to follow his children, has remained in Bavaria, and there he does a magnificent business with the French prisoners. Always prowling about the barracks, it is he who buys watches, medals, money-orders. One sees him gliding through the hospitals and among the ambulances. He approaches the bedside of the wounded and asks them very softly in his hideous gibberish:

"Haf you anydings to zell?"

Look! At this very moment, when you see him trotting so briskly with his basket under his arm, it is because the Military Hospital closes at five o'clock; and there are two Frenchmen waiting up there in that big black building, with its narrow-barred windows, where Christmas to illumine its coming has only the pale lights which guard the bedside of the dying. . . .

II

These two Frenchmen are Salvette and Bernadou. They are infantrymen two Provençals of the same village, en-

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rolled in the same battalion, and wounded by the same shell. Only, Salvette is the stronger; and already he begins to get up, to make some steps from his bed to the window. Bernadou, for his part, will not recover. Between the wan curtains of his hospital cot his face looks thinner, more languid, day by day; and when he speaks of his country, of the return, it is with the sad smile of the invalid, in which there is more of resignation than of hope. Nevertheless, to-day he is a little animated, thinking of the beautiful Christmas festival, which in our Provençal country seems like a great bonfire lighted in the midst of winter, recalling the midnight mass, the church decorated, glowing with light, the dark village streets filled with people, then the long watch about the table, the three traditional torches, the "*aioli*," [1] the snails, and the pretty ceremony of the Yule log, which the grandfather carries about the house, and anoints with steaming wine.

"Ah! my poor Salvette, what a sad Christmas we are going to have this year! . . . If we only had enough to buy a white roll and a bottle of claret! . . . How happy I would be if, once more, before taps sound for me, I could drink with you over the Yule log!"

The sick man's eyes brighten as he speaks of the wine and the white bread. But how is it to be done? They have nothing left—poor fellows!—no money, no watch. To be sure, Salvette still keeps in the lining of his jacket a money-order for forty francs. But that is for the day when they shall be free; for the first halt that they make in a French inn. That money is sacred. No way to touch that. But poor Bernadou is so ill! Who knows if he will ever be able to take up the journey home? And since here is a beautiful Christmas which they can still celebrate together, were it not best to profit by it?

So, without a word to his countryman, Salvette rips open his tunic, takes out the order, and when old Cahn has come, as every morning, to make his round in the halls, after long arguments and whispered discussions he slips into the old Jew's hand this square of paper, yellowed and stiff, smelling of powder, and stained with blood. From that moment Salvette maintains an air of mystery. He rubs his hands and laughs to himself as he looks at Bernadou. And now, as day falls, he is there on watch, his forehead pressed against the narrow panes until he sees, in the dusk of the deserted courtyard, old Augustus Cahn, all out of breath, a little basket on his arm.

[1] A mayonnaise sauce richly flavored with garlic.

III

This solemn midnight, which sounds from all the bells of the city, falls mournfully in this white camp of suffering. The hospital ward is silent, lighted only by the night lamps hung from the ceiling. Great wandering shadows float over the beds and the bare walls, with an incessant vibration which seems the oppressed breathing of all the sufferers stretched out there. At moments dreams talk aloud, nightmares groan, while from the street rises a vague murmur, steps and voices, confused in the cold, resonant air as if under the porch of a cathedral. One feels the devout hastening, the mystery of a religious festival, intruding upon the hour of sleep and throwing upon the darkened city the dim light of lanterns and the glow of church windows.

"Art thou asleep, Bernadou?" . . .

Very gently, on the little table near his friend's bed, Salvette has placed a bottle of Lunel wine and a round loaf—a comely Christmas loaf, in which the sprig of holly is planted upright. The sick man opens eyes darkly rimmed with fever. In the uncertain light of the night lamps and under the white reflection of the great roofs where the moon shines dazzling upon the snow, this improvised Christmas seems to him a phantasy.

"Come, comrade, wake up! . . . It shall not be said that two Provençals let Christmas Eve pass without toasting it in a cup of claret." . . . And Salvette raises him with a mother's tenderness. He fills the glasses, cuts the bread; and they drink, and talk of Provence. Little by little Bernadou rouses, becomes tender. . . . The wine, the recalling of old days. . . . With the childish spirit which

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comes again to the sick in their weakness, he asks Salvette to sing a Christmas carol of Provence. His comrade asks nothing better.

"Come! Which one do you want? 'The Host?' 'The Three Kings?' or 'Saint Joseph Said to Me?'"

"No. I love better 'The Shepherds.' The one we always sang at home."

"'The Shepherds'" let it be. In a low voice, his head between the curtains, Salvette begins to hum. But suddenly, as he sings the last couplet, where the shepherds, coming to see Jesus in his stable, have laid their offerings of fresh eggs and cheese in the manger, and are dismissed in kindly fashion:

"Joseph leur dit: Allons! soyez bien sages,
Tournez-vous-en et faites bon voyage.
Bergers,
Prenez votre congé, . . ."

poor Bernadou slips and falls heavily upon his pillow. His comrade, thinking he sleeps, calls him, shakes him. But the sick man remains motionless; and the little sprig of holly across the stiff coverlet seems already the green palm that is laid on the pillow of the dead.

Salvette understands. Then, all in tears, and a little intoxicated with the feast and with so great a sorrow, he takes up again in full voice, in the silence of the ward, the joyous refrain of Provence:

"Shepherds,
Take your leave!"

THE MIRACLE NIGHT

BY ANITA FITCH

The inn is asleep.
Yet the loaves and the wine
Hold a sweetness divine;
And the gourds of dried seeds
And the roots and the reeds
All know the earth sings
Of wonderful things,—
Of plenteous feasts
And delights manifold.

The desert tribes sleep.
Yet their wind-blown tents
Dream of goblets and scents
As the worshipers speed;
Dream that *Love* is the creed
Of the little new King,
And every glad thing!
(Dream naught of the Thorn,
The hate of the Tree.)

Outworn Mary sleeps.
Yet the Child on her breast,
Like a bird in its nest—
Like a little weak lamb
Against its warm dam—
Doth still sweetly wake
For His Great Kingdom's sake;
Wake to guard thee and me,
The Holy Christ Child.

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A STRIKING POETIC DRAMA

DR. VAN DYKE'S play, "The House of Rimmon,"[1] opens in 850 B.C., in the garden of Naaman, the King's great captain and the deliverer of Damascus; and the sinister figures of Rezon, the ambitious and licentious High Priest of the House of Rimmon, and of Tsarpi, the disloyal wife of Naaman, reveal a plot to put the great captain out of the way and to make the priest, the woman's crafty lover, supreme:

"For we two will rise
Upon the city's fall. The common folk
Shall suffer; Naaman shall sink with them
In wreck; but I shall rise, and you shall rise
Above me!"

Ruahmah, the captive Israelitish maid, is hidden in the garden, and overhears this plotted treachery; and presently, when Naaman enters and angrily drives out the horde of half-drunken revelers, tries in vain to forewarn him. The next morning there is a great council in the king's palace, introduced by some humorous passages of talk between four or five courtiers and attendants portrayed by a few strong strokes. Dr. van Dyke brings in the old-time figure of the fool who, under the guise of half-maudlin incoherence, makes some telling hits at men and things about him. The genuine comedy of this passage will not be felt in full measure until the play is put on the stage. Assyrian envoys offer the king the choice between submission and destruction. Substantial considerations have made the courtiers well disposed toward the claims of the King of Nineveh, and they urge the acceptance of the golden yoke. Naaman declares that he—

"will gladly ride through Hell
To save Damascus. Master, bid me ride!
Ten thousand chariots wait for your command;
And twenty thousand horsemen strain the leash
Of patience till you let them go; a throng
Of spearmen, archers, swordsmen, like the sea
Chafing against a dike, roar for the onset!
O master, let me launch your mighty host!"

Rimmon is invoked, and, through Tsarpi, who served in the temple in her youth, declares against resistance and pronounces a terrible curse on those who defy and disobey. In a speech of noble emotion Naaman protests against submission and forswears the favor of divinities "whose will is cruel, unjust, capricious," and takes his "part with man to suffer and for man to die;" and the king, rising on the wings of the great captain's daring, bids him lead on. But even as he goes, Naaman takes from his wife the poisoned cup and drinks, while Ruahmah wildly and vainly strives to keep it from his lips. In the second act Naaman has triumphed gloriously:

"He comes but now, returning from the field
Where he hath gained a crown of deathless fame!
Three times he led the charge; three times he fell
Wounded, and the Assyrians beat us back.
Yet every wound was but a spur to urge
His valor onward. In the last attack
He rode before us as the crested wave
That heads the flood; and lo, our enemies
Were broken like a dam of river-reeds,
Burst by the torrent, scattered, swept away!
But look! the Assyrian king in wavering flight
Is lodged like driftwood on a little hill,
Encircled by his guard, and stands at bay.
Then Naaman, followed hotly by a score
Of whirlwind riders, hammers through the hedge
Of spearmen, brandishing the golden yoke:
'Take back this gift,' he cries; and shatters it
On Shalmaneser's helmet."

But in that moment of exaltation Rezon declares the victor a leper, for the poison has begun its work:

"Henceforward he is dead:
No human hand shall touch him, and no home
Of men shall give him shelter. He shall walk
Only with corpses of the selfsame death
Down the long path to a forgotten tomb."

In that hour, when his king withdraws and the voices of the city he has saved die in an awful silence, Ruahmah alone is faithful; and the irony of life enters in when Naaman, whose sight is going from him, mistakes her for his wife and her beautiful service is counted as the

[1] The House of Rimmon: A Drama in Five Acts. By Henry van Dyke. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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self-sacrifice of the false woman in the High Priest's palace.

Led by the girdle of Ruahmah, and attended by a guard, Naaman goes into exile in the mountains of Samaria. An appeal to the King of Israel to heal him brings out the answer:

"Am I a god,
To kill and make alive, that I should heal
A leper? Ye have come with false pretense,
Damascus seeks a quarrel with me. Go!"

A vague report of a "prophet's misty word" arrests Ruahmah, and she turns to this faint hope as to a last refuge. Keeping a little guard about her, the devoted girl sends the rest to find the prophet. She takes her lyre and, to awaken Naaman, sings this exquisite lyric:

"Above the edge of dark appear the lances
of the sun;
Along the mountain-ridges clear his rosy
heralds run;
The vapors down the valley go
Like broken armies, dark and low.
Look up, my heart, from every hill
In folds of rose and daffodil
The sunrise banners flow.

O fly away on silent wing, ye boding owls of
night!
O welcome, little birds that sing the coming-
in of light!
For new, and new, and ever new,
The golden bud within the blue;
And every morning seems to say:
'There's something happy on the way,
And God sends love to you!'"

A description of daybreak on the hills of Samaria follows which belongs with the best American verse; more than once Dr. van Dyke commands that ultimate touch of art which stamps such lines as

"The lark springs up, with morning on her
wings,
To climb her singing stairway in the blue,
And all the fields are sprinkled with her joy!"

The strange word of the prophet prevails, Naaman bathes in the Jordan, is healed, and at the same time receives the higher vision of God. Then Rezon bursts on the little company like a furious storm, and carries Naaman and Ruahmah back to Nineveh. Once more the court of the House of Rimmon is crowded; Naaman faces his false wife and the treacherous High Priest. Rimmon has decreed that pardon shall be asked of Nineveh, and a human sacrifice must be offered to appease his wrath, and Ruahmah is brought in and placed on the altar. Naaman, sword in hand, rushes toward her. The crowd cry "Sacrilege!" The king commands silence. He faces the terrible ordeal of giving up his invincible captain or breaking with the idol of his race. His head sinks as he ponders. Ruahmah is in Naaman's arms; life and death are now alike to them; through either door they pass to Paradise:

"Come what may, the only God
Is Love,—and He will never part us."

"The House of Rimmon" must be counted among the most important recent achievements in the poetic drama. It has the dignity and weight of great motives, for three of the most noble and powerful human impulses combine to give it volume, depth, and moving interest: love, patriotism, and religion. In idea and feeling it is unaffectedly religious, in interest it is engrossingly dramatic, in form and phrase it is deeply poetic. It is primarily a noble poetic play; it is a play of varied and rapid movement, and it is also a drama of the intensest human emotions and passions. In a time when there is so little literary work of serious spirit and high quality this play brings heart and hope to lovers of poetry.

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COMMENT ON CURRENT BOOKS

NOVELS AND TALES

A tense, exciting, soul-stirring tale of sea-fighting and land-plotting in the days of Nelson is to be found in Mr. Ollivant's "The Gentleman."[1] The bulldog courage of the British sailor, the spirit which made brutal, coarse men die fighting with cheers on their lips, the devotion to England and Nelson—all are thrown into vivid relief. The book is marred a little by hints of torture and by some passages which may try the nerves of haters of bloodshed and cruelty, and sometimes the author's style, purposely made sharp and concise, becomes a little too Victor Hugoish in abruptness. We wish, too, that he had omitted the quite unnecessary "I will answer no questions about this story," which stands in place of the usual "The End." But, criticism aside, the romance is one of the best of its class; it holds the imagination with intentness; it stirs the blood as does the best of Stevenson's adventure-romance. No one could possibly have written it who had not a large conception of English history and of literary art.

A greater contrast to Mr. Ollivant's story could not be imagined than Mr. Jacobs's "Salthaven."[2] This novel is precisely after the fashion of his inimitable short stories, but, unlike many "extended tales," does not become in the least tedious. The sly turns, the badinage and chaff, the oddly conceived situations, are all Jacobs at his best—the Jacobs of "Many Cargoes" and "Captains All."

A good story of what may be called the H. S. Merriman type is Mr. Albert Kinross's "Joan of Garioch."[3] The author was a newspaper correspondent, whose work gave him an intimate view of the recent terrible uprising against Germans and Russians in the Lettish provinces. A graphic description of those outbreaks and their suppression is included in the story—and this alone would give it positive value. But the story is also vigorous in its handling of plot, and the personal adventures of its supposed narrator are told with real power. The reader is led from one incident to another with skill, and the element of suspense is well maintained. A singular feature is that, while the love of a woman is the controlling motive and while "Joan's" personality is made clear and strong, she never once actually appears upon the scene.

The line between nervous prostration and actual mental disorder is so vague and variable that it is difficult to determine. Physicians are puzzled, and the patient is, of course, quite beyond settling the matter. Something of the same perplexity haunts the reader of several of the new novels. Three, now under consideration, offer difficulties, if one is courageous enough to attempt to "define and divide," which Emerson has said is a godlike thing to do. The well-chosen title of Beatrice Harraden's novel, "Interplay,"[1] attracts attention to her work, in many respects unusually clever. The central situation is not a new one. A woman, unhappily married, runs away with a lover, whose sudden death gives her husband the chance to divorce her, which he had refused to do when it might have been a merciful act. Years after, she determines, from the impulse of a new and nobler love, to put away her past, as men do, and give herself to happiness. The theme of the author is equal morality for men and women. But why should the emphasis be put upon equality in immorality? The somber stuff that is the substance of the story is elaborately embroidered with dainty and skillful stitches, making a rich and original bit of work. Harriet Rivers's friend, Margaret Tressider, a rebel from childhood and a merry and courageous soul; the half-witted violin-mender, a legacy from the law-breaking period in Harriet's life; the robust Arctic explorer, who forgives as he is forgiven; the inimitable Ermyntrude, worshiper of culture and convention; with a group of minor characters, each one definite and wittily conceived—all these, touched by modern English influences and reflecting modern English life, are admirable in their way. But the question—the defining of the line—still remains unsettled, upon more than a single moral point in this story.

A second story[2] involving a moral problem is from the skilled hand of Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Amabel Channice, to state the fact baldly—an offense never committed by this analytic author—also leaves her husband for a lover. But we are so subtly handled that before we know it we sympathize with the deluded girl shocked by realities, and are entirely convinced of her purity and moved by her genuine repentance. Her husband's acceptance of her deed is indicated in a masterly manner. His wife, grateful to him during many years for what she believes is his unexampled generosity in

[1] The Gentleman. By Alfred Ollivant. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.
[2] Salthaven. By W. W. Jacobs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.
[3] Joan of Garioch. By Albert Kinross. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

[1] Interplay. By Beatrice Harraden. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.50.
[2] Amabel Channice. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. The Century Company, New York. $1.50.

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shielding her good name, has her eyes opened to his unscrupulous character. She shrinks from the knowledge with exquisite pain. The complications of the plot are perfectly fitted into each other, and the result, apart from the great interest excited by the human situation, is a distinct intellectual pleasure. Here again the inequality of moral standards between men and women is the theme. But between Amabel Channice and Harriet Rivers is as great a difference as there is between the style of Miss Harraden and Miss Sedgwick. "Amabel Channice" impresses the reader with a profound sadness, only lightened by the wonderful skill of the author's style. Has the defining line altogether vanished?

Of Eden Phillpotts's work it is hard to speak without enthusiasm. The simple force of his wonderful descriptions of Dartmoor and his straightforward dealing with human nature, as seen in his loved countryside, carry one away, swept along by the strong current of his style. "The Virgin in Judgment"[1] differs somewhat from his other novels in the point of view chosen by the author. Yet in many respects it bears all the well-known characteristics—perhaps even mannerisms—of Mr. Phillpotts. The irresistibly humorous discourses among the men who gather at "The Corner House," presided over by the big ex-prize-fighter Mr. Shellabeer, are as fresh and full of meat as ever. The light-minded, the slow-witted, and the sturdily practical men discuss religion, philosophy, and neighborhood gossip unendingly, yet never become tiresome. One of the best scenes in the book is the advent of Shillabeer's old professional friend "Frosty-face," of prize-ring fame, and his shrewd management of a village prize-fight. But these are mere asides; the depth of the story lies in the character of Rhoda Bowden and her unwittingly evil influence upon the lives of her adored brother David and his wife Margaret. She was the virgin in judgment, and in her Phillpotts emphasizes his constant contention for the sanctity and nobility of the natural instincts of humanity. Offenses against the moral code necessary for human social life are not made prominent though they appear in the story, but the evil, blighting influence of harsh judgment, wrong suspicion, and imputing sin to others is grimly portrayed to a tragical conclusion. It is doubtful whether Phillpotts has surpassed "The Virgin in Judgment" in any of his previous novels. He lies full length upon Mother Earth, but he gazes up into the depths of the sky.

[1] The Virgin in Judgment. By Eden Phillpotts. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. $1.50.

Paradoxical as it may seem, it is true that one escapes from the wide sky of the moors and enters the narrow city streets of Harold Begbie's study of a man's soul, "The Vigil,"[1] with a distinct refreshment of the spirit. The book is a rare one in its quiet atmosphere, in its serene gaze into eternity. Not that its records of life are those of the cloister or of sequestered men and women. There are constant activity, continual work, and many plans. But the abiding effect emanates from Beatrice Haly, who keeps vigil, helping here and there, waiting for the awakening of her dearest friend. That friend, Richard Rodwell, is so perfectly analyzed and so completely portrayed for us that it seems a useless task to do more than direct the reader to the book itself. He was an educated man, regarded as a quixotic *intellectuel* by all who knew him except Beatrice, who had loved him from their common childhood, and who believed in his possibilities. After trying a London parish among the poor, Richard decided to go to a coast town noted for its materialism and lack of anything beyond the most sordid living. There he worked hard, trying, as he said, to make people a little better and a little happier. His faith was in the Church, its magnificent history and organization. But, brought face to face with actual sin, he found himself helpless to aid desperate men. Again he was filled with questionings and wearily dissatisfied with himself. Being of an almost tragically honest mind, he searched himself to the depths. Coming in contact with an old Dissenting preacher, a saint who had yet failed to save his own household, he inquired of him the secret of the power he certainly had to lead men out of their sin and unbelief. The chapters devoted to the conversations between these two men and between Richard and the sweet old wife of the preacher are marvels of clear statement—illuminations of spiritual truth—and yet expressed with limpid simplicity. A terrible accident in the works which employed many of the men of the town brought Richard to the point of realizing that "the mercy of God was, in comparison with the sins of these poor men, as the whole ocean is to a speck of rain." At the same time he learned the actuality of sin. As old Simon Eyre said sadly, "There's no Saviour, Mr. Rodwell, unless there's a hell." Into his life there came for the first time deep feeling and tremendous passion. His heart was touched, his nature was opened to the tenderness of human love, and he turned to Beatrice to be his helpmate in his new comprehension of life's purpose. By the

[1] The Vigil. By H. Begbie. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.50.

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chicanery of her man of affairs, her fortune was lost—all the money she had freely given to further Richard's schemes for benefiting others. She was glad to go out into the world with him, and he, "dragged away from the benign atmosphere of refinement and culture in which he had yearned for a closer and more mystical communion with the Saviour, was forced by Circumstance to go out into the world naked of everything but the invective of Christ." While the heart of the story is deeply serious, there are many touches of true wit and most attractive humor. The characters are varied, original, and really lifelike. The old sexton, the big Mrs. Biddecombe who bought and sold eggs and garden produce, the different women of the town who aspired to social heights, above all Mr. Shorder, the erratic owner of the works, the delicate Christabel, companion and former governess of Beatrice, and Mr. Jevvers, her lawyer, all stand out distinctly as persons who demand attention. In every respect, in subject, treatment, literary style, and exalted purpose, "The Vigil" stands in a prominent place among the books of the year.

A very pretty story by John Luther Long takes its title from the little girl named Felice,[1] who mothers her smaller brothers and sisters upon the death of their mother and the arrest of their father for stealing bread. A glorious and eloquent barber, Martinos by name, who has a "pu-ull" in the Tenth Ward, is the moving power in Little Italy on the East Side. His Italian-English eloquence brings swift punishment upon the starving thief, and then his own soft heart and generous acts overturn the processes of law and restore the poor man to his little helpless family. The bare outline of the story does not convey in the least an idea of its moving pathos or its entertaining humor. The fiery impulses and warm hearts of Italy bursting into the midst of ward politics and the police courts of New York start a tremendous dramatic combustion. One must read the story to understand its charm.

The author of that delightful idyl "The Loves of Pelleas and Ettarre" has woven another graceful tale[2] having for its background Friendship Village and for its center a sweet-natured maiden lady named Marsh, as she said, "babtized Calliope because a circus with one come through the town the day 't I was born." Her comments on the people and customs of her native village are pungent and kindly, tempting to quote. The recorder of these happenings and events is a stranger who takes an old house in the town, and from her interest and the friendliness of the people soon becomes one of them. One of the cleverest chapters describes a tea party she gives to her new friends. "What is that in thine hand?" is a searching question answered with mingled humor and pathos in another chapter. Several scenes have been made familiar to lovers of good writing by their publication in periodicals. It is hard to choose among so many good things, but for tender sentiment the "Grandma Ladies" and "Nobody Sick, Nobody Poor" are particularly effective. There are genuine every-day Christian faith and hearty fellowship in these pretty, homely, and decidedly clever sketches.

"The Leaven of Love"[1] is the title of an over-sweet story by Clara Louise Burnham, and it carries with it a frank plea for Christian Science. Sensible Christian people would not have such strong reasons for disbelief and distrust of this especial cult if it did not declare itself, as the writer of this story asserts, "not an invention but a discovery." A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Many years ago, amid real trials and suffering Madame Guyon understood the secret of serenity and true happiness. When she wrote, in captivity,

> "My Lord, how full of sweet content
> I pass my years of banishment!"

she claimed to have made no discovery, but relied simply upon faith in Jesus Christ. There is nothing in this rather amusing story, as far as happiness under adverse circumstances goes, that is not a daily experience of Christians everywhere, except, perhaps, the disappearance of a "weeping sinew" in an organist's wrist as the result of his giving up an "obstinate thought."

Every one has noticed the serious absorption of children at play, their complete oblivion to their actual surroundings. There are but very few writers who retain the absolute simplicity and earnestness of a child's point of view. Mr. E. V. Lucas stands alone, for the time at least, in this position. He keeps this freshness and perfect understanding, and writes stories as though they were told under the open gaze of a child, who listens "with all his ears." We know of nothing comparable to the collection of his tales, led by that bewitching one called "Anne's Terrible Good Nature,"[2] which has already won many hearts through The Outlook. This, with four of the others, has been printed here, but there is double the number in the book. Whimsical enough to

[1] Felice. By John Luther Long. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. $1.50.
[2] Friendship Village. By Zona Gale. The Macmillan Company New York. $1.50

[1] The Leaven of Love. By Clara Louise Burnham Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.50.
[2] Anne's Terrible Good Nature and Other Stories for Children. By E. V. Lucas. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75, net.

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amuse a child, and yet never baffling him by a subtle wit intended for an older audience, these stories are inimitable. The impression left upon the mind after reading them—and all the grown-ups will read them—is a picture of a father looking straight into the face of his child, seated on his knee, and quietly spinning off these delicious fancies, sometimes smiling "behind his mouth," as the children say, when an especially apt phrase or telling situation pops into his head. Think of the old man named Thomson who always sat in a certain seat in Kensington Gardens, with his back to the Albert Memorial—not that he was one of those persons who always click their tongues when the Albert Memorial is mentioned, "for he really did not mind the gold on it at all"—but the seat was set that way! Each story is permeated by a spirit of fair play and innate refinement, and there is not a single precocious child in the book. Each one lives in his own childish world, and none suffer from the modern responsibility of putting away childish things entirely too early. Roderick, the small boy cricketer; Christina, who disobeyed and spoiled her doll; Mary Stavely, who became one of a pair of Anti-Burglars, and kept a most entrancing account of her proceedings; the Little Mother who kept a Christmas shop for a day—every one of these children, led by the "terrible" Anne, is absolutely convincing. Though their adventures may be rather unusual, as children they always keep their own place—and that is in our hearts.

An attractive collection of new and old tales made under the supervision of Kate Douglas Wiggin and her sister Nora Archibald Smith, entitled "Tales of Laughter,"[1] offers admirable material with which to interest children. No better editors could be chosen, and they lay tribute upon many lands and languages. It is noticeable that most of the stories are very short, securing the undivided attention of a child, and never overtaxing his memory. Some of them are for the tiny folks, others for their big brothers and sisters. There must be from three to four hundred in the pretty volume, which, although without illustrations, has the beauty of good binding, paper, and print.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser makes use of an example of Japanese loyalty and Japanese morality in a little story called "The Heart of a Geisha."[2] Shinayé San is a beautiful, virtuous girl, devoted to the profession of entertainment. Her lover is of the old régime, a follower of the impoverished sovereign whose glories had been stolen away to Yedo. In order to shield her lover, who was in hiding and intended to escape from Japan to study in Western lands, contrary to the law, the girl sacrificed herself and beguiled the officer of government who was deputed to arrest the young rebel. Such loyalty was accepted and honored in old Japan, and occasions for it arose, we are told, during the recent war. It is radically opposed to our ideas of honor, yet it is not to be condemned, as depicted in this pretty little tale of a by-gone time. The story is not embellished by the drawings and marginal decorations done by Ludwig Holberg. They are far too elaborate and occasionally clumsy for a representation of Japanese daintiness and restraint.

"The House of Prayer,"[1] by Florence Converse, is a curious specimen of compounding rather technical information with a child's story. It is a question as to which of the widely separated objects possessed the author's mind most completely. A tiny boy, left by his mother in the care of his grandfather, is told to be sure to say his prayers. He rebels, from loneliness and longing for his mother, who always helped him. His grandfather is writing a book about prayer, and asks little Timothy to help him on the typewriter. By means of an angel whose acquaintance Timothy makes in a little chapel he dreams about (in New England), he is led out all over the world to study the varied forms of prayer among men. He goes deeply into Oriental petitions, and studies the sources of the English Prayer-Book, learning Latin prayers and copying long ancient forms on his typewriter. The gap between the erudition necessary to the subject and the little boy who masters it all is too wide for the credulity of the ordinary reader. The book is prettily illustrated with semi-ecclesiastical drawings by Margaret Ely Webb.

The bright author of a popular novel, "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," which amused the public a few years ago, writes with similar but less effective cleverness of "Miss Fallowfield's Fortune."[2] If any one group of people, a small English circle, ever expressed so many absolutely foolish sentiments and displayed such grotesque conceit of ignorant opinion, it should certainly be shunned. Miss Fallowfield prayed at the shrine of Saint Winifred for riches. She had them, but with them came sorrow and care, as she was warned by an old clergyman

[1] Tales of Laughter: A Third Fairy Book. Edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith. The McClure Company, New York. $1.50.
[2] The Heart of a Geisha. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

[1] The House of Prayer. By Florence Converse. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50, net.
[2] Miss Fallowfield's Fortune. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler (the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Felkin). Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.50.

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would be the case. Left alone except for a pretty niece, who certainly was the most inconsequent and light-minded young piece, she lived in lonely grandeur, until a late love affair with her rector promised happiness. But a shipwreck destroyed all hope, and she was lost, leaving her fortune to harass her heirs. The difference between the tremendous disasters which the author finds are necessary to move her plot along, and the absurdly matter-of-fact way in which all the startling news is received by the survivors, is positively comic. The new novel will not add to the reputation of the author. It is an ill-assorted jumble of religious precept, misplaced melodrama, and many amusing conversations between rather stupid persons.

ART IN HOME DECORATION

"Have nothing in your houses that you do not know to be useful, or believe to be beautiful," wrote William Morris. Almost any one can decide what is useful, and numberless books and articles are being written now to help us decide what is beautiful. The ordinary home-maker may find sensible and helpful counsel in a little book upon Art and Economy in Home Decoration[1] by Mabel Tuke Priestman, for several years a practical worker in interior decoration. The clear classification of subjects in this manual will be appreciated by those who use it. Suggestions are given how to treat our walls, what curtain material is best, what to choose as floor-covering, and how much ornament is admissible on our furniture, besides many other points of vital importance to the young housekeeper, or the older one whose eyes are being opened to possible beauty. The illustrations in the book are excellent as aids to the text.

THE SHADOW WORLD

It is fortunate for the reading public that such works as Mr. Hereward Carrington's "The Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism" and Mr. David P. Abbott's "Behind the Scenes with the Mediums" are available to correct the bizarre and sensational presentation of the phenomena of modern spiritism which Mr. Hamlin Garland has made in his "The Shadow World."[2] This book, although cast in the form of fiction, purports to give "a faithful record of the most marvelous phenomena" that have come under its author's observation during many years of inquiry into things spiritistic. It also contains accounts of the mediumship of D. D. Home, Eusapia Paladino, and other celebrated wonder-workers, whose specialty has been the production of the so-called physical phenomena of spiritism, materializations, levitations, etc. Whatever may be said of Mr. Garland's highly colored narrative of the mediumistic performances which he personally has witnessed, there can be no doubt that he shows himself amazingly uncritical in his treatment of the more celebrated "psychics" of whom he writes. He declares his belief in the "perfect honesty" of Eusapia Paladino, when the fact is that she has been repeatedly detected in fraudulent practices, and on at least one occasion—in England, where, Mr. Garland naïvely says, she "made a partial failure"—was openly denounced as an impostor by the Society for Psychical Research. For the benefit of those inclined to take his book at all seriously it may be added that the "phase" of mediumship with which it is almost wholly concerned is precisely that which has been most conclusively demonstrated to be permeated through and through with fraud.

"DE LIBRIS"

Mr. Dobson belongs among the most charming poets and the most agreeable prose writers of our time. He always brings with him the aroma of the best literary society, for the writers with whom he deals have almost always had some relation to the social life of their time. They have not only had the charm of genius, but the charm of manners. This volume of essays[1] is in Mr. Dobson's accustomed vein. One expects to see, and one finds on the title-page, the names of Samuel Rogers, Pepys, the Johnson Club, Fielding, and other old friends and old subjects. Mr. Johnson has long furnished a kind of running commentary on eighteenth-century manners, learning, and books. He knows all the minor writers of a period which was essentially a minor period, but one full of human variety and charm. When he comes to recent times, it seems very appropriate that Kate Greenaway should catch his eye, and that he should have something to say about Hugh Thomson. Verses are interjected here and there without violence to the text, and show that Mr. Dobson has lost none of his old grace and skill.

[1] Art and Economy in Home Decoration. By Mabel Tuke Priestman. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.50, net.
[2] The Shadow World. By Hamlin Garland. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.35.

[1] De Libris, Prose and Verse. By Austin Dobson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

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